LIFE

U.S. PILOT'S WIFE

DECEMBER 20, 1943 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $4.50

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TRUE TOWEL TALES: No. 3 . . . AS TOLD US BY A U. S. MARINE

N. W. AYER & SON



Illustration from photograph supplied by U. S. Marine Corps

No. And no ivory-handled brushes or scented soap. Anyway, what would a Leatherneck want with perfume? In the Solomons, it's either the Pacific with a shark to tickle his pinkies — or the water-tank. And when you're jungle-dirty, the primitive water-tank's a luxury, say our returned Marine heroes.

But, where *towels* are concerned, a bath isn't primitive! The brisk, efficient towels you take for granted are welcome equipment to our men in all the services. Many are the same durable Cannons you're so proud to use in your own home. When the day's been a tough one, you know how grateful *you* are for that quick shower and rub-down. Well — after a day's drill or a week's combat — our men are twice as grateful!

That's why there aren't so many towels for the rest of us at home . . . the best reason in the world for us to take good care of the good towels we have.

TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. CANNON

Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

Millions of Cannon Towels

are now going to the Armed Forces. So you may find a smaller selection in the stores — fewer styles and a limited variety of colors. But the durable Cannon quality, the hardy quality that will see you through, remains the same. When the war is over, Cannon will again present the newest designs in the most charming colors.

For Victory—Buy U. S. War Bonds!





HOW TO MAKE YOUR TOWELS LAST LONGER AND STAY "DURABLE FOR THE DURATION"

Launder before they become too soiled
Fluff-dry terry towels—never iron
If loops are snagged—cut off, never pull
Mend selvage and other breaks immediately
Buy good-quality towels—always the best economy

Copyrighted material

WHY YOUR BATTERY REQUIRES SPECIAL CARE THIS WINTER

★

A Message to the Nation's Car Owners from the Nation's 34,000 Delco Battery Dealers

★

Wartime Importance of Private Transportation



Before you can judge the importance of keeping your battery "in action," you have to decide how important it is to keep your car itself "in action." Here are some facts to go on. Public transportation facilities, already carrying capacity loads, can take care of about 20 per cent of essential transportation. That leaves 80 per cent—four people out of every five—who must depend on cars. If you are among these, then your car is essential to transportation. *And* —your battery is essential to your car.

Why Cold Weather Makes Cars Harder to Start



Certainly you've noticed that cars start harder in winter, but do you know why? There are two main reasons. The first is the increased power required to crank an engine when the oil is stiff; the second is the decreased power available from a battery in cold weather. It takes 2½ times more power to crank an engine at zero than it does at 80 degrees; and at zero a battery can deliver only half as much power as at 80 degrees. That's why a partly charged battery may "get by" in summer but fail in winter. Cold-weather starting demands a fully charged battery.

Danger of an Undercharged Battery in Winter



One of your responsibilities this winter is keeping your battery fully charged, not just for sure starting, but as a safeguard against freezing. A fully charged battery, with a hydrometer reading of 1.280, is in no danger of freezing. A half-charged battery, with a reading of 1.220, will freeze at 31 below zero. And a battery that is very low, with a reading of 1.150, will freeze at 5 degrees above zero. Have your battery checked regularly this winter. Limited driving may make it necessary to have a recharge occasionally.

How Periodic Inspection Extends Battery Life



Having a battery checked regularly is an essential safeguard against the enemies of battery life. Inspection will show when water should be added to prevent serious damage to the plates and separators . . . when a recharge is needed to avoid permanent sulfation of the plates . . . when the hold-downs that keep your battery securely fastened in its carrier should be tightened to avoid destructive vibration. These and other services can help you stretch the life of your battery, and save materials needed for war.

YOUR DELCO BATTERY DEALER CAN HELP YOU KEEP YOUR CAR "READY FOR ACTION"



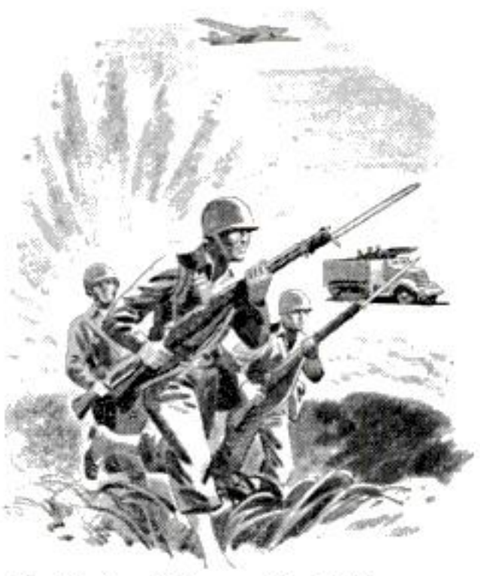
See your Delco battery dealer at least once a month for a free check-up. He has enlisted his services in the war against waste, to keep batteries on the job. Let him give your battery the care it deserves, and do your part in maintaining essential wartime transportation.



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO BATTERIES
for all makes of
CARS ★ TRUCKS
BUSES ★ TRACTORS

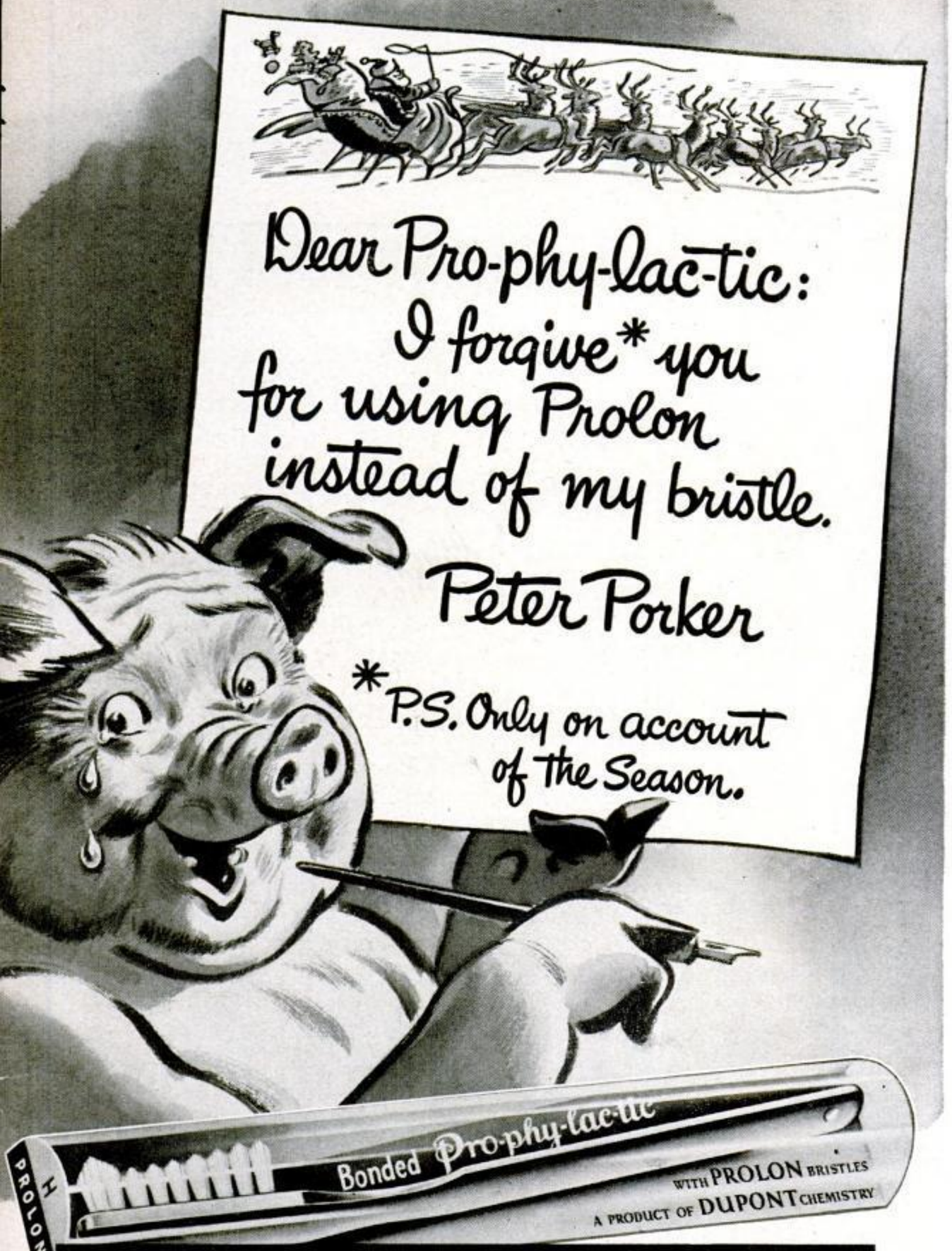
Delco batteries provide extra starting power, long life, exceptional dependability. When you *must* replace—replace with a Delco battery.



To Bring Them Back Sooner
BUY MORE BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ ★ *wherever wheels turn or propellers spin* ★

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Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

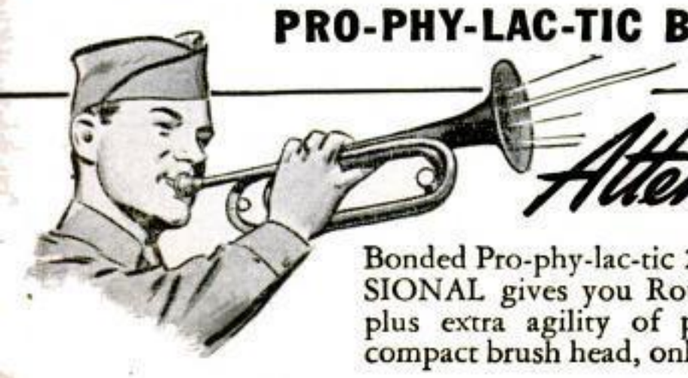
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.



Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PUEBLO INDIANS

Sirs:

On Dec. 1, at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Indian Rights Association, the assembled members expressed unanimous appreciation for the Nov. 29 issue of LIFE containing the splendid photographs of the middle Rio Grande valley and the Indian pueblos.

The Pueblos and the public are fortunate in having at this time your splendid pictorial presentation of their problems.

CHESTER E. FARIS
General Secretary

Indian Rights Association
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Many thanks for bringing old friends back to me in your article, "Dam Threatens Pueblos."

As engineer for the Middle Rio Grande Conservation District I spent some two years along the banks of the Rio Grande where lie the pueblos of Cochiti, Santo Domingo and San Felipe. The work upon which I was engaged called for the building of irrigation ditches, drainage ditches and certain channel changes in the Rio Grande. Practically all of the construction was upon Pueblo lands belonging to the three pueblos of Cochiti, Santo Domingo and San Felipe. The Cochiti Indians were the most cooperative. San Felipe offered some resistance to the inroads of the white brothers but it took the Santo Domingos to really put up a stiff argument.

No member of the Santo Domingo tribe could work upon the project. The council so decreed. One Indian, brave enough to ignore the council's edict, was tried by his elders and publicly lashed until his back was raw. The squaws assaulted one of the transitmen and beat him with sticks because he was on what they considered sacred ground.

I have sat in council with the Domingos many times, trying to get them to grant certain concessions, mostly of a minor nature. The requests were always graciously received, gravely considered and the inevitable "No" softly given.

A dam at either of the two available sites would result in San Felipe being forced to move. Santo Domingo, some four miles north, would be flooded and would also have to find a new site.

Cochiti, around 10 miles above the dam sites, would not be touched for no dam could be built high enough to back water up far enough to flood the pueblo. But knowing the Cochitenos as I do, I can appreciate their joining their neighbors in the fight against the white man's "improvement."

Dams will do them no good and they know, as do those of us who have known them and seen the abortive attempts to lead them onward and upward, that further encroachment upon their lands will be but another step toward eventual dispossession.

RALPH P. WINSTON
Editor

The Weekly Calistogan
Calistoga, Calif.

THE SEASONS

Sirs:

To an Ohio soldier returning from furlough the pictures of spring and autumn in Ohio which appeared in the Nov. 29 issue of LIFE were the climax to a perfect two weeks. I would like to know exactly where in Ohio they were taken. Could they possibly have been taken in the Ohio River valley? Those hills look very familiar.

CPL. EDWARD G. KOESTERS
Biggs Field
El Paso, Texas

● "Spring" was taken near Loudonville, "Fall" near Dayton.—ED.

Sirs:

My little brother pointed out to me in great excitement that out of the four

(continued on p. 4)



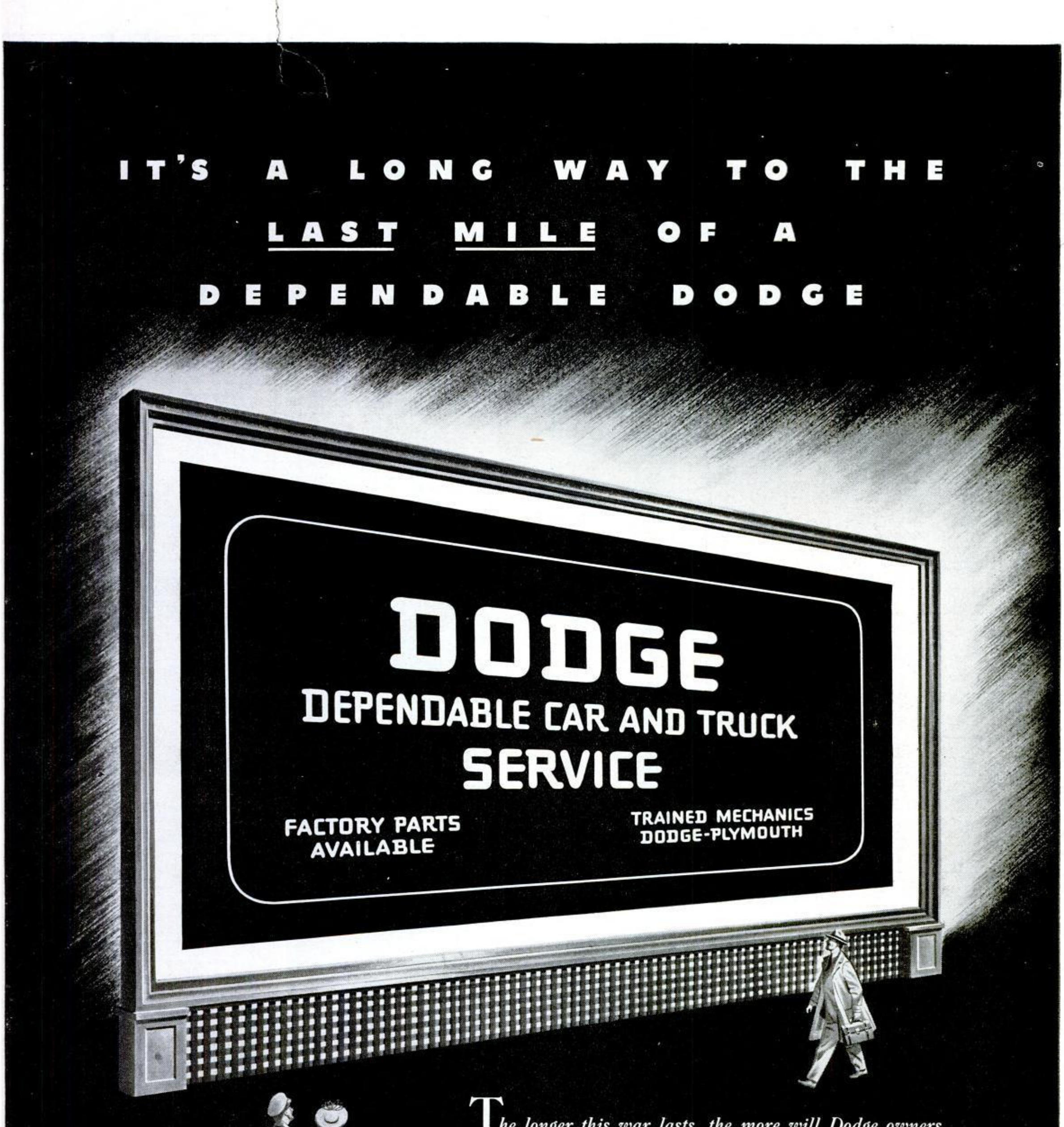
You'll want to wrap her up and take her home!

She won a million hearts in "Shantytown"—with her singing, her charm, her downright cuteness...But her newest hit will vault her right to the top of your list! ...See Mary as a cunning little trick who tries her hand at glamour—in a gay, mirthful romance of life behind-the-Hollywood-scenes. You'll enjoy yourself!



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IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE LAST MILE OF A DEPENDABLE DODGE



The longer this war lasts, the more will Dodge owners be grateful for the enduring quality *of Dodge engineering and manufacturing . . . the more will they appreciate Dodge Dependability! They are grateful, too, that near at hand is a Dodge dealer, with trained mechanics and factory-engineered replacement parts. His chief concern is to make sure that* it's a long way to the last mile of a dependable Dodge!

BUY WAR BONDS

Copyrighted material



WHEN YOU FEEL A COLD COMING ON

Start at once to do these basic things physicians advise to help your system throw off the infection.

5 BASIC THINGS TO DO FOR COLDS
advised by physicians and public health authorities
(See how lemons help with all 5)

1.	**GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE.** Lemons are among the richest sources of anti-fatigue, anti-infection vitamin C.
2.	**ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.** Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms *sodium citrate,* excellent to offset acid condition.
3.	**KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.** Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
4.	**EAT LIGHTLY. TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.** Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
5.	**KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.** Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, call your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then – continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.



To make Lemon & Soda
pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California **Sunkist Lemons**

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
(continued)

seasons pictured, two were ta... Ohio.

"And look what they had to take... match Ohio," he said. "Professionals! Lake Placid and Glacier Park. You have to be pretty good to beat Ohio."

MARY JOAN WEISZ
Columbus, Ohio

THE BRONTËS

Sirs:

Who but LIFE would think of those magnificent Brontë pictures in the Nov. 29 issue? They make the mysterious sisters of the moor come alive!

EDWARD LENNON
Groton, Conn.

Sirs:

A number of members of the Book-of-the-Month Club, which is distributing the edition of *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* featured in the story in LIFE, have written to us about the wood engravings of Fritz Eichenberg. The credit line given Mr. Eichenberg in the story has led some readers to suppose that only one of these pictures was the work of this artist, although actually, of course, they all are.

Your readers may be interested to know that Mr. Eichenberg was one of Germany's best-known newspaper artists in the pre-Hitler days. Early in 1933 he left Germany from choice and has lived just outside New York ever since.

EDWIN SEAVER
Book-of-the-Month Club
New York, N. Y.



EICHENBERG SELF-PORTRAIT

Sirs:

Fritz Eichenberg has been called the "Albrecht Dürer of our time" and is represented in the Limited Editions Shakespeare, which includes the work of the outstanding artists of the world. His illustrations of *Richard the Third,* his *Crime and Punishment* and *Fathers and Sons* published by Heritage Press are known and treasured by all book-lovers. His technique of fine wood engraving is almost a lost art in these hurried days.

IDA F. DAVIDOFF
New Canaan, Conn.

TUBERCULOSIS

Sirs:

Your article on the tuberculosis survey in the Nov. 29 issue of LIFE is a very essential form of popular education in the danger of this disease. However, the danger age does not start at 18 nor end at 40 as you stated. At a recent clinic we saw young adolescents of 14, 15 and 16 that had a very poor chance of survival. Also in the hospital was a grandmother who, as the source of the tuberculosis infection, had infected her daughter and granddaughter,

(continued on p. 6)



SPURNS GRAY HAIR!... Wins Romance!

(and even her husband admits he'd never know she uses Clairol!)

Mrs. L—freely admits she had no thought of romance when she first decided to use Clairol, the *original* shampoo tint. After all, she'd been a widow for quite a few years. But anyone can tire of drab, unattractive gray hair. So she had a Clairol treatment and quickly found her self-confidence restored. When she met Mr. L— at a friend's house, it was a case of love at first sight—for both of them! They're married now, and Mrs. L— wisely continues to keep herself attractive to her husband . . . *thanks to Clairol!*

CLAIROL KEEPS THIS WOMAN'S SECRET— and it will keep yours. With one quick, pleasant application, it permanently colors every trace of gray hair. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results. There are 23 laboratory-tested shades to choose from. And each shade completely avoids that "tattle-tale," brassy, ugly look of old-fashioned dyes. Refuse substitutes that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better beauty shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more, so be *sure* you get Clairol.

FREE—"11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write to CLAIROL, INC., Dept. L-20, Box 1455, Stamford, Conn.

COPYRIGHT 1943, CLAIROL, INC.

CLAIROL
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Original Oil Shampoo Tint

Caution: Use only as directed on the label

On Feet For Over 30 Years

Allen's Foot-Ease has been bringing relief and comfort to tired, burning feet for over 30 years. Sprinkle it on your feet and into your shoes, and enjoy the refreshing comfort it brings while you stand long hours at your work. Even stiff, heavy, new or tight-fitting shoes lose their terror when you use Allen's Foot-Ease. But good old Allen's does even more. It acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevents offensive foot odors. Helps keep feet, socks and stockings dry and sweet. For real foot comfort, remember it's Allen's Foot-Ease you want. At your druggist.

La Cross
AMERICA'S FINEST
surgical instruments
MANICURE IMPLEMENTS



● Treasure your precision-ground La Cross manicure implements. They may be the last you can get for the duration. The craftsmen, who fashioned them in peace-time, today are making vital surgical instruments for America's armed forces. After victory La Cross implements will be better than ever.

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J.• Est. 1903

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"I'm just a Continental Chanteuse from Milwaukee

...but I can tell you about stockings!"

admits the glamorous *Hildegarde*

Cafédom's greatest personality, star of the Hotel Plaza's Persian Room

"I'm boasting day and night about my Cannon Rayons! My word—but they are flattering! Sheer . . . smooth . . . dull as your face powder! And even *my* gloves don't fit as well—truly, ladies, Cannon stockings hug the ankle like a coat of tan. Everybody seems to be talking about them. AND wearing them.



"I love Cannons twice as much because they're bears for wear! I love the exquisite—but I am also *very practical!* So, believe me, I appreciate how these beautiful stockings wear and wear—and so will you. It's a special twisting process that gives them so much extra elasticity and staying power, I'm told. Hi-Twist, it's called.



"And now listen careful'y, ladies, while I tell you how to treat these Cannon beauties! You must remember this about rayons—*all* rayons! *Once they're wet—handle with care.* Hardy as Cannon Rayons are, even *they* get to feeling a little delicate when water hits them. *So*—lift them gently around in the water. Obey the washing rules religiously. Let them dry 36 hours, always. But if you take care to do these things—your Cannons will wear just unbelievably long!"

Tune in to Hildegarde on "Beat The Band" over NBC Wed. nite.

TRADE MARK IN U.S.A. CANNON

Cannon Hosiery

HI-TWIST RAYON

Made by the makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York 13, N.Y.

This One

5TDY-PDU-P1AD

5

Copyrighted material

COFFEE

makes work lighter

...life brighter

have another cup!



WITH MORE WORK to do—more need to do it well—all America finds extra pep in delicious, satisfying coffee. There's an invitation in its fragrance—a thrill in its hearty flavor—a "lift" in its energizing goodness. Mealtime or any time, treat yourself to coffee, fresh, full-strength, brewed to the full capacity of the pot. Have Another Cup!



COFFEE *The Friendly Drink . . . From Good Neighbors*

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU

BRAZIL COLOMBIA EL SALVADOR COSTA RICA MEXICO CUBA DOMINICAN REPUBLIC VENEZUELA

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

causing the death of both. Widespread tuberculin reaction tests in junior high schools would be a great stride in the right direction.

PFC. MARTIN KALSER
Univ. of Pittsburgh Medical School
Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN CURRY'S AMERICA

Sirs:

I certainly appreciated the fine pictures from my biography, *John Steuart Curry's Pageant of America*, in LIFE's Speaking of Pictures for Nov. 29. But I am very sorry that you did not mention the book's author, Professor Laurence E. Schmeckebier. Professor Schmeckebier was Professor of Fine Arts at the University of Wisconsin when I became Artist-in-Residence in 1936. He and his wife worked on this book for five years. I never realized how much work was entailed in getting together a book of this kind. Professor Schmeckebier is now head of the Department of Fine Arts at the University of Minnesota and is also the author of *Modern Mexican Art*.

JOHN STEUART CURRY
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

I am a girl of 13 and am in the eighth grade of Longfellow School, Toledo, Ohio. My class and I are studying American artists. Yesterday we started the study of John Curry and were very pleased when looking through LIFE to find the very interesting article on Mr. Curry.

Your picture and text about him made me feel as if I knew Curry all myself. I also thought you ought to know that we youngsters are interested and enjoy American art and artists.

Speaking for my class and me, we think LIFE magazine is doing a grand job publishing these articles on art. I hope to see in future LIFE magazines other articles about American artists.

JOAN KOECHLEY
Toledo, Ohio

RAG DOLLS

Sirs:

Our little girl Jacqueline, who is 8 years old, was fascinated with your pictures and story, "Floppy Rag Dolls" (LIFE, Nov. 29). Jacqueline, like 4-



JACQUELINE & GRETA

year-old Valerie in your pictures, has a big rag doll for a companion. Greta, Jacqueline's doll, is not quite as tall as her mistress (*see picture*) but is nevertheless a fine dancing partner and has even been to school with my daughter.

CONSTANCE HAROLDSON
Pompton Lakes, N. J.

BEAVERS

Sirs:

Your article, "Busy Beavers," in the Nov. 29 issue was extremely interesting. But we would like to disagree with one

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



It's time to shop for Christmas socks
For sweetheart, dads and brothers...
And here's a tip... give them the brand
They like above all others.
They're known as "America's Finer Socks"
Westminsters, in stripes, ribs or clocks.

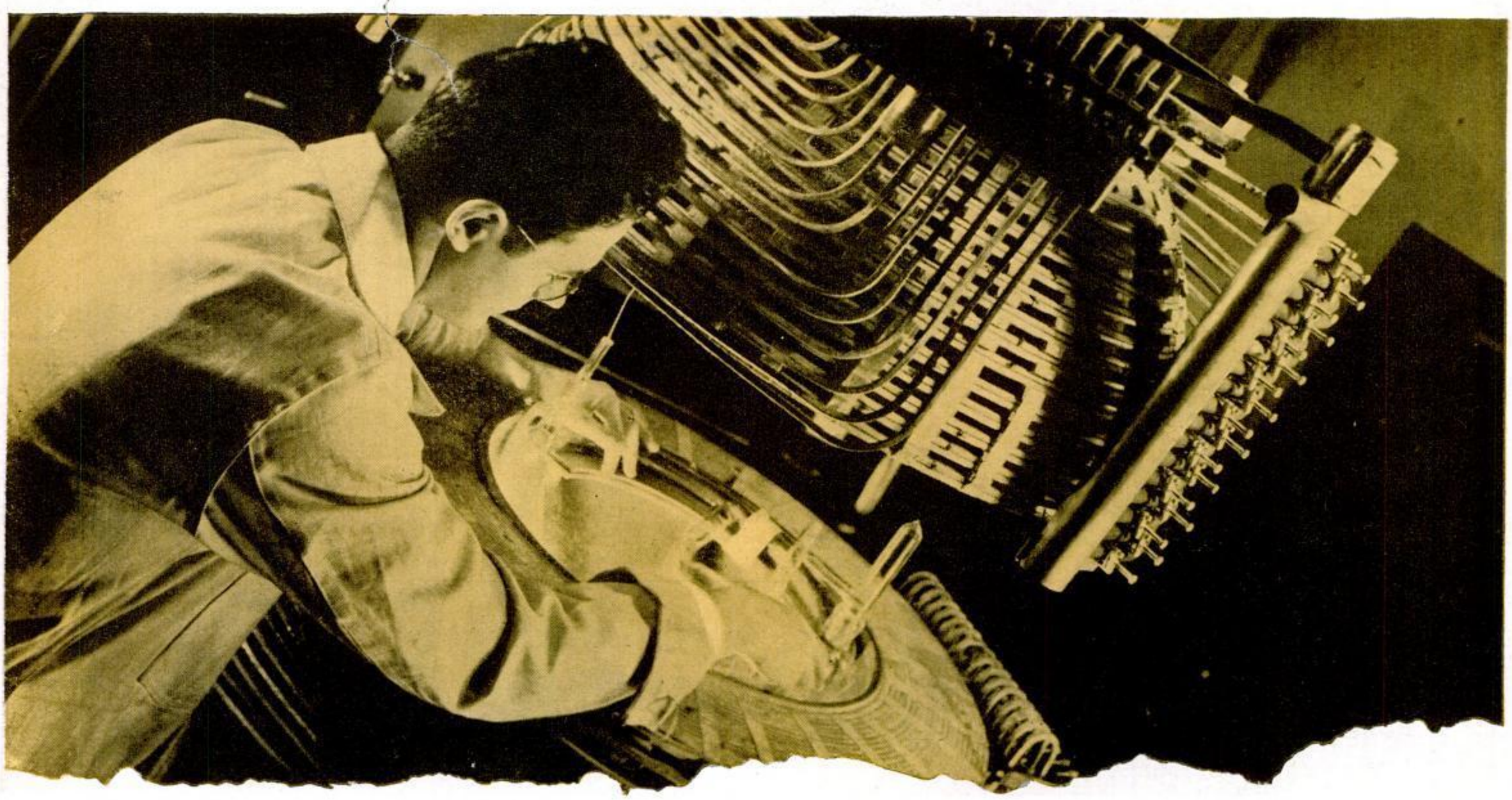


They're smart when worn with uniforms,
With worsteds, serge and tweeds,
Longer wearing, snug in fit
And *warm* for winter needs.
A gift that always makes men boast
So buy them by the box
At better stores from coast-to-coast...
And give "Westminster Socks."



Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

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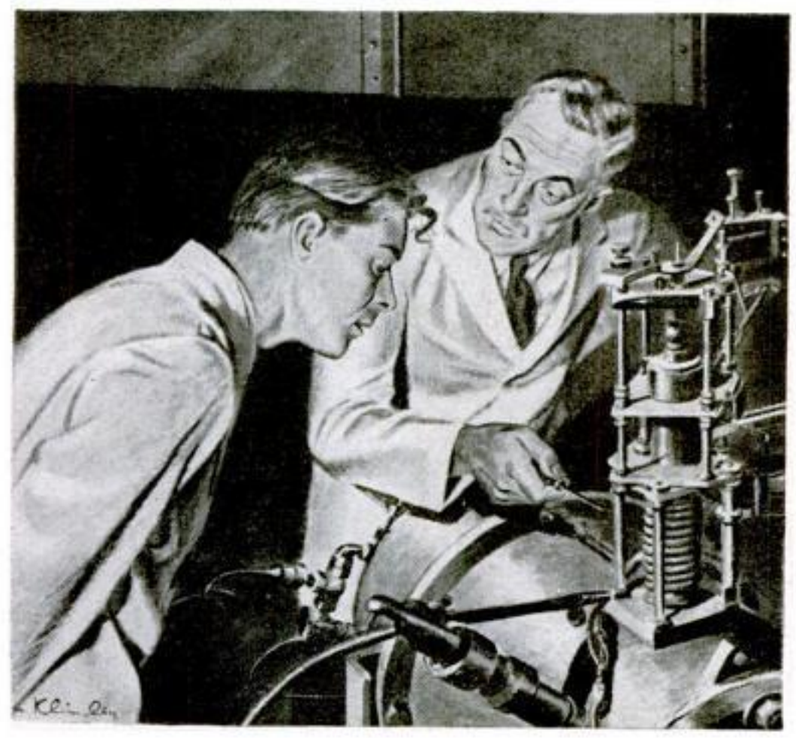
Helping the tire maker: Pictured here is a laboratory model of the new Westinghouse-developed "mass spectrometer," an adaptation of which analyzes gases with incredible swiftness and accuracy. Right now, one of the most important of its many uses is speeding up tremendously a step in the making of synthetic rubber.

Westinghouse research accepts every wartime challenge . . .

Under the spur of war, Westinghouse research is delving into numberless mysteries, not only in the vast field of electricity and electronics, but also in chemistry, physics, metallurgy, plastics. And as a result, out of the great Westinghouse laboratories has come a steady stream of new war products, and new and better ways of making old ones.

Westinghouse research develops new talent for America . . .

To Westinghouse, each year, come several hundred budding scientists and engineers—to work, to learn, to blaze new trails in electrical research. And each year, through more than 100 Westinghouse scholarships, young men enter America's engineering colleges to develop the native skill and talent that has made America great and will make it greater.





Westinghouse research promises new wonders for peace . . .

You have heard much talk of the marvels science will offer you after the War. Well, there *will* be marvels—plenty of them—and Westinghouse research is working to contribute its full share. But we will never lose sight of what we consider our first duty: seeing that, beyond all question, each Westinghouse product, old *or* new, is the very finest of its kind. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities, offices everywhere.

Copyrighted material

Quick cure for One Christmas shopping headache



Meet Polly

Polly works on plane parts,
Her hands are stained with grime,
She needs a jar of Pacquins—
Swell tip for Christmas-time!



and Molly

Molly scrubs her house clean,
Her hands get rough and red...
She'd welcome creamy Pacquins
And soft, white hands instead!



also Laurie

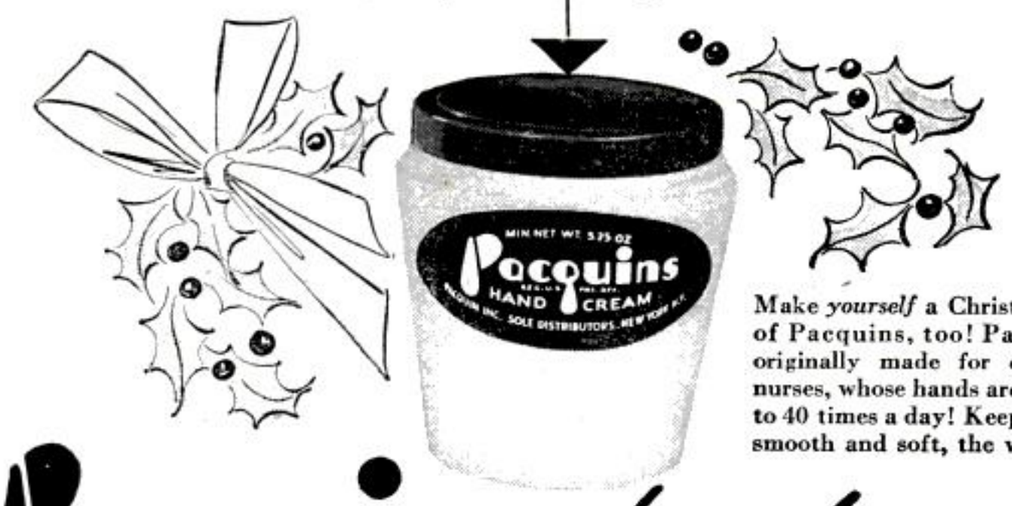
Laurie is a "steno"...
Smooth hands her stock in trade.
A gift of greaseless Pacquins
Will help her make the grade.



and Florrie

Florrie's getting ready
To meet her Soldier Beau,
With hands made Pacquins-lovely
For "'neath the mistletoe."

● Have you a Polly or Molly... a Laurie or Florrie... on *your* list? Don't rack your brains over that "little" gift for her. Or over those other last-minute, low-priced gifts that pop up. This Christmas, give Pacquins—a girl's own hand-cream choice. More women use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!



Make *yourself* a Christmas present of Pacquins, too! Pacquins was originally made for doctors and nurses, whose hands are in water 30 to 40 times a day! Keep *your* hands smooth and soft, the way *they* do!

Pacquins *hand cream*

At any drug, department, or ten-cent store

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

fact presented in this article: "Beaver's work is very intelligently done. The tree is gnawed so that it will fall in the desired direction."

All credit to beavers for their lumbering and help in saving U. S. soil, but they deserve less credit for intelligence than for industry. A beaver does not always fell a tree so that it will fall in a desired direction; he makes the deepest cut on the side most easily reached. Instances have been known where beavers have been trapped and killed by their own cutting.

PVT. LESLIE FRISK
PFC. GEORGE BELDING JR.
Camp Mackall, N. C.

Sirs:

. . . If the tree does not fall in the proper direction the beaver will do one of two things: either cut it into smaller pieces and roll them to the stream, or he will dig a canal to where the tree has fallen and then push it into the canal.

SGT. A. E. BUTTERFIELD
Amarillo, Texas

Sirs:

. . : Most trees near lakes and rivers tend to lean toward the water. This fact has given rise to the idea that a beaver can fell a tree in a desired direction.

IVAN JACOBSON
Cushing, Minn.

Sirs:

Your story, "Busy Beaver," is a real boost to conservation education in general and to the beaver in particular. It will be used in many schools throughout the land. It is nice to know that you devote space to wildlife occasionally. After all is said and done, American animals are part of the landscape and Americans should be familiar with some of them.

WILLIAM H. CARR
Director
Bear Mountain Trailside Museums
Bear Mountain, N. Y.

SHOSTAKOVICH

Sirs:

I appreciated what you had to say about the composer Shostakovich (LIFE, Nov. 22), but why did you not comment on the quality of Mrs. Shostakovich's photography? I think that the poetic portrait of father and son on page 43 is one of the superior photographs of the whole issue.



SHOSTAKOVICH AND HIS SON

MIDSHIPMAN
DAN RANSOHOFF, USNR
Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

I think that the headline on your story about Shostakovich should be further explained.

It is not strictly accurate to say "Shostakovich Sells Symphony for $10,000" since the composer has, of course, no idea what financial arrangements are being made in connection with the American premiere of his work.

Am-Rus Music Corporation has contracted to rent the material for the *Eighth Symphony* to CBS for one broadcast by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting.

Such rentals are handled through Am-Rus here by virtue of our contract with Shostakovich's publishers in the

(continued on p. 11)

Long Live that Christmas Plant!



KEEP IT ALIVE—don't let it die! Then months later it will still be a lovely gift—a welcome reminder of the giver.

It's easy if you use KEM, the ready-to-use liquid plant food. For KEM supplies all 11 of the essential food elements plants need in order to grow. Regardless of the kind of soil in the pot, the plant will thrive on KEM.

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HOUSE PLANTS It doesn't matter what kind of soil you have—for KEM will grow plants without any soil at all!

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Here's to The Snorting Bull!

INSIGNIA OF THE
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This insignia typifies the aggressive spirit of the squadron members and the terrific Fire-Power of the Squadron's cannon-firing planes.



TO YOU BOYS WHO FLY AND FIGHT AND FIRE UNDER THE SIGN OF THE "SNORTING BULL"—*Oldsmobile pays tribute with this page. May that rip-roaring, flame-snorting emblem give you real inspiration in every job you tackle. May it prove a "good luck" symbol for every man of the 13th—from the pilots in the air to the privates in the ground crew! And may it throw terror into any Axis formation that dares to challenge you in combat. Up and at 'em and mow 'em down, Snorting Bulls! It's your kind of spirit and skill and Fire-Power that spell sure doom for the Axis!*

FIRE-POWER is Our Business!

Whenever, wherever the "Snorting Bull" charges out to meet the enemy, the hopes and hearts of thousands of Oldsmobile workers ride with him. For the "Bull," like scores of other U. S. Fighter Squadrons, packs the high-explosive fury of automatic aircraft *cannon.* And cannon is one of the principal fire-power products that Army Ordnance has entrusted to Oldsmobile production. These cannon rip into Axis armor—blow planes apart with their high-explosive shell—sometimes cut planes in half with one sweeping burst of fire!

In addition to deadly aerial cannon, Oldsmobile builds cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, shell for both Army and Navy! Fire-Power to *Keep 'em Firing*—by air and land and sea.



HELP LOAD OUR FIGHTERS' GUNS
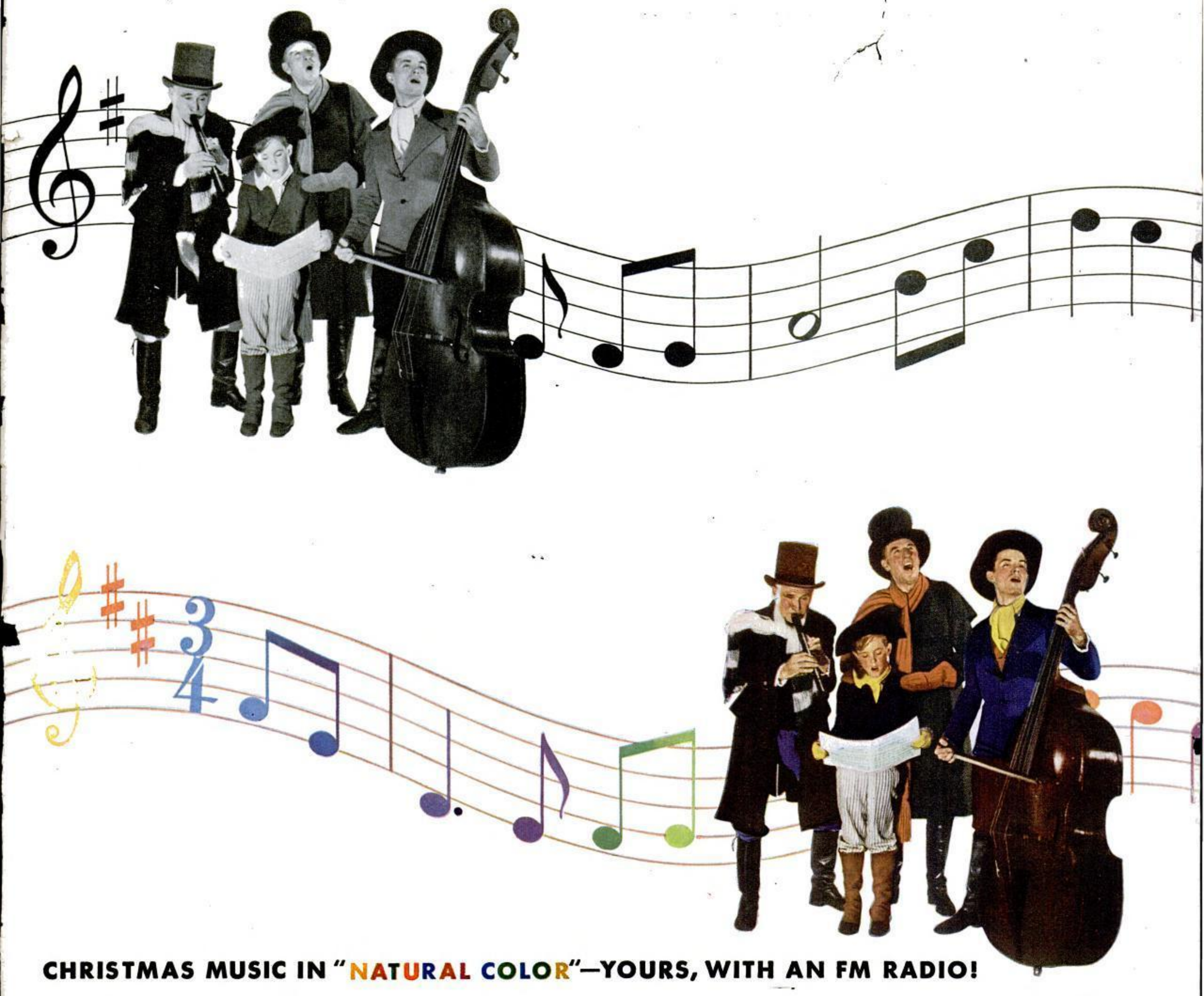
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It's the difference between color movies and ordinary movies — between a real sunset and a picture of one — between color and black and white!

It's the difference between FM (Frequency Modulation) and conventional radio!

Conventional radio brings you only 5000 tone cycles out of a possible 15,000 cycles that the human ear can hear. FM radio brings you all! . . . Conventional radio brings you the "middle tones," but loses the highest high notes, the lowest low notes. FM radio captures them all!

Conventional radio can reproduce only a part of the whole beauty of violin, piano, or the human voice — because of basic limitations of transmission. FM, a new kind of radio, transmits and receives sound in its original "*Natural Color.*"

And even though winter's storms rage outside, or electrical disturbances rattle and rumble through conventional sets, there is virtually no static on your FM "Natural Color" radio. Music comes in against a velvety background of silence.

Production for war now claims all General Electric resources. After Victory, G.E. will build both kinds of radio receivers and transmitters. But G.E. heartily recommends for your first choice this bright invention in the history of radio—FM "Natural Color"!

FREE: A fascinating 32-page book, in full colors — "Electronics — a New Science for a New World." Write to *General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

• *Tune in General Electric's* "The World Today" *and hear the news from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E.W.T. over CBS network. On Sunday evening listen to the G-E* "All Girl Orchestra" *at 10 E.W.T. over NBC.*

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The heart of every General Electric radio-phonograph, portable radio, or table model radio is the electronic tube. This tube is similar to electronic tubes used in G-E television equipment, and in amazing G-E electronic apparatus that speeds war output in thousands of industrial plants across the continent.





LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

U. S. S. R., and while Shostakovich of course shares in the proceeds of all such transactions through whatever arrangements he has with his publishers, he has no direct knowledge of or participation in them.

MARTHA PEARSE
Am-Rus Music Corporation
New York, N. Y.

THANKSGIVING

Sirs:

Your editorials have been consistently helpful in summing up and sizing up the meaning of world events, but the one on Thanksgiving (LIFE, Nov. 29) was unusually excellent.

In presenting the Pilgrim story and relating it to present-day America LIFE gave us an editorial with the dignity and significance of a very fine sermon—one worthy of being read from any pulpit in the land.

EDITH F. BIXBY
Watertown, Mass.

Sirs:

Your editorial, "Thanksgiving," outlines the patent and potent fact of the significance of struggle and its attendant rewards in American history.

I hope that millions of Americans may have read your editorial for it is one of those that should be treated as described in the familiar quotation: "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

I wish to extend my congratulations and to express my gratitude for such a tremendously constructive contribution to the thinking of America.

ARGYLL R. PARSONS
New York, N. Y.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

SIRS:

PHOTOGRAPH SUBMITTED BY MISSES DUFFY AND SULLIVAN (LIFE, PICTURES TO THE EDITORS, NOV. 29) IS NOT CPL. SKAVRONEK. THIS MAN IS JOHN GRIMEK FORMER NATIONAL WEIGHT-LIFTING CHAMPION WHO WAS VISITING ME IN MIAMI. PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT OFFICERS' CLUB, CROMWELL HOTEL, MIAMI BEACH.

CAPTAIN EDWIN HARDING JR.
Miami, Fla.



JOHN GRIMEK

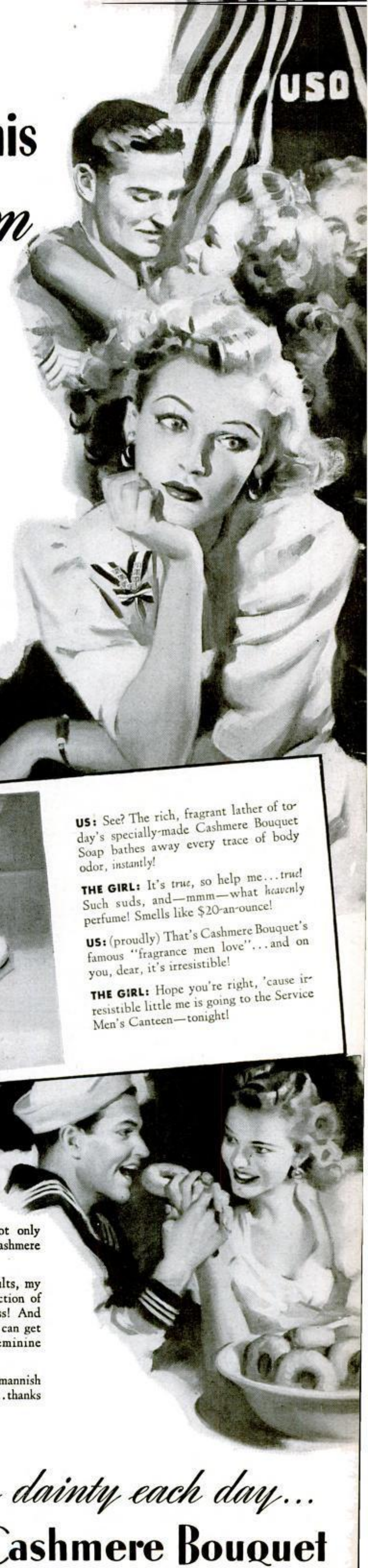
Sirs:

In your Nov. 29 issue of LIFE, you have a picture of a soldier said to be Cpl. Peter Skavronek. I wish to inform you that he is not Cpl. Peter Skavronek, and I did not send in that picture. A girlfriend, Mary Sullivan, did so, thinking that it was Cpl. Peter Skavronek, who sent the picture to me. I do not know his real name or anything about him.

RONNIE DUFFY
New York, N. Y.

● LIFE acted in good faith, printed the picture as captioned in the letter.—ED.

Who called this a *Recreation center?*



THE GIRL: Humph! There's not much recreation just being a wallflower.

US: Listen, my dear... you could attract any man you want, if you'd simply learn this one little secret of daintiness... the secret of bathing body odor away, the *feminine* way!

THE GIRL: The *feminine* way? Pardon my puzzled look... but I thought a soap that removes body odor effectively *had* to have that strong, "mannish" smell!

US: Not *this* one, honey... here's a truly feminine, complexion-gentle soap that leaves you alluringly scented... and daily use *stops* all body odor! Here—prove it yourself!



US: See? The rich, fragrant lather of today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathes away every trace of body odor, *instantly!*

THE GIRL: It's *true*, so help me... *true!* Such suds, and—mmm—what *heavenly* perfume! Smells like $20-an-ounce!

US: (proudly) That's Cashmere Bouquet's famous "fragrance men love"... and on you, dear, it's irresistible!

THE GIRL: Hope you're right, 'cause irresistible little me is going to the Service Men's Canteen—tonight!

THE GIRL: (a-flutter) Goodness sake! They not only *noticed* me... they've almost *mobbed* me! Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee such quick results?

US: Your own sweet charm guarantees the results, my dear! Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of moments like this by guarding your daintiness! And remember—not even the most "mannish" soap can get rid of perspiration better than daintily feminine Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Don't worry! From now on the only mannish things in my life will be men in the service... thanks to the feminine secret of Cashmere Bouquet!

Cashmere Bouquet

Stay dainty each day... with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

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ABOVE STORM CLOUDS, FORMATIONS OF U. S. BOMBERS DRONE ON TOWARD BREMEN WHILE BEHIND THEM, MARKING THEIR POSITIONS, DRIFT GOSSAMER CONDENSATION TRAILS.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . U. S. BOMBERS LEAVE CONDENSATION TRAILS BEHIND THEM

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HITTING THEIR TARGET THROUGH LAYERS OF CLOUD 4,500 FEET BELOW, BOMBERS SHOT DOWN 43 GERMAN FIGHTERS AT A COST TO THEMSELVES OF 15 BOMBERS, NINE FIGHTERS

Five miles over Europe on Nov. 13 the temperature was 50° below zero. Black nimbostratus clouds, turbulent sleet storms and icing conditions were reported from England to Germany.

Yet on schedule that day American Liberators and Flying Fortresses bombed the submarine yards and aircraft factories of Bremen, Nazi seaport. On the way to their target the bombers left behind them the wispy condensation trails shown here. A phenomenon of aerial warfare, these "contrails," as they are called by the Air Forces, are caused by a condensation of the moisture in the air when the plane passes through it. Although they are of a transcendent beauty and make magnificent pictures for the cameramen, the trails are a bugaboo to Allied fliers. Not only do they give away the formation and number of the bombers, but they provide concealment for Nazi fighters. Allied technicians are experimenting with methods to eliminate them.

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Relu on Reliance



It's a Happy Home!

No mistaking this charming, gay Happy Home frock! For your busy days about the house—pretty, practical and smart. This paisley dress is just one of many Happy Home styles and patterns. $1.75 to $2.75 at your favorite store.

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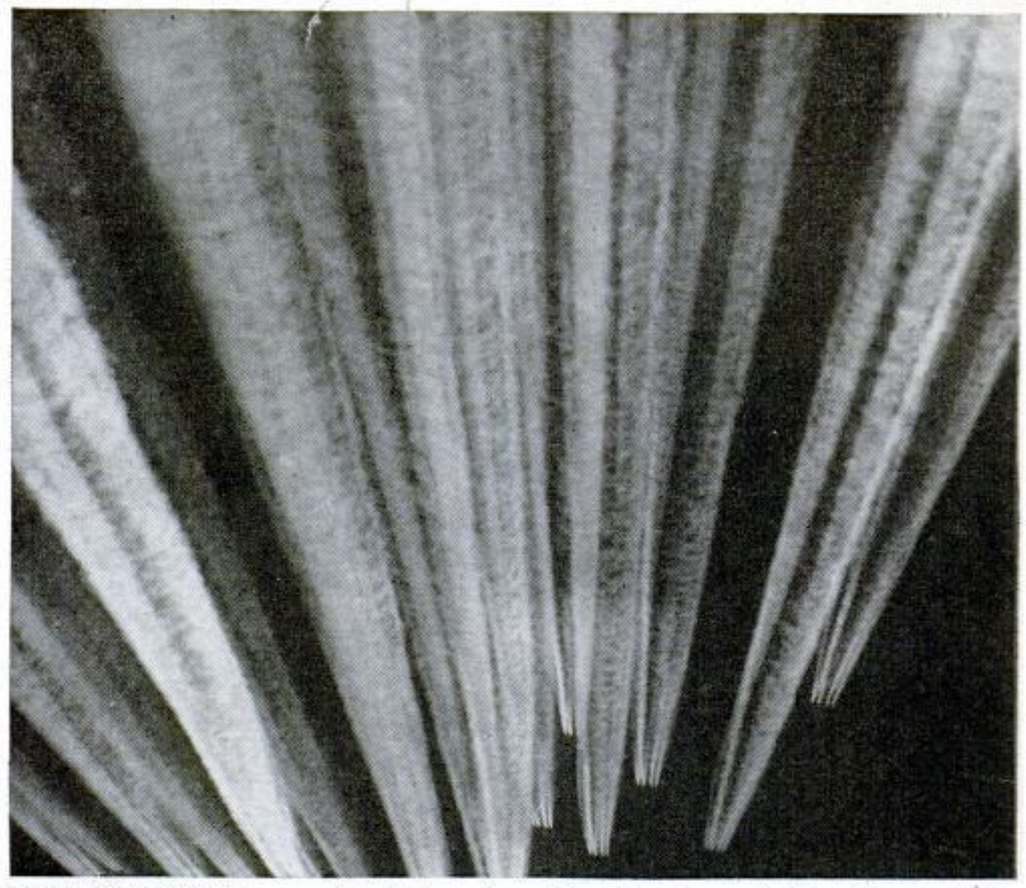
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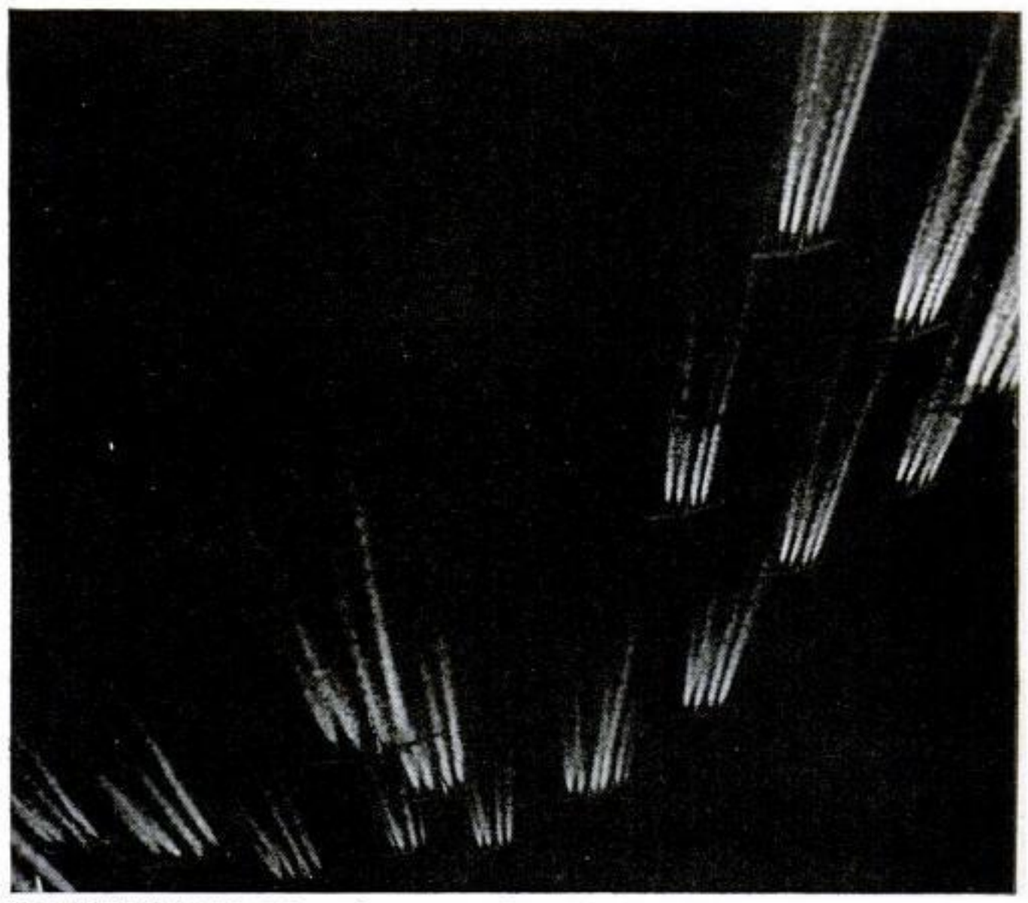
Reliance HAPPY HOME

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Condensation trails are result of 1) condensation of moisture in the exhaust of the airplane motors; 2) water vapor condensing in low-pressure area above the wing.



Beautiful but dangerous are these contrails. A third cause for them is the condensation of water vapor in plane's wake because of the disturbance of super-cooled air.



Sticks of bombs fall away from bomb-bay doors through fluffy clouds, toward Bremen. White streaks in the background are condensation trails caused by other bombs.

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Ever that same Star...

That star has never failed us yet—it won't fail us now. The darker the night, the brighter it seems to burn.

It is a beacon of hope—a promise of the secure new tomorrow for which mankind is striving.

Swifter than any plane, swifter than radio, swifter than the thoughts of men, its spirit travels around this earth—carrying, even against the distractions of war, its age-old message of hope and assurance.

And that star's bright gleam reflects the greeting sent across the miles to the ends of the world—a greeting to every man and woman in the service of their country—a greeting from your neighbors—from your friends—from all America.

Another year may be different—let's hope it is. Let's keep our eyes on that star with its promise of peace—another year and another Yuletide when again we will hear your familiar voice shouting—"Merry Christmas!"

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION

Builder of aircraft engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress

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LIKE PILOTS circling to a meeting-point in outer space, the engineers of Bendix have a rendezvous with destiny. Their "INVISIBLE CREW," which now mans our machines of war, will serve a whole new age of transportation. And to them, electrons are not dream-stuff . . . but everyday tools.

It is thus, now, in all divisions of Bendix. Scintilla projects electronic control of high-altitude ignition. Eclipse perfects electronic regulation of aircraft-generated voltage. Friez sends electronic weathermen aloft, to report from the stratosphere. Bendix Marine uses electrons in the navigation of warships. Pioneer develops a new captain for "THE INVISIBLE CREW" . . . the first all-electronic Automatic Pilot. And all these are in addition to the electronic functions of communication and detection . . . long mastered at Bendix Radio.

Bendix engineers draw upon electronics as upon all science, each in his special field. Some divisions excel in precision manufacture, some in mechanical invention, others in research. It is the merging of their talents, in ever more versatile members of "THE INVISIBLE CREW," that makes our Vehicles of Victory stand out as the Transports of Tomorrow. They may meet, next, in Detroit. But imaginatively they have . . . an Appointment in Electronia.

SOME FAMOUS MEMBERS OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

PIONEER* Flight Instruments. **BENDIX*** **RADIO** Avigation, Detection, Communication Systems. **STROMBERG*** Aircraft Injection Carburetors. **ECLIPSE*AVIATION** Starters, Auxiliaries. **ECLIPSE MACHINE** Starter Drives. **SCINTILLA*** Aircraft Ignition. **BENDIX PRODUCTS** Stromberg Automotive Carburetors, Brakes, Landing Gear. **FRIEZ*** Weather Instruments. **ZENITH*** Carburetors. **BENDIX MARINE*** Controls.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
Precision Equipment by
Bendix Aviation Corporation

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THE VEHICLES OF VICTORY ARE THE TRANSPORTS OF TOMORROW . . . EQUIPPED WITH "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

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LIFE'S REPORTS

FRENCH SOLDIERS GET U. S. ARMS

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

I have just seen the first French divisions to be completely equipped with American arms. I have never seen more beautiful ones. In all of North Africa, in farmyards, on the peaks of mountains, under a forest of pine trees, close to the seashore, today one finds these newly equipped French outfits. It is magnificent. Their encampments are dotted with armored shelters, bristling with guns, which give one a marvelous feeling of strength.

One single regiment of tank destroyers which I visited, has the same firing power as an entire French division of 1940. You should see the pride of the men of this regiment and of the officers who lead them. They survey their long line of monsters, their giant guns under the olive trees, with a sort of passion. The young officers are so imbued with this exaltation that they can talk of nothing else. One young captain said to a visiting officer of another regiment, "What matériel have you received from America?" And immediately their eyes lit up, they described, they compared.

The captain then turned to one of his men and said:

"They are not making fun of us, in America. They have given us their best. What do you say about it?"

"That is quite right, my captain."

"Do your men have trouble with the new equipment?" I asked.

"None at all," said the captain. "It is all so simple and well made that they learn in a few days. American matériel is conceived so as to be easy to use. Only the mechanism is more complicated than ours. At first our men wanted to take all this apart and put it together again. But our Frenchmen must refrain, with these machines, from their usual temptation to putter."

The colonel of the regiment then showed me a large field covered with tanks. On each one, three men were at work.

"Look at them," the colonel said, "this is their rest period. They would have the right to be idle. But they always find something to grease, to clean. Some of them sleep in their tank. The ones in this squadron have given their American tanks the names of French provinces. There is *Berry*, there *Bretagne*, *Lorraine*, *Anjou*. *Anjou*, this morning, did the best at fire drill: four out of five shots in the target. Here, Gunner, what do you think of your gun?"

"It is amazing, my Colonel."

"It is amazing because you make good use of it, Gunner. Man still has his part to play."

I wish that American workmen might see for themselves the difference in morale between a regiment which has been equipped with American matériel and a regiment which has not yet received its new equipment. This difference is unbelievable. The men who have not yet received anything are full of doubts concerning the future, themselves and everything in general. The men who already have their

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PROUD FRENCH CREW IN AFRICA STANDS INSPECTION BEFORE NEW U. S. TANK



What's your Social Security I.Q.

60,000,000 Americans own Social Security cards . . . have money recorded in their accounts on the government's books. Yet many lack a clear understanding of how Social Security works. Here are five simple questions about Social Security. If you can answer *all* correctly, your knowledge of this important subject is probably "above average".

1. Who pays the cost of Social Security?
2. Would a private income of $100 a month prevent you from accepting a Social Security check at 65?
3. Do children ever receive benefits on the death of their father?
4. Can a married couple over 65 live comfortably on Social Security alone?
5. Does Social Security make ownership of Life Insurance less or more desirable . . . and why?

Correct Answers below

Wouldn't you like to learn how Life Insurance and Social Security can work together for your family welfare? The Mutual Life representative in your community knows the Social Security rules. Let him show you what Social Security will do for you . . . how much other income may be needed if your family—or yourself at 65—are to accept Social Security and still live in reasonable comfort.



FREE *Social Security* HELPS

1. This special FILE *lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits and also provides a place for their safe keeping. 2. This handy* FOLDER *gives help in estimating your future benefits from Social Security and your life insurance policies. To have both, just mail this coupon today to department LS-6.*

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THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

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CORRECT ANSWERS: 1. Employers and employees contribute equally through a special Federal tax. 2. Possession of income, such as from investments or life insurance, does *not* affect Social Security payments. But, as a rule, no one regularly engaged in commercial employment can receive a Social Security check. 3. Yes, until age 16 (18 if in school.) The widow also receives benefits so long as such children are in her care. 4. Social Security checks for an over-65 couple will not usually exceed $40 to $60 a month. To live comfortably, most couples require more. 5. More desirable. Without extra income, such as life insurance provides, you or your widow may not be in a position to accept Social Security when due.

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LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

tanks, their Dodges, their jeeps, have only one desire: to see action, to fight, to make use of [illegible] this to drive the Germans out of France. So great is their anxiety to be in the field again that I have seen them refuse their leaves for fear they shall be left behind.

"A leave?" they will say. "No thanks, my Colonel. I don't want to risk the regiment's embarking without me."

The jeep has become the darling of the French Army. "With that machine, my Colonel," said one soldier, "if you should ask me to climb up a pane of glass, I think I could do it."

The best weapons in the world would not bring victory if they were not in the hands of good soldiers. I think it can be said that the weapons forged by American labor are entrusted in French Africa to excellent soldiers. Many have come from France, through Spain, to enlist. They have run great risks. Taken by the Germans, they would have been killed; taken by the Spanish, sent to concentration camp. One colonel got through the Pyrenees with all his officers. A general was imprisoned in Spain for four months.

"Where do you come from?" one officer asked a soldier.

"From Lyons, my Colonel."

"Will you be proud to parade in the streets of Lyons with your tank?"

"Ah, *oui*, then, my Colonel, and let it be soon."

Many of the men are veterans of Tunisia. Some had marched barefoot and in rags side by side with the lavishly equipped American and British armies. How could they help but envy those giant trucks, those excavators which cleared the roads as if by miracle, those raincoats so well made, those rations so plentiful and fragrant.

But, danger? They didn't give it a thought. "This corporal," the captain told me, "repaired my stalled motor under fire just as calmly as if he were in a repair shop. This short young lieutenant captured 120 Italians with only 18 men."

All these men have wives and children to liberate, homes and fields to seize from the enemy. As soon as they believe they are about to land in Europe their morale reaches the peak.

Others are French citizens residing in Algeria, as ardent as those of the motherland because they wish to prove that the African army remains worthy of its great traditions. Still others are natives, loyal both to France and to their leaders.

•

The Americans and French were never as close in 1917 as they are today. Since the allotted equipment is based on the formation of American units, even our formations are similar to yours.

During one of my visits I asked a young soldier, "What do you think of the Americans?"

"First of all," he replied, "they are good sports, good pals, generous, their hearts on their sleeves. What do I admire most in them? Their quickness in getting things done and their discipline. If they decide to build a swimming pool, two days later it is there. Airfields and runways come into being, with them, as if by magic. To do the laundry, to widen a road, they have machines which replace hundreds of men. As to discipline, I believe it is their greatest strength. It is severe but for the most part voluntary and collective. And have you seen their trucks on the road, all equally spaced well out from the curb? It is work well done."

"And what about us?" I asked this French soldier. "Don't we have our qualities, too?"

"Of course," he replied. "Our greatest value is our ability to do a little of everything. I, for example, can make any machine part in metal or wood, and I can also draw blueprints and I understand radio a little. That astonishes them. They are more highly specialized. They find that we learn and understand quickly and, as soldiers in Tunisia, I believe they found us solid."

All this is true, and it must be added that American headquarters shows the greatest respect for French headquarters. General Eisenhower assured me that "The French Army will contribute in a large measure to the final victory."

Never, in fact, have three Allies worked in greater harmony than the British, the Americans and the French in North Africa. One of the German generals captured in Tunisia said to his conquerors:

"If I had to organize an international army, I should choose German infantry, French artillery, British aviation, American Ordnance and Italian music."

That is not quite fair. French artillery is excellent but so is British artillery. British aviation is admirable but so is American aviation. As to music, I greatly prefer our own. But as to American ordnance, it is true, that alone has all the votes, particularly those of the French.

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THE beam of a giant headlight stabbing through the black, the long call of the engine's whistle, the thunder of the train in its flight through the night — those are things which, at this season, bring thoughts of "home for Christmas."

But this year it's different. The men and women in the service — those who can be spared for a few days from their pressing business of Victory — have first call on the trains.

But if you find that you must travel at that time:

Ask your local ticket agent about the less crowded trains and the best days on which to take them.

Cut your hand-baggage to one piece — check the rest.

Tag all luggage to avoid mistakes and mix-ups.

And if your plans change, cancel your reservations promptly.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS

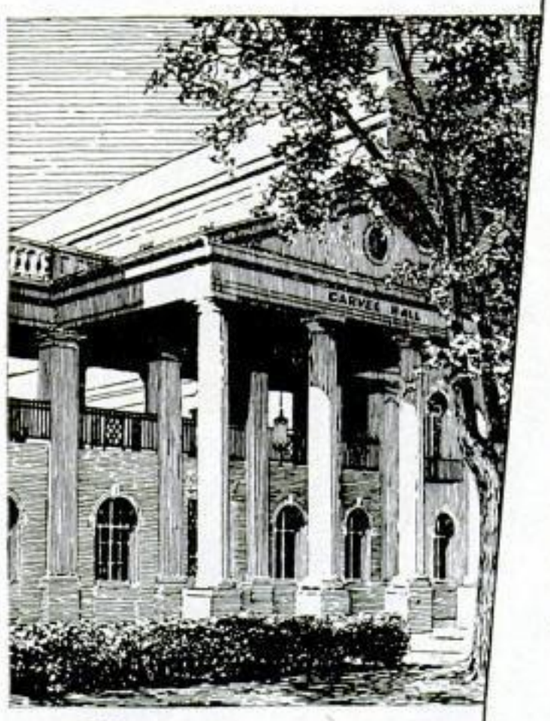
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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Annapolis of Gay Memories

gives you fried chicken a la Carvel Hall



Carvel Hall

Recipe for Fried Chicken

Select young chicken, about two pounds, clean, split, detach breast and upper joint, rinse and let drain. Chill until flesh is firm. Season with salt and pepper.

Dredge with flour, dip into beaten eggs and milk. Shake off excess liquid, fry in moderately hot pan over steady fire until golden brown. Finish in slow oven.

Serve on slice of broiled ham. Before serving, add tablespoon of melted butter and grated parsley. Garnish with parsley, endive, watercress. Serves two.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE



GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT 7, MICH.

Fried Chicken at Carvel Hall in historic Annapolis . . . what memories for those who have stopped here! The traditional Southern hospitality of Carvel Hall is something to remember for years. In the meantime, there's another pleasure you can enjoy 'most anywhere . . . the good taste of Goebel Beer, famous from Canada to the Gulf. Wouldn't you like to enjoy that nationally famous good taste? Say "Goebel" next time you order beer.

GOEBEL BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

HOLD ON THERE, SANTA . . .

SPARE THAT BEARD, TOUCH NOT A SINGLE BRISTLE!

True, PROFESSIONAL Blades are made for men who like smoother, cleaner, longer-lasting shaves. But *you* wouldn't be old St. Nick without that long flowing beard.

Remember, too, that precision-made razor blades are precious these days . . . they shouldn't be used to merely satisfy a whim.

So, Santa, put that PROFESSIONAL Blade in some gentleman's sock who will appreciate a finer, crisper shave every day of the year.

Special Xmas Gift Package: 100 blades for $5.00



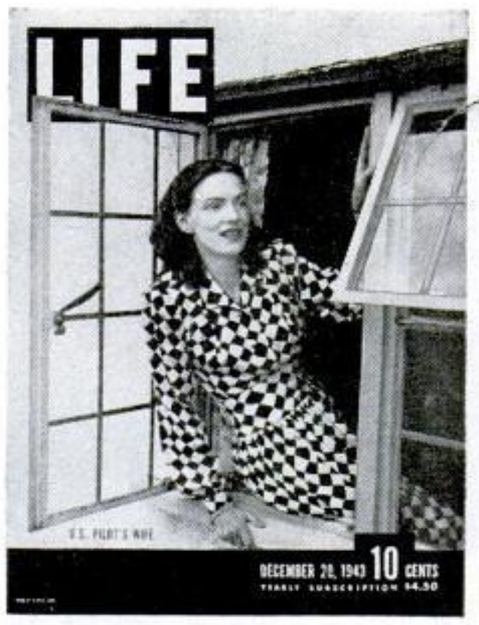
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LIFE'S COVER: Muriel Stanhope, the pretty English wife of a U. S. fighter pilot who is now a German prisoner of war, was photographed in the window from which she used to watch for her husband to come home from his field after dangerous flights over the Continent. They lived in a small farmhouse near the field. For pictures of her life before and after his capture, turn to pages 64–68.

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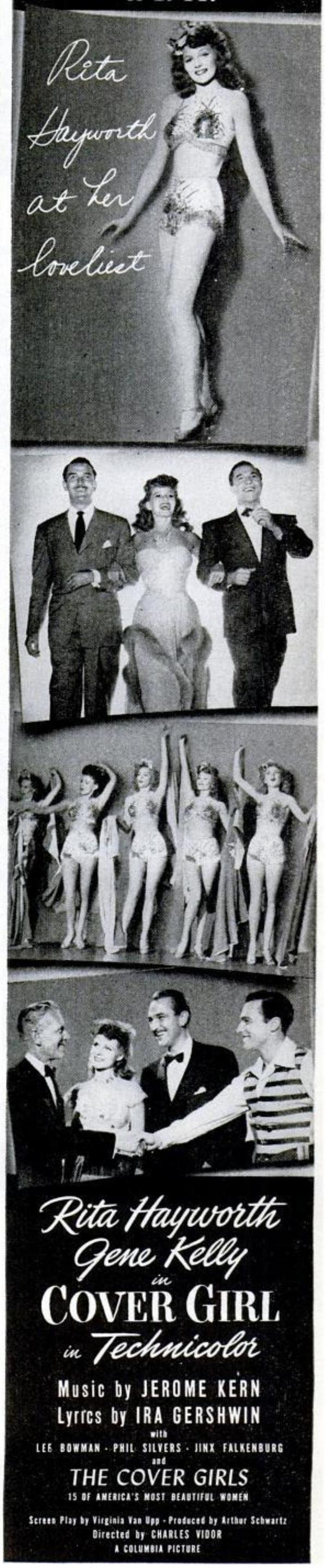
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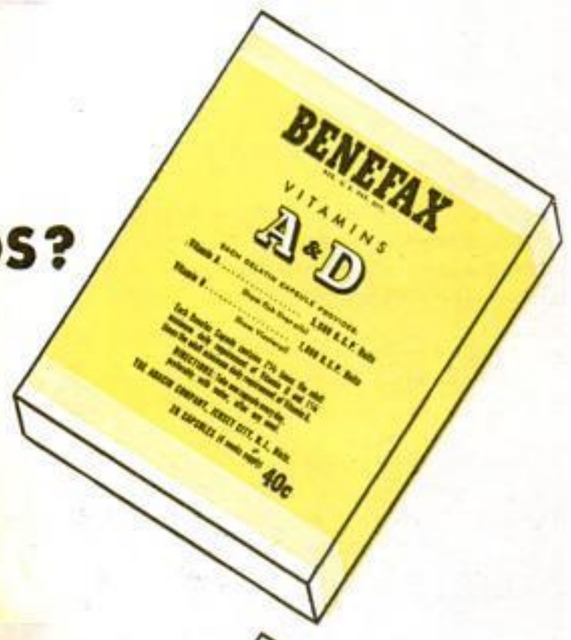
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Vol. 15, No. 25

LIFE

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December 20, 1943

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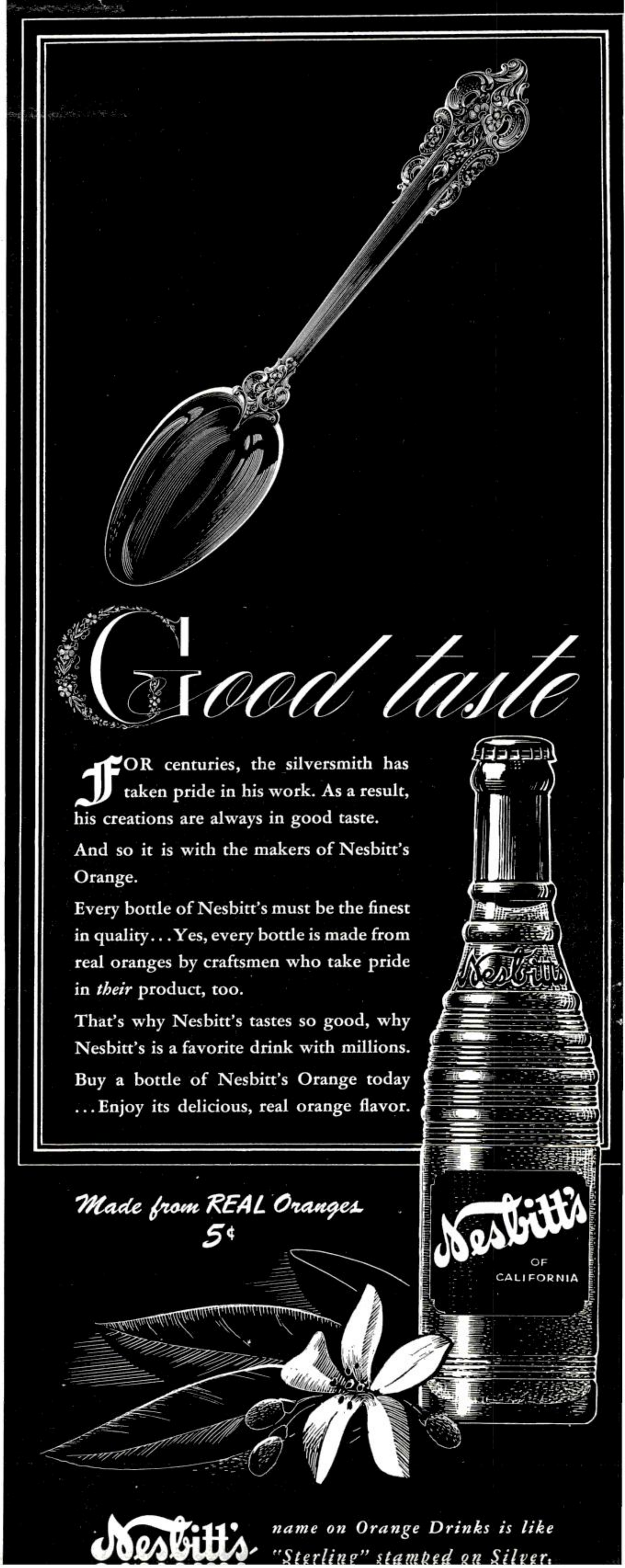


When Carl and Shelley Mydans boarded the *Gripsholm* (at Mormugao), William Langdon, of the State Department, handed Carl a Rolleicord and asked if he would like to use it. It was the first camera Carl had handled since the fall of Manila. Right away he and Shelley were off photographing the repatriates' homecoming (*pp. 87-93*). In Rio, *Time*'s Hart Preston lent them a Contax for some night-club shots.

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CHRISTMAS WISH, 1943

Out of flaming war a rebirth has come. The old, true Christmas spirit is stronger and brighter than in many a year. Out of the glorious meaning of the season there flows new faith and courage... and the wondrous promise that *Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men*, may yet come in a future that draws nearer. And so, to all Prudential policyholders, your families, and your distant loved ones, we send greetings, with the sincere wish that, despite war and its separations, this Christmas may hold for you many good things... and that the united efforts of all of us in the year ahead may hasten the day when your dreams of victory, of reunions, and of happiness may all come true.



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LIFE

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STALIN, ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL POSE ON FRONT PORCH OF RUSSIAN EMBASSY, NOV. 29. STALIN WEARS MARSHAL'S UNIFORM; CHURCHILL, AIR COMMODORE'S UNIFORM

"FIGHTING FRIENDS" IN TEHERAN

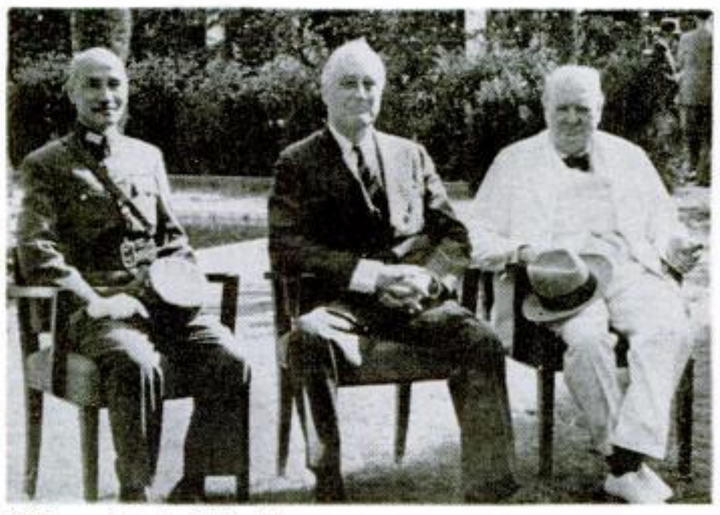
A little less than half the world's population was represented at Cairo on Monday, Nov. 22 when Roosevelt and Churchill met Chiang Kai-shek. When, a week later, Roosevelt and Churchill had met Josef Stalin in Teheran, Iran, a little more than half of the world's population had been represented in the two conferences. The Cairo meeting (*below*) concerned Japan. The Teheran meeting (*above*) concerned Germany.

The meeting of the great Bolshevik, the great Democrat and the great Tory was the worst kind of news for the Axis. It ended, insofar as men can, mutual divisions and suspicions. It folded the three great forces of Russia, Britain and America into one great fist. And it changed the nature of the war overnight from a Communist or a New Deal or an Empire war into something above and beyond them all, into a war to give "the peoples of the world free lives untouched by tyranny."

All three of the great men went to unprecedented lengths to establish cordial relations. Power politics and sly tricks were out. Stalin called Roosevelt and Churchill "my fighting friends." Churchill toasted Stalin "The Great." "Truly a heart of steel," Roosevelt murmured as he handled the Stalingrad sword (*see p. 29*). Stalin announced that without the aid of American weapons the war could never have been won.

In all these pleasantries there was indeed something of the quality of a house-party romance. Whether the glowing promises will be implemented in deeds is a problem for the future (*see p. 32*).

The great fortnight began when Chiang Kai-shek and his Madame flew into Cairo with a delegation of 20. Churchill arrived by battleship with delegation of 80. Roosevelt flew in next day with a delegation of 60.



"Three Great Allies" against Japan are China's Chiang Kai-shek, Roosevelt, Churchill, in Cairo Thanksgiving Day.

For five days the three men talked in Cairo's Mena House with Madame Chiang as interpreter. Chiang shared in no military conferences of the staffs. Roosevelt offered him the center seat when they posed, but Chiang firmly declined, waving Roosevelt into it. The three had just had a Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and cranberries. In their final statement, "The Three Great Allies" promised to dismember Japan and return it to its 1894 boundaries.

The Americans and British on Saturday, Nov. 27, flew on to Teheran, dipping low over Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho and the Jordan River. Stalin had already arrived. On Sunday Stalin invited Roosevelt to move into the main Russian Embassy building, a square yellow-brick box in Empire style, while he lived some 150 yards off in a small, blue-gray, pillared building. At 3 that afternoon, wearing a camel's hair overcoat and a marshal's uniform, he walked across to Roosevelt's headquarters and the two men sat face to face for 90 minutes. Any social ice that may have remained was broken by a roisterous tea that same afternoon, given by Molotov. That evening Roosevelt mixed the cocktails, Martinis instead of the usual old-fashioneds, and Stalin tried one of them. For more on the Teheran house party, see the next page.

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At Churchill's birthday party, he dresses for dinner. Stalin wears big star of marshal. Before Churchill is 13th Century Persian bowl from Roosevelt. At the right, Major Birce, interpreter.



On steps of main building of Russian Embassy compound in Teheran, U. S. Signal Corps cameramen and the sons of Roosevelt and Hopkins photograph scene. At top, left, are Marshall,



RUSSIAN EMBASSY, TEHERAN, WHERE ROOSEVELT STAYED

ROOSEVELT AND CHURCHILL WELCOME JOSEF STALIN TO BIGGEST HOUSE PARTY YET

The intermittent house party that Churchill and Roosevelt have run through this war became, with the addition of stony-calm Stalin at Teheran, a real threesome. The other two had sons and a daughter along, but Stalin's son is missing in action. Stalin came into rooms noiselessly, in a manner that reminded some of Chiang Kai-shek. He had a sudden brief smile, a short laugh and a voice almost as low as a whisper. In fact everyone agreed that Stalin was "the life of the party."



CHURCHILL'S ACTRESS-DAUGHTER, SARAH OLIVER OF WAAFS, SPEAKS TO HER FATHER



ROOSEVELT TELLS STALIN THAT SARAH CHURCHILL OLIVER IS JUST BEHIND THEM

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King, Arnold, Russian Interpreter Pavlov; at right, Leahy, Voroshilov, Clark-Kerr, Eisenhower, Molotov, Ismay, Eden, Dill (*leaning forward*). Surroundings are heavily guarded by Allies.



In stock uniform, whose sleeve has not even been tailored to fit his short left arm, Stalin approaches Embassy with Hopkins. Between them is Mr. Pavlov, Stalin's personal interpreter.

He got angry only once, at something said by British General Brooke.

Churchill's big hour was his 69th birthday dinner (*upper left*) in the British embassy across the street from the Russian. Roosevelt's present to him was a Persian bowl with the thought, "May we be together for many years," a sentiment that set U. S. political dopesters to speculating loudly about a fourth term. Stalin, last to arrive, brought nothing, possibly because he had not known it was Churchill's birthday. The drinking went on past midnight, toast after toast.

The only sour notes from the Cairo and Teheran conferences were the way the secret news was broken to the world. The Cairo news was broken by a Chinese Reuters correspondent who sent the word to his Lisbon office. The Axis promptly picked up a Reuters broadcast to its clients. The Teheran news was broken by the Russian Tass agency and again the German radio picked it up and scooped the democracies. The Allies notably muffed their own good news.

The bloody war itself came into the Teheran conference rooms when Winston Churchill presented the British-made Sword of Stalingrad to Stalin. In Stalin's bearing as he received it could be read an echo of that Russian story that said, "Heroism had become part of the life, the style and the manner" of the defenders of Stalingrad. In their name Stalin accepted their sword.



ROOSEVELT GRABS HER HAND AS MOLOTOV, HARRIMAN, WATSON BEAM CHEERFULLY



STALIN IS INTRODUCED AND RISES GALLANTLY TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MRS. OLIVER

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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English swordmaker, Old Tom Beasley of Wilkinson's Sword Co., tempers the blade in the smithy forge. The forging took two days. Completed sword was described by the British as "a two-handed fighting weapon," 50 inches in length, with wrought silver *quillon* (crosspiece), gold-wire grip, and a rock crystal pommel with a gold Rose of England. In English and Russian characters on opposite sides ran the ringing inscription, "To the steel-hearted citizens of Stalingrad, the gift of King George VI in token of the homage of the British people."

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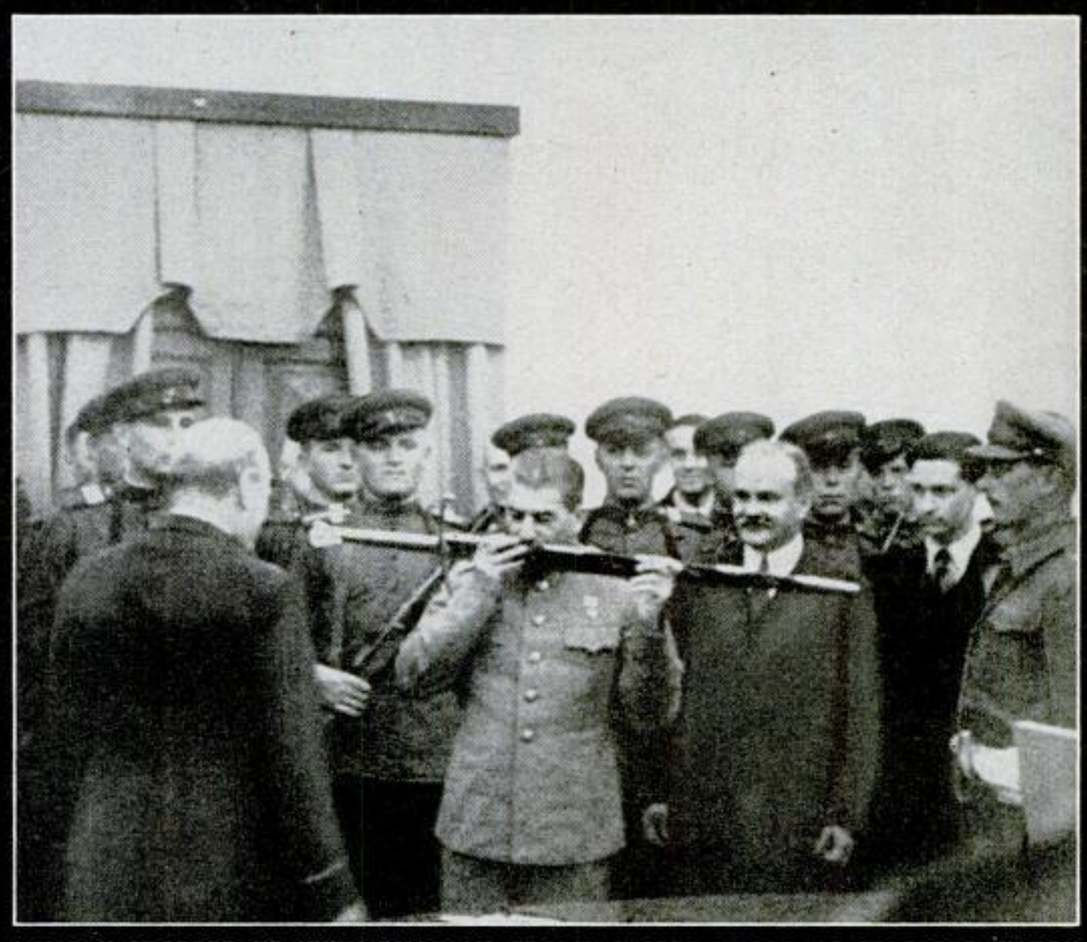
BRITISH LIEUTENANT HANDS SWORD OF STALINGRAD IN SCABBARD TO CHURCHILL



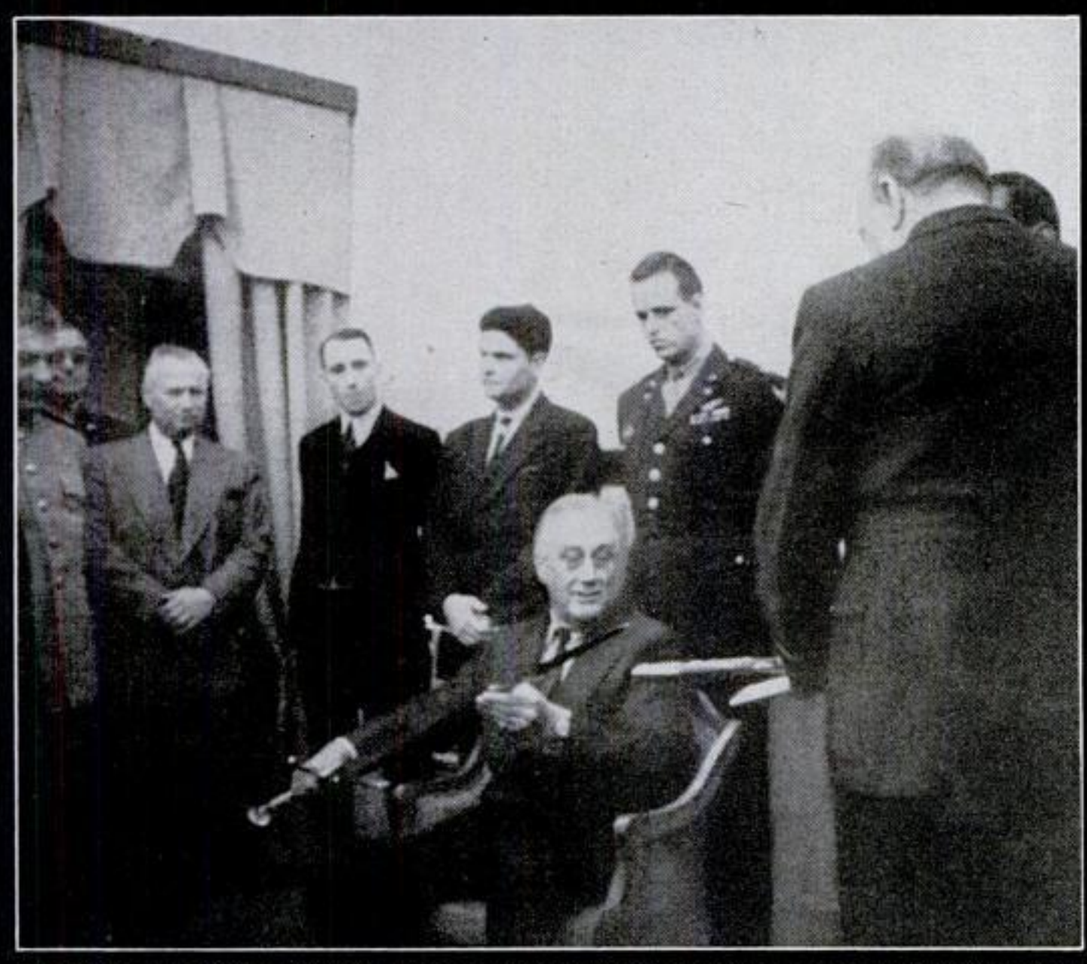
CHURCHILL SWINGS AROUND AND PASSES IT TO STALIN, QUOTING THE INSCRIPTION



STALIN, BACKED BY RUSSIAN ARMY GUARD OF 20 AND MOLOTOV, EXAMINES SWORD



VISIBLY STOPPED UP WITH EMOTION, STALIN KISSES SWORD AS SOLDIERS WATCH



ROOSEVELT, BACKED BY SON ELLIOTT, STALIN WATCHING (LEFT), REMOVES SCABBARD



"TRULY A HEART OF STEEL," SAYS ROOSEVELT HOLDING ALOFT THE NAKED BLADE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

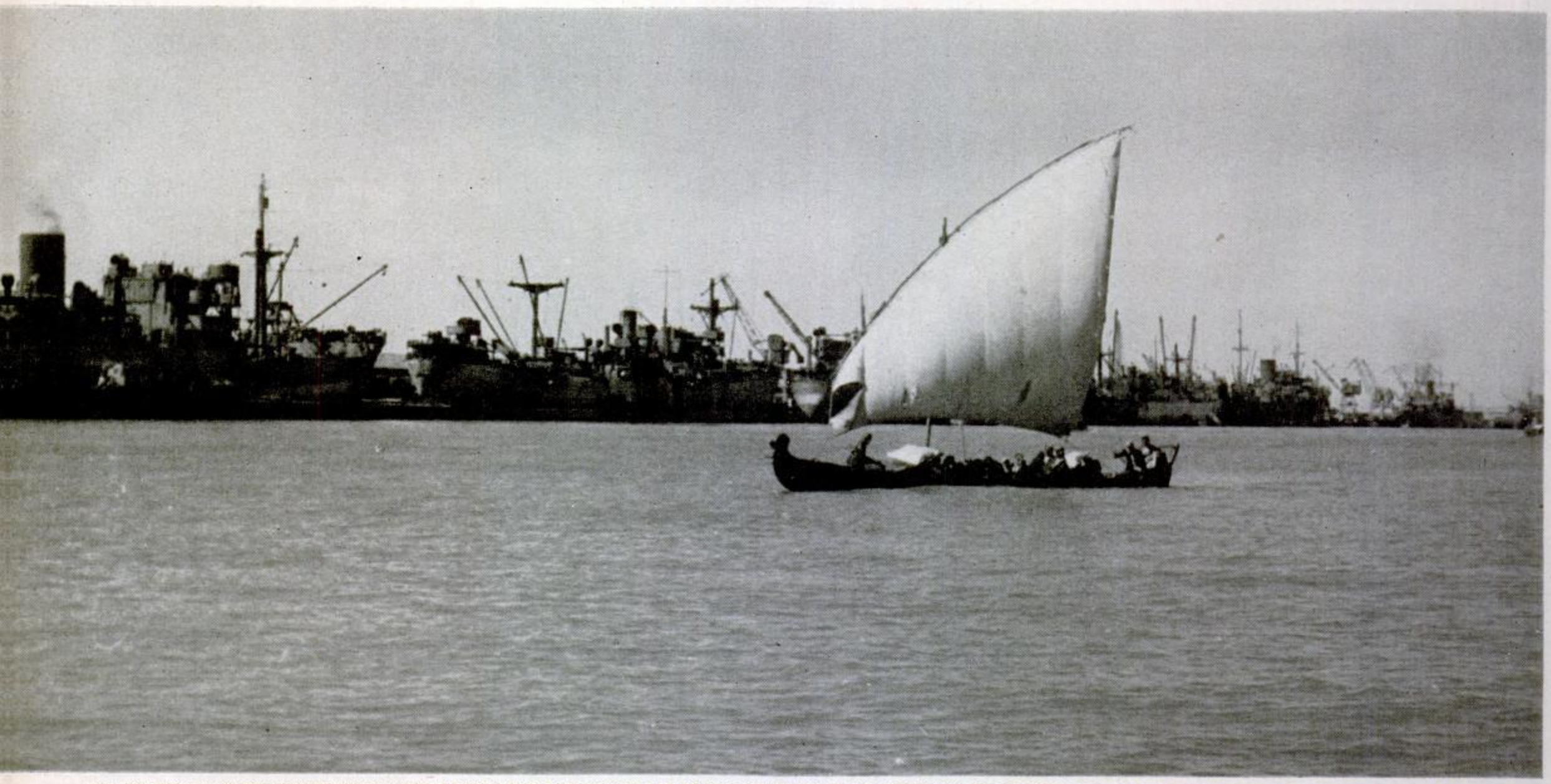
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"WITHOUT U. S. MACHINES UNITED NATIONS COULD NEVER HAVE WON THE WAR"—STALIN

Just about the loudest applause at the Teheran conference cracked out at a dinner at which Marshal Stalin arose, lifted his glass and toasted, "Without U. S. machines the United Nations could never have won the war." What he was talking about is shown on these pages, coming through Iran, scene of the conference.

The great conference at Teheran is matched daily by a hundred little conferences among the Russians, the Britons and the Americans who swarm along the Lend-Lease road of Iran. One such is shown opposite, in the Red Army headquarters in Teheran. Perhaps in gratitude the Teheran conference declared Iran "independent and sovereign," the only country it so honored.

U. S. has sent Russia 6,500 planes, 3,000 tanks, 145,000 trucks, 25,000 jeeps, 125,000 submachine guns, 17,000 machine tools, 1,000,000 tons of steel and steel products, 10,000 tons of seed and 700,000 miles of telephone wire. U.S. expects huge postwar trade with U. S. S. R.



ALLIED SUPPLY SHIPS LOADED WITH LEND-LEASE ARMS FOR RUSSIA LIE IN THE SHATT EL ARAB, UPSTREAM FROM THE PERSIAN GULF, WHILE A PERSIAN DHOW SAILS SLOWLY PAST

HEADING NORTH FOR U. S. S. R. ALONG IRAN ROAD, ROLL U. S. RECONNAISSANCE CARS IN FOREGROUND, THEN TWO SIX-WHEEL U. S. TRUCKS, THEN MORE RECONNAISSANCE CARS



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RUSSIANS, BRITISH AND AMERICANS CONFER IN IRAN
ON HOW TO SPEED THE UNCEASING FLOW OF U. S. ARMS

EDITORIAL

TEHERAN DECLARATION

IF IT CAN BE BELIEVED, IT SOLVES EVERYTHING; IF IT CANNOT, IT IS A COLOSSAL FRAUD

In Teheran it was late autumn. Big bronze sycamore leaves floated lazily down on rich Persian gardens, porticoed embassies and dirty streets. It was warm in the daytime. But the nights were bitter cold and the soldiers of the world's great armies—Russian, American, British—stirred uneasily in their sleep under piles of blankets with overcoats thrown over them. They dreamed of the war's end, saw images of delighted wives and sweethearts, fathers and mothers, enfolding them in their arms.

To and fro among the porticoes and the sycamore leaves there hurried the great men of the world—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin—Molotov, Marshall, Eden—an awe-inspiring cluster of soldiers and diplomats, chatting on garden paths, bent over conference tables, toasting each other hilariously at banquets after the day's work. Mr. Churchill fussed over his birthday party. Mr. Stalin showed his feelings when he received from the British people the Sword of Stalingrad. Mr. Roosevelt, only titular head of state, was not inhibited: the banquets were gay with Mr. Roosevelt's jokes, the still Persian air rang with his laughter.

* * *

Out of this meeting there came a strange document, printed in full in the box on this page. The document is strange for this reason: it touches not one concrete question that is troubling the statesmen of the world; and yet, if it can be believed, it solves them all.

The credibility of the Teheran Declaration constitutes, indeed, a great test for the three men who signed it. Recently there have appeared many peace plans and post-war projects, most of them subject to the criticism of being visionary. Yet it is safe to say that no plan hitherto seriously suggested has been as visionary as this.

The three statesmen, for example, did not see fit even to mention the word "security," key to almost all peace plans. Neither did they mention "world organization." There is in their document not a breath of power-politics, on the one hand, or of federal union (or even a league of nations), on the other. There is a statement that the powers have agreed "as to the war"; but it is not rashly called a "war to end wars," but only a war to banish war "for many generations." Nor is the nature of the peace prescribed. The illustrious signers "are sure" that it will be an "enduring peace" commanding universal "goodwill." And the structure of the peace will be nothing more than a "world family of democratic nations."

* * *

It is almost impossible to treat this Declaration as a diplomatic document. Whatever diplomacy may have been carried on behind the scenes, it stands before the world as a moral document. It is a document based, not upon treaties, but upon a declared friendship, whose purpose is the establishment on earth, not of boundaries, but of goodwill. It pledges the "heart" and the "mind" of its peoples to the elimination of tyranny, so that men may live "free lives" according to their "consciences." And it declares that the leaders of the three great nations of the earth are "friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose."

In the sense that it is a moral, not a diplomatic, document, the Teheran Declaration is not unlike the American Declaration of Independence. Though less specific as to human rights, it is an expression of the same spiritual forces. And it appeals solely to those forces. There is in it the inescapable implication of a belief in the power of individual men, when they are set free to follow their own consciences, to create a society worthy of their divine origin. The Declaration is thus pentecostal, just as the American Declaration was pentecostal. It announces a New Age of Man. It might indeed have been written by the prophet of Revelation: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. . . . And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men. . . ."

* * *

It is not to be supposed that all these words and their implications will be accepted without cynicism by the American people. Are the Russians really dedicated to "free lives" and the elimination of tyranny? The word "conscience" is not exactly a Marxian word. And with Russia committed to Communism, how can we have a "world family of democratic nations"? In the light of Mr. Churchill's belligerent assertions about the British empire, how can he speak without cynicism of "goodwill from the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world"? And are we in America prepared, ourselves, to make world realities of these hopes?

Such cynicism would indeed be justified on the record—not only Stalin's record, but also on Churchill's record and on Roosevelt's record. After all, it can be argued, this is a statement, not by the three great powers in all their sovereign authority, but rather by three smart politicians not one of whom can possibly be called saintly. After all we have heard fine words like these before only to have them belied wholesale by the actions of democratic leaders of democratic nations. Maybe the record of the nations themselves is against our believing these words. Maybe the record of the human race is against such belief. Maybe these words written at Teheran, not far from the Holy Land, which announce a New Age of Man, are just "more of the same." Maybe this Declaration, like the Christian camouflage that screened the so-called Holy Alliance in 1815, is just a colossal fraud.

Well, maybe it is. Until the statesmen begin to act out their parts the common man will not be able to tell. All that the common man can say, after reading the Declaration, is that it is either a fraud or a turning point in history. And in determining this question the common man, deep within himself, would like to be on the side of the angels.

COMPLETE TEXT OF TEHERAN DECLARATION

We, the President of the United States of America, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the Premier of the Soviet Union, have met in these four days past in this the capital of our ally, Teheran, and have shaped and confirmed our common policy.

We express our determination that our nations shall work together in the war and in the peace that will follow.

As to the war, our military staffs have joined in our round-table discussions and we have concerted our plans for the destruction of the German forces. We have reached complete agreement as to the scope and timing of operations which will be undertaken from the east, west and south. The common understanding which we have here reached guarantees that victory will be ours.

And as to the peace, we are sure that our concord will make it an enduring peace. We recognize fully the supreme responsibility resting upon us and all the nations to make a peace which will command good will from the overwhelming masses of the peoples of the world and banish the scourge and terror of war for many generations.

With our diplomatic advisers we have surveyed the problems of the future. We shall seek the cooperation and active participation of all nations, large and small, whose peoples in heart and in mind are dedicated, as are our own peoples, to the elimination of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance. We will welcome them as they may choose to come into the world family of democratic nations.

No power on earth can prevent our destroying the German armies by land, their U-boats by sea, and their war plants from the air. Our attacks will be relentless and increasing.

Emerging from these friendly conferences we look with confidence to the day when all the peoples of the world may live free lives untouched by tyranny and according to their varying desires and their own consciences.

We came here with hope and determination. We leave here friends in fact, in spirit, and in purpose.

Signed at Teheran, Dec. 1, 1943.

ROOSEVELT, STALIN, CHURCHILL.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

In civilian life the bearded saint on the opposite page is Ralph Bancroft, a World War I veteran who has played Santa at a New York store for the last three years. All across the land other children were thrilled by other Santas. This Christmas should be a glad one for an America which has so far suffered but lightly in war (total casualties: 129,422). Millions of its men, though far from home, are alive and well. And ahead is a new year and a new hope of peace on earth.

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"What though upon his hoary head
Have fallen many a winter's snow?
His wreath is still as green and red
As 'twas a thousand years ago."

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N.A.M.

Big Business pledges higher output for victory and a "better America"

At the second War Congress of American Industry, held in New York Dec. 8-10, the National Association of Manufacturers adopted its 1944 platform, promising increased production for victory and for a more prosperous postwar America. Climax of the Congress was revelation by Alfred P. Sloan Jr. of General Motors' $500,000,000 "master plan" for reconversion of its plants from war to peace production.

The directors of the N. A. M. are shown at the tiered tables in this fine picture by LIFE's Photographer Herbert Gehr. Virtually all of them are top officials in their respective corporations. Collectively in dollars they represent about $6,000,000,000.

Front row, left to right: Beacon Milling's L. S. Riford; Universal Atlas Cement's Blaine S. Smith; Hammermill Paper's Norman W. Wilson; Perfect Circle's Lothair Teetor; Union Wire Rope's M. G. Ensinger; Lilly Varnish's W. I. Longsworth; Lane's E. H. Lane; Sonoco Products' J. L. Coker; Lamson & Sessions' G. S. Case; Sperry Gyroscope's R. E. Gillmor; Norris Stamping & Manufacturing's K. T. Norris; W. R. Pouder, guest; American Cyanamid's W. B. Bell; Borden's T. G. Montague; Radio Corporation of America's Robert Shannon; *Newsweek*'s Malcolm Muir; Universal Corporation's J. C. Cowdin; Federal Fibre Mills' John U. Barr; Standard Brands' J. S. Adams; Portland Gas & Coke's P. B. McKee; International Harvester's S. G. McAllister; Allis-Chalmers' Walter Geist; King-Seeley's John Airey; Brauns' J. A. Hartley; Cardwell Manufacturing's H. W. Cardwell; Harrisburg Steel's Wilbert Wear; Kimberly-Clark's F. J. Sonsenbrenner; Minneapolis Electric Steel Castings' S. V. Wood.

Middle row, left to right: California Packing's A. W. Eames; Republic Steel's R. J. Wysor; Crown Zellerbach's J. D. Zellerbach; Sun Oil's J. H. Pew; Swift's John Holmes; Borg-Warner's C. S. Davis; Lambert's R. L. Lund; General Foods' C. M. Chester; E. I. du Pont de Nemours' Lammot du Pont; Ingersoll Milling Machine's R. M. Gaylord; National Steel's E. T. Weir; Armstrong Cork's H. W. Prentis Jr.; Thompson Products' F. C. Crawford; Cramerton Mills' S. W. Cramer Jr.; Calculagraph's Henry Abbott; N. A. M. General Counsel J. A. Emery; Lieut. Colonel P. T. Finnegan, speaker; Blaw-Knox's W. P. Witherow; McCall's W. B. Warner; International Business Machines' Ruth Leach; Inland Steel's Wilfred Sykes; American Cyanamid & Chemical's H. L. Derby; Eastman Kodak's T. J. Hargrave; Firestone Tire & Rubber's H. S. Firestone; American Rolling Mill's C. R. Hook; National Biscuit's R. E. Tomlinson.

Back row, left to right: Nashville Bridge's A. J. Dyer; Monsanto Chemical's W. M. Rand; Selby Shoe's R. A. Selby; Balfour Mills' E. A. Smyth III; John Morrell's G. M. Foster; Fafnir Bearing's Maurice Stanley; Weston Electrical Instrument's E. F. Weston; Iron Fireman Manufacturing's T. H. Banfield; Kohler's H. V. Kohler; Black & Decker Manufacturing's S. D. Black; Republic Flow Meters' J. D. Cunningham; Revere Copper & Brass' C. D. Dallas; Humble Oil & Refining's J. R. Suman; Bloch Bros. Tobacco's J. A. Bloch; American Hide & Leather's C. F. Danner; Abrasive Machine Tool's N. D. MacLeod; Caterpillar Tractor's L. B. Neumiller; Dr. Pepper's J. B. O'Hara; Stromberg-Carlson's W. M. Angle; Fairmont Creamery's L. E. Hurtz; Norton's G. N. Jeppson; McQuay-Norris' A. G. Drefs; Chicago Rubber Clothing's F. F. Sommers.



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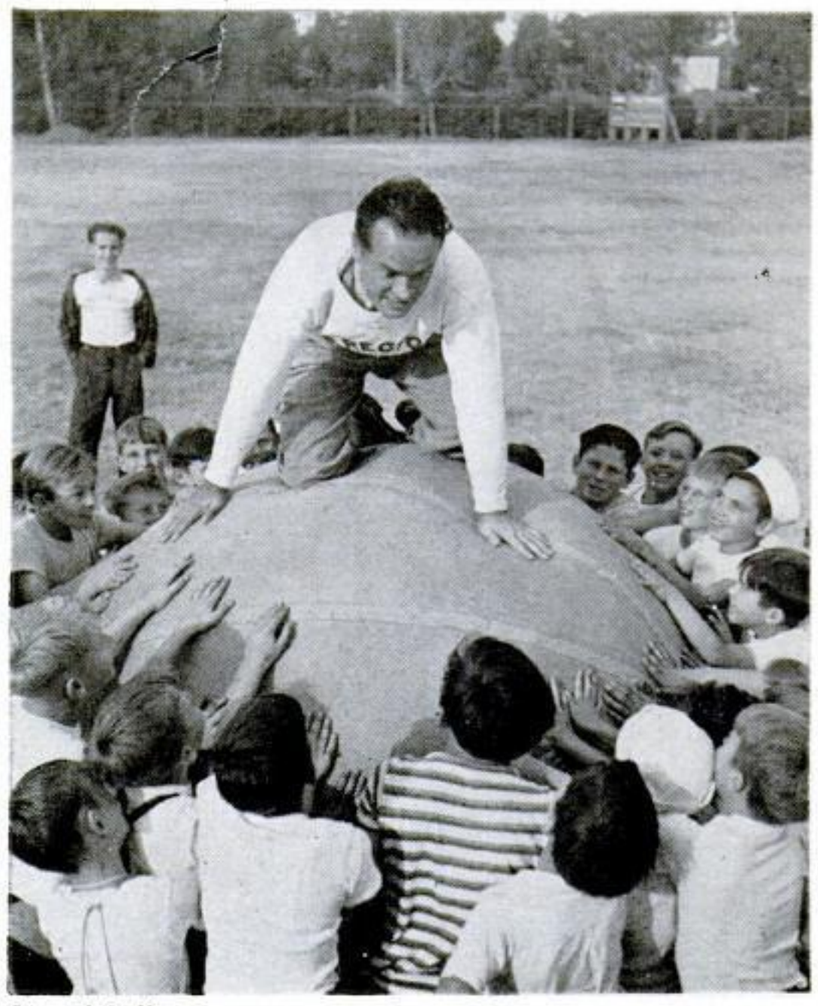
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At leapfrog Bob Hope is a tower of strength, offering set of sturdy shoulders to saltatory contestants.



At tug of war, Bob strains mightily to bring the victory to his side. Hope is 39, weighs 170, was once an amateur boxer in Cleveland.



At push ball he finds himself stranded in a precarious situation. Before the game ended, kids were pushing Hope instead of the ball.

KIDS MOB BOB HOPE

Comedian gets mauled at opening of Y.M.C.A. camp for war workers' sons

In North Hollywood, Calif. on Nov. 27 Bob Hope was the great star at the opening of a Y. M. C. A. camp designed to keep the young sons of war workers off the city streets. There are in North Hollywood nearly 4,000 boys whose parents work daily in the great factories of the San Fernando Valley. The Gra-Y Camp, which is providing Saturday recreation for kids from 8 to 12 years of age, is first of a series of such day camps to be opened by the Y. M. C. A. in this crowded area.

Hope got literally mobbed by the 100 youngsters at Gra-Y. Noted for the generosity of his benefit appearances and recent tours of Army camps and battlefronts, Bob is also a financial backer of the San Fernando Valley Y. M. C. A. In his radio broadcast he said: "One of the first things the men overseas always asked us was, 'What's with the kids back home?' You thought, here's a guy that may give his life for the kids back home. So I guess maybe we should give our kids a little more attention." For an article on the current problem of youngsters who don't get such attention, see page 96.



He referees a boxing match for the radio. Recalling his tough Cleveland boyhood, he told kids: "What a neighborhood! We used to stand around hissing at the boys with ears."



Jerry Colonna, Hope's radio stooge, fans him after the kid floors him with an erratic haymaker. Later on someone yelled, "Let's mob him." Bob grunted: "You kids play rough. Sicily was never like this."

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Mrs. Bob Hope repairs damage to youngster's torn shirt. A good deal of wearing apparel got shredded in course of roughhouse. Though Bob's collar was ripped open and his shins bruised, he remained with kids for two hours after program ended, showing them wrestling holds and joining in their games. Mrs. Hope, the former Dolores Reade, singer, is active in the A. W. V. S.

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STARVING COUNTRY WOMEN LINE UP FOR GOVERNMENT HANDOUT IN CALCUTTA, BRINGING OWN PLATES. SOME ACTUALLY FELL DEAD WHILE WAITING IN FOOD QUEUES



Terribly concentrated on food, child stuffs self at Ramkrishna Mission Ashram near Calcutta.

FAMINE IN INDIA

ONE MILLION INDIANS DIE TO POINT THE TERRIBLE MORAL OF INFLATION

Three years ago the British Government of India called in its silver coins and began reissuing other coins with reduced metal value. But the peasants did not trust the new money. They gradually began, in 700,000 farm villages, to hoard grain instead of money. The price of rice rose from 2¢ to 16¢ a pound. Last summer the permanently semistarved population of spawning India began really to starve, in Bengal, Travancore, Cochin, Orissa, Madras, Bombay, but emphatically not in the wheat-producing provinces of the north. By last week, 1,000,000 Indians were estimated to have died of starvation.

LIFE Photographer William Vandivert reached Calcutta last month when the Government of India was beginning to get the famine under control but what he saw and photographed (*see following pages*) shook him to his heels. The child at left did not see Vandivert, he was so terribly hungry. The Bengalis did not fight death. They sat and waited for it, composing their thoughts.

All sorts of reasons were given for this horror. Actually India had more grain (53,567,000 tons) this year than in 1942 or 1941. There were local shortages. But there were two chief reasons. One was the partial breakdown of responsible government between the British Raj and native autonomy. The other was simple inflation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CIGARETTE



So let's wish them the Very Best

YES...THE CIGARETTE WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

STRIDES AHEAD **in Mildness, Better Taste and Cooler Smoking because Chesterfields are made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos...plus the Right Combination to satisfy smokers everywhere.**

Remember in a cigarette—the Blend...the Right Combination—that's the thing

AND HERE THEY ARE **... again in the cheerful Chesterfield Christmas Red—the cigarette gift that SATISFIES with the best in Smoking Pleasure.**

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Look unpleasant, please...

THIS camera lens was built to take unpleasant pictures of Nazis and Japs . . . blasted enemy positions . . . sinking enemy ships.

From eight miles up the aerial camera's piercing eye captures needle-sharp pictures. It penetrates camouflaged positions, records the enemy's strength and movements . . . pictures his destruction.

The winning of battles and the lives of our men depend on such photographs. Yet camera shutters and film mechanisms were failing for want of a lubricant that would permit instant action in the 90° below zero stratosphere cold.

That day is past. No longer need our men fly dangerous missions and come back empty handed. Texaco's "LOW-TEMP" grease, unequalled in resistance to cold, now assures perfect performance.

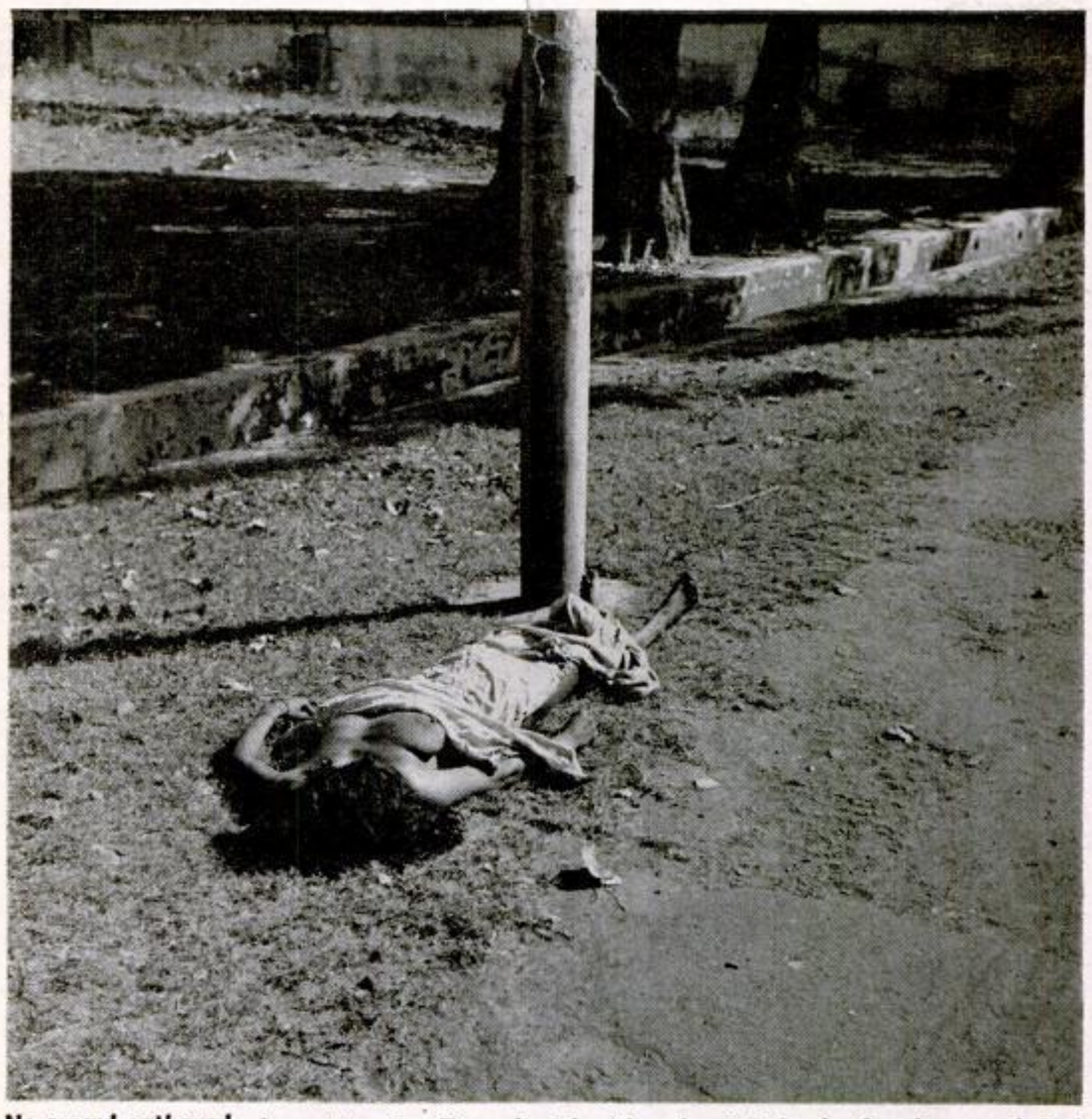
It is a product of the same Texaco Research that has contributed so much to the nation's war supply of *Butadiene* for synthetic rubber, *Toluene* for explosive TNT, 100-octane aviation gasoline and many other critical materials.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES • HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS



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No crowd gathered when attractive Bengali girl with red-painted soles lay down and died in her sleep by roadside near Calcutta. "Untouchable" farm laborers were chief sufferers.



Apparently dead in downtown Calcutta, to nobody's concern, the old woman above suddenly coughed and moved as Vandivert photographed her. Chances are heavily against her survival.



Hindus burn their starved dead at Calcutta's Mysore Memorial Ghat, 100 a day at the October-November peak of the famine. Moslems, who are majority in Bengal, bury dead. Famines, which used to decimate India every seven years or so, have been reduced by British, but huge population increase (50,000,000 in the last 10 years) has made famine a fact again.

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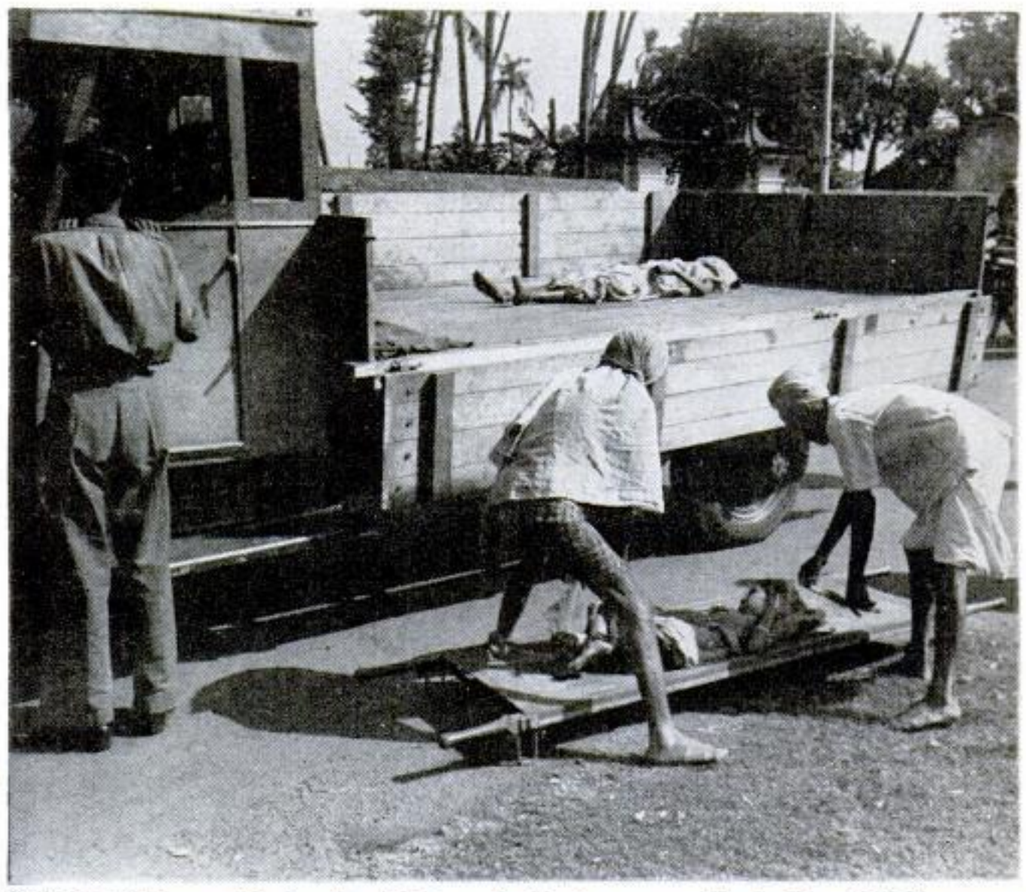
Famine in India (continued)



The still-living are picked up by the Co-ordinator of Relief officials to be fed at the government kitchens. Some protested, thinking that they were going to be killed.



A dead Hindu girl lies by roadside (*see picture below for what happens*). A starving 100,000 invaded Calcutta and a total of 2,000,000 people were fed in Bengal area.



Child corpses are picked up by ARP truck. Body on stretcher is that of girl in upper picture. They will be checked in at police station, then taken to ghat for burning.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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IN TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S RADIO INDUSTRY...WORKING TOGETHER FOR VICTORY



"AIRPORT CALLING EASTERN TWELVE

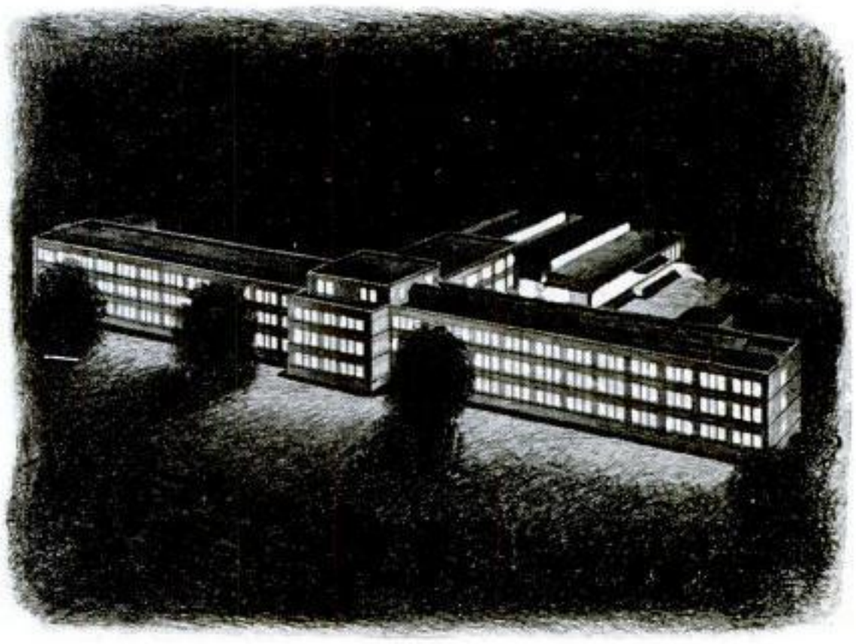
APPROACH AS PLANNED"

Fog has suddenly closed in. Yet the big transport pokes its nose through the murk—and 21 passengers alight on schedule!

For radio beacons have kept this plane rigidly on its course. A friendly voice from the airport warned of the ugly weather ahead and suggested the best way to meet it. Then, as the plane roared in to the runway, the radio voice directed a perfect, unobstructed landing.

Aviation is only one of many fields in which radio is stimulating progress. While today radio manufacturers are all out for Victory, technical improvements developed in wartime will enable them to bring you new and better radio-electronic products when Peace comes.

Your purchase of War Bonds will help supply American fighting men with the world's finest equipment.

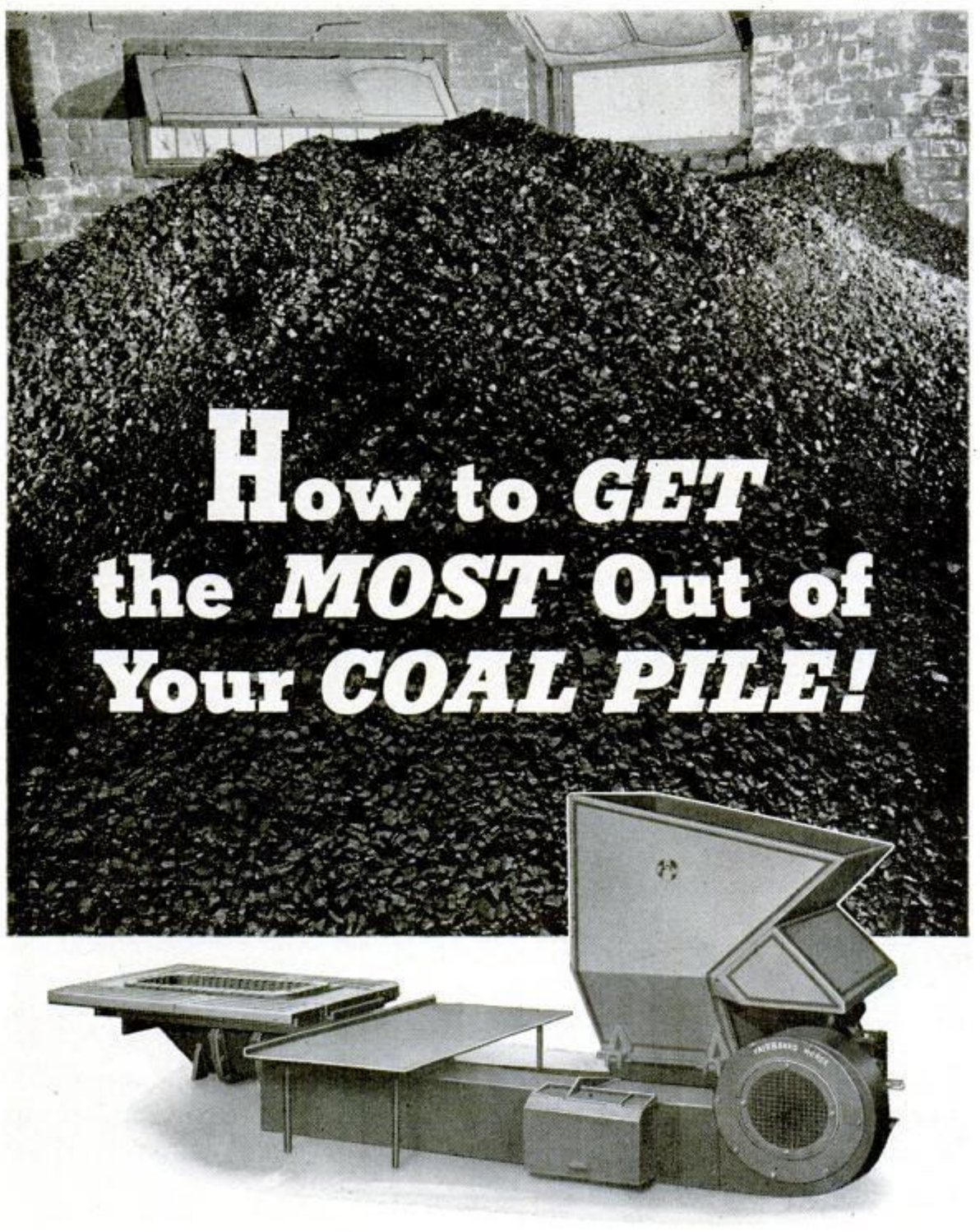


PIONEERS IN THE FIELD OF RADIO-ELECTRONIC RESEARCH, RCA Laboratories, through fundamental study and endless experiment, serve America's great radio industry at war. When peace returns, RCA will continue to make available to American manufacturers of radio equipment new discoveries and inventions in radio and electronics. RCA research means greater progress for the industry, finer radio and television for the home!

RCA Laboratories

A SERVICE OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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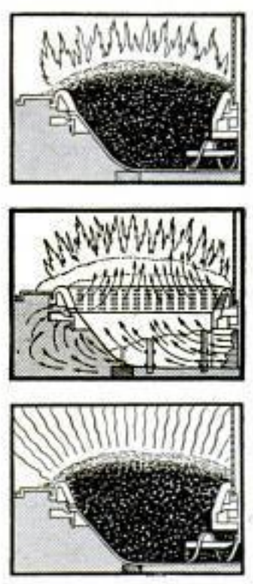
Install a Fairbanks-Morse Stoker!

These stokers give you clean, steady, automatic heat with important saving of coal. Here are some of the reasons:

1 More efficient combustion—Coal is *underfed* to the fire. Heat containing gases cannot escape up the stack without being burned.

2 Air-starving prevented—Lack of air is the great waster of heat units. Air in proper amount is automatically fed to the fire with this stoker.

3 Radiant heat—Radiant heat is presented to the boiler surface at all times. Because coal is *underfed* the surface of the fire is never cooled by introducing fresh fuel.



4 Lower cost coal—Uses economical sizes of coal.

It Takes Only a Few Hours to Install a Fairbanks-Morse Stoker

Now available for commercial or industrial use. Made in capacities from 65 to 500 pounds of coal per hour. Quick and easy to install. Requires no special expensive construction. Permits operation of boiler at full-rated capacity. Heats more efficiently — uses lower cost coal.

See your Fairbanks-Morse dealer for details, or write Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Stoker Division, Fairbanks-Morse Building, Chicago 5, Illinois.

FAIRBANKS MORSE

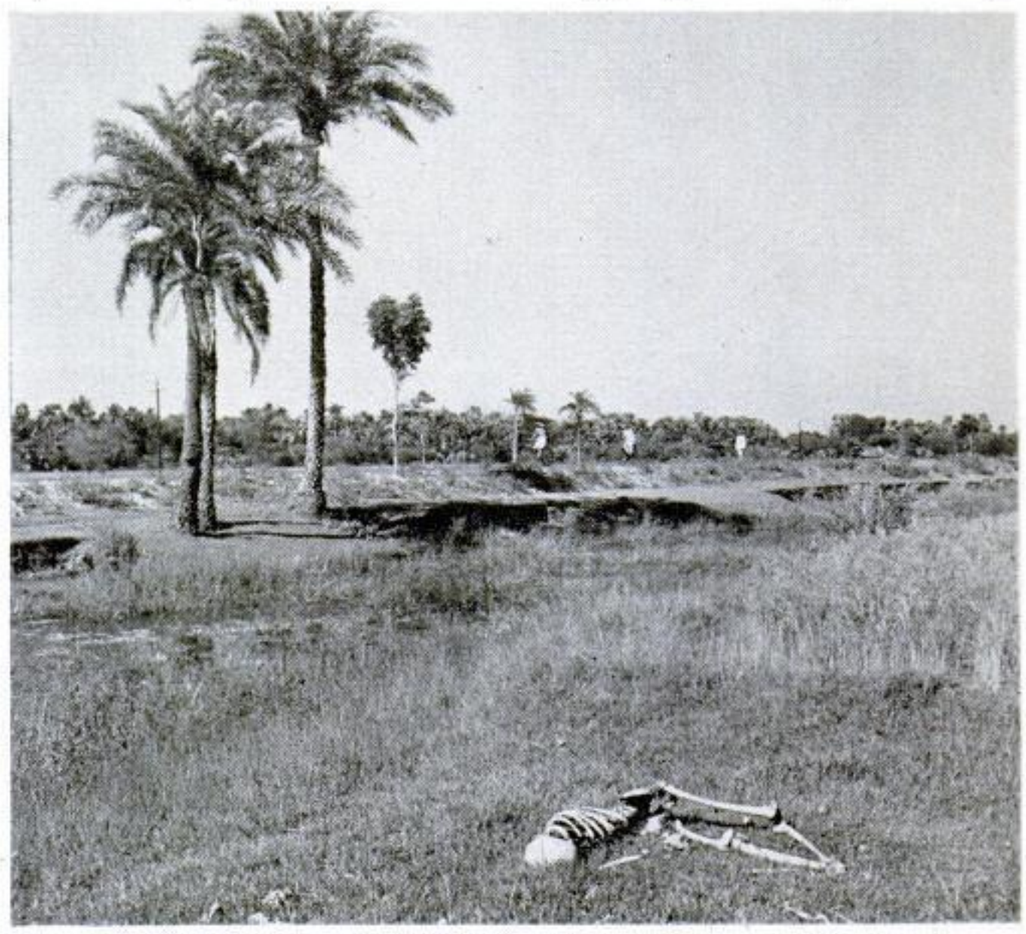
Automatic Coal Burners



Living skeleton looks out with hot eyes of hunger. Inflation had made clothing as well as food hard to get. Now most of these people have been moved back to villages.



Grain cars in Calcutta's Howrah yards are attacked by hungry children who pierce bags with wire, let grain leak. When train moves, grain goes on leaking crosscountry.



Vultures, jackals helped solve problem of this starved man. All about is fine December rice crop, which many Bengalis were too weak from hunger to harvest properly.

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Have a Coca-Cola = Merry Christmas



. . . or how Americans spread the holiday spirit overseas

Your American fighting man loves his lighter moments. Quick to smile, quick to enter the fun, he takes his home ways with him where he goes . . . makes friends easily. *Have a "Coke",* he says to stranger or friend, and he spreads the spirit of good will throughout the year. And throughout the world Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes,* — has become the high-sign of the friendly-hearted.

* * *

Our fighting men are delighted to meet up with Coca-Cola many places overseas. Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter "since way back when". Even with war, Coca-Cola today is being bottled right on the spot in over 35 allied and neutral nations.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".



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Copyright 1943, The Pullman Company

"Dear Grandma: This is instead of Me."

"We are not coming to visit you this Christmas because Dad says it would be unpatriotick.

"He has to travel some, you know, on account of his war business. So he knows what it's like on trains. They are so crowded now, he says, that we wouldn't have near as much fun traveling as we used to. Besides, we would be taking up room that other folks need lots worse than we do.

"I see what he means by that because if my brother Tom was in training camp instead of on some island I can't spell—and if he could get a furlow—I'd hate to think some 12 year old like me was doing him out of a place to sleep on his way home.

"Or, if Dad has to go to the munishuns plant again during the hollidays, like he says he might, it wouldn't be fair for someone just going to their Grandmother's to have got Pullman beds and maybe none left for him—so he would have to sit up all night and get there too tired out to do a good job.

"So I have just rapped up your present to mail and you will get it and this letter *instead of me* on Christmas.

"Incidentally, my present from Dad is going to be the best ever and I already know what it is. He figured out what the whole train trip would cost—Pullmans and everything—and is taking that money to buy me and Mom and him each a whopper of a War Bond!

"Isn't that keen? Won't I be proud? Bet you it's a bigger one than any of the other kids have got!

"Well, Grandma, I must close now, so lots of love and Merry Christmas and Sport just licked my ear to say the same for him."

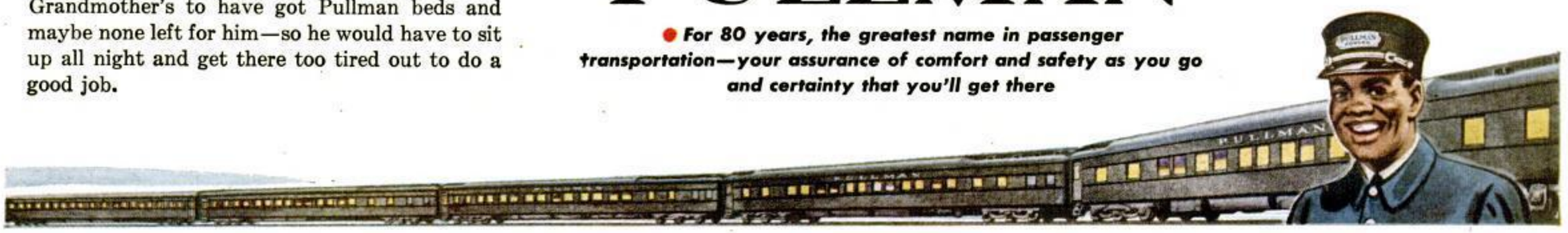
* * *

With thousands of servicemen on furlough added to the 30,000 who go *Pullman* on mass troop movements every night, trains will be *doubly* crowded. So it is *doubly* important to ask yourself: "Is my trip necessary?"

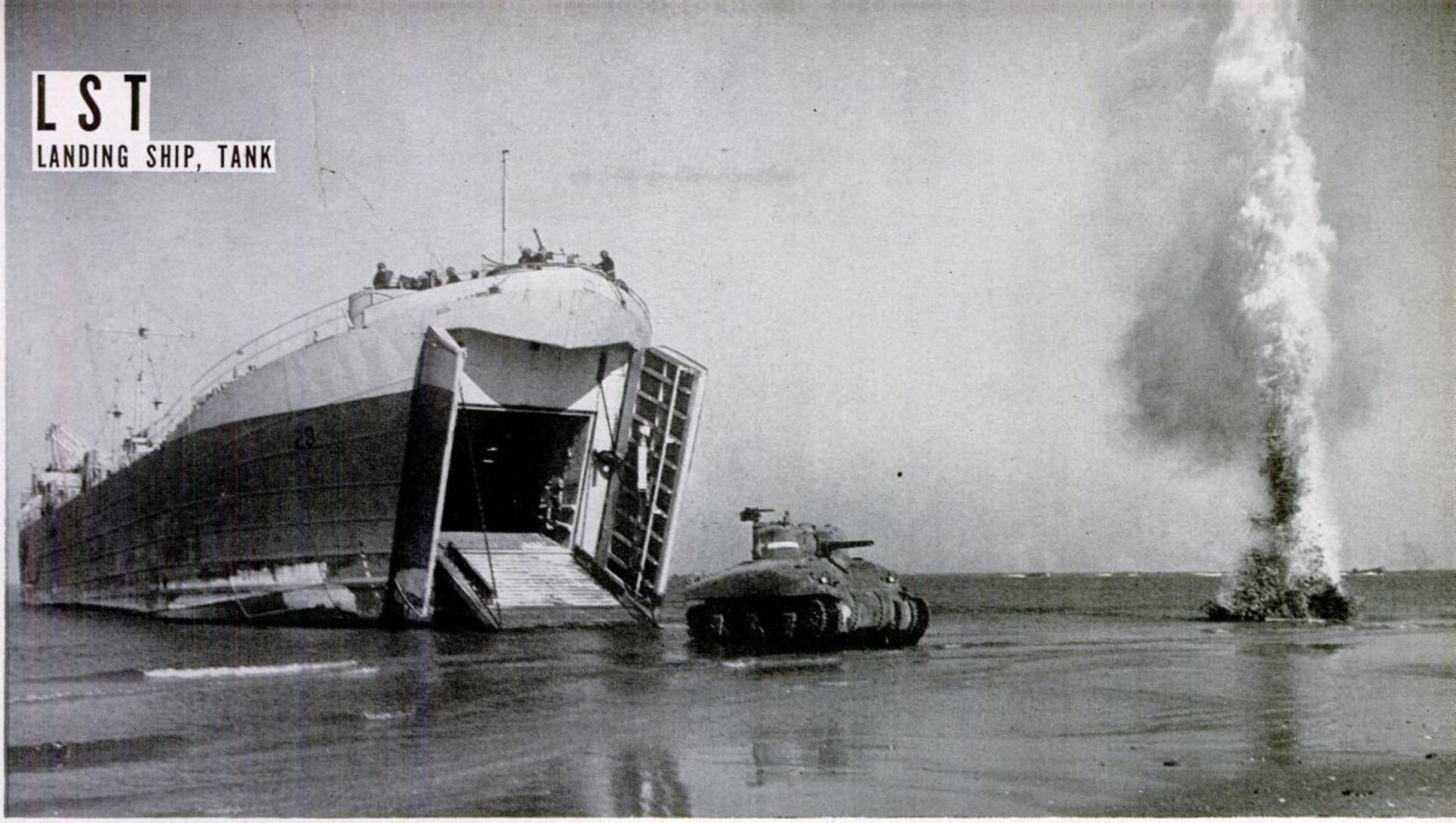
If it is, try to *go Pullman*, by all means, for you'll not only get the *sleep* going you need to *keep* going at your essential job, but you'll leave coach space for those who can't afford the privacy and comfort you'll enjoy.

PULLMAN

For 80 years, the greatest name in passenger transportation—your assurance of comfort and safety as you go and certainty that you'll get there



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DURING MANEUVERS ON CHESAPEAKE BAY A TANK ROLLS FROM AN LST (LANDING SHIP, TANK). THIS IS THE SECOND BIGGEST LANDING BOAT, 327 FT. LONG, DISPLACING 5,500 TONS

LANDING CRAFT

LIFE prints a catalog of the wonderful vessels helping the Allies win this amphibious war

World War II is an amphibious war. Wherever Allied troops have landed, whether at Guadalcanal, North Africa or Italy, they have come in armadas of wonderful new landing craft. Wherever they land in the future, whether in the Balkans, France or Japan, they will come in bigger and bigger armadas of these same new craft. To show what they look like, LIFE prints here a catalog of landing-craft types.

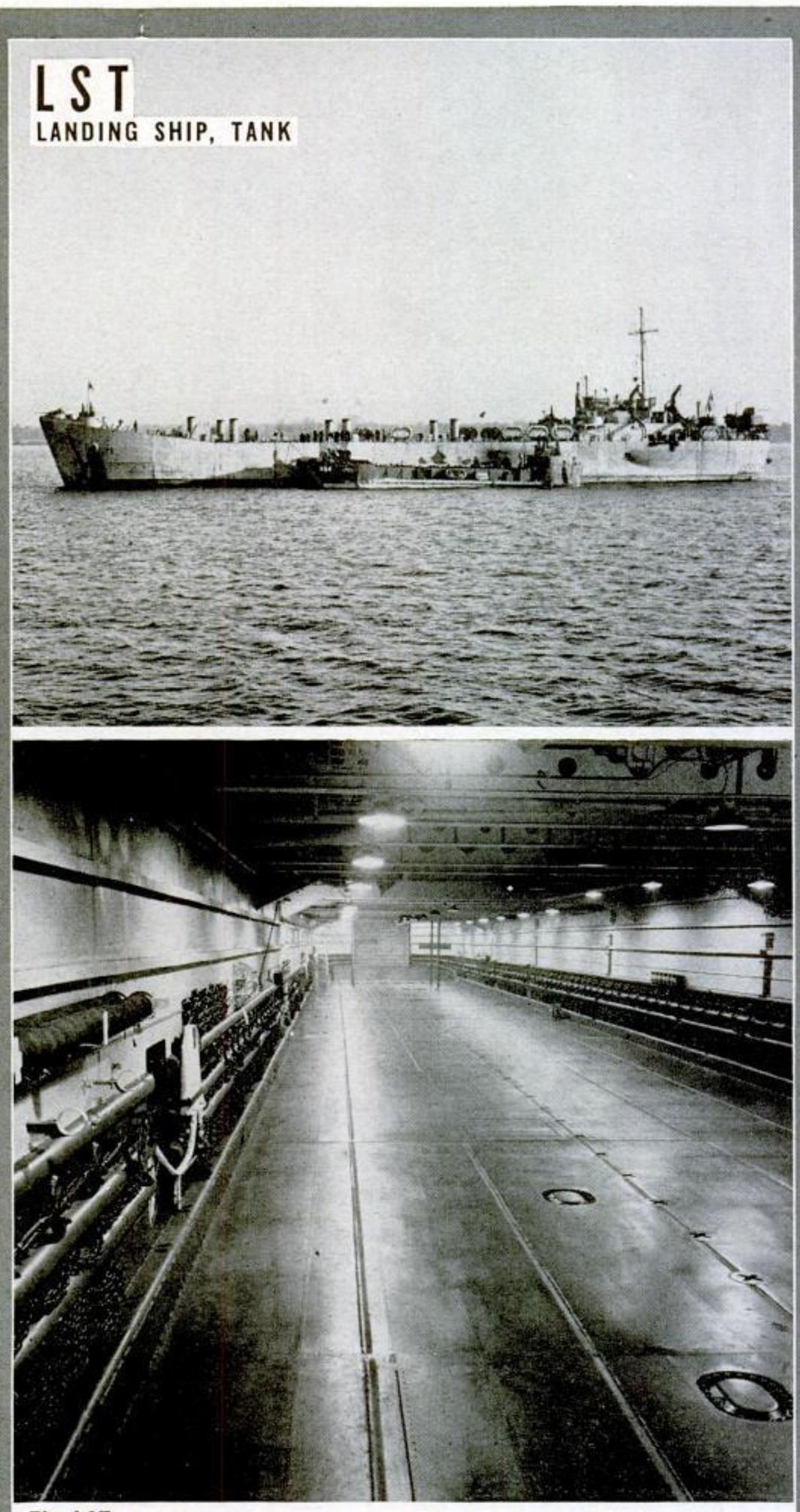
Last week the importance of these craft was emphasized even further. From Washington came news that production of landing craft had been put ahead of everything else. By an overriding priority they were given the right of way over all other urgency programs. When completed the landing fleet will comprise 80,000 boats costing more than $5,000,000,000.

Scarcely two years ago many of these landing craft were not even on drawing boards. Some of the smaller ones had been developed by the Navy in cooperation with Higgins Industries for the Marines. But it was not until late in 1941, when it became apparent that a method must be found for landing heavy tanks on enemy-held shores, that designs for the LST (Landing Ship, Tank) were first sketched. The LCT (Landing Craft, Tank), a smaller boat for tanks, and the LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry), a large ship designed for transporting masses of infantrymen, followed almost simultaneously. The first actual models of these three ships were completed in October 1942.

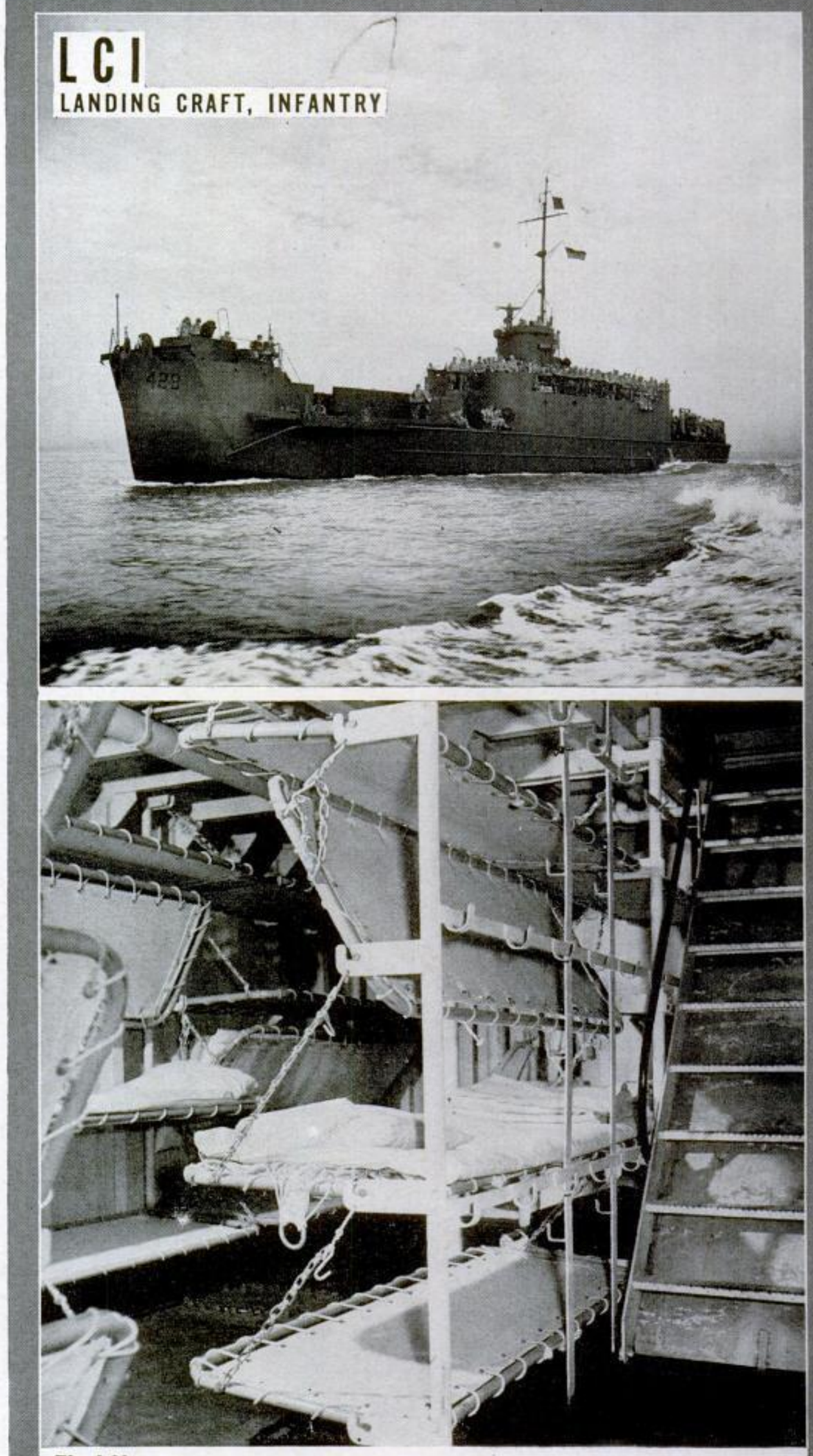
DOWN ONE OF GANGPLANKS LOWERED TO BEACH FROM DECK OF AN LCI (LANDING CRAFT, INFANTRY) RUN FOOT SOLDIERS. IT CARRIES ABOUT 200 INFANTRYMEN, IS 155 FT. LONG

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Landing Craft (continued)



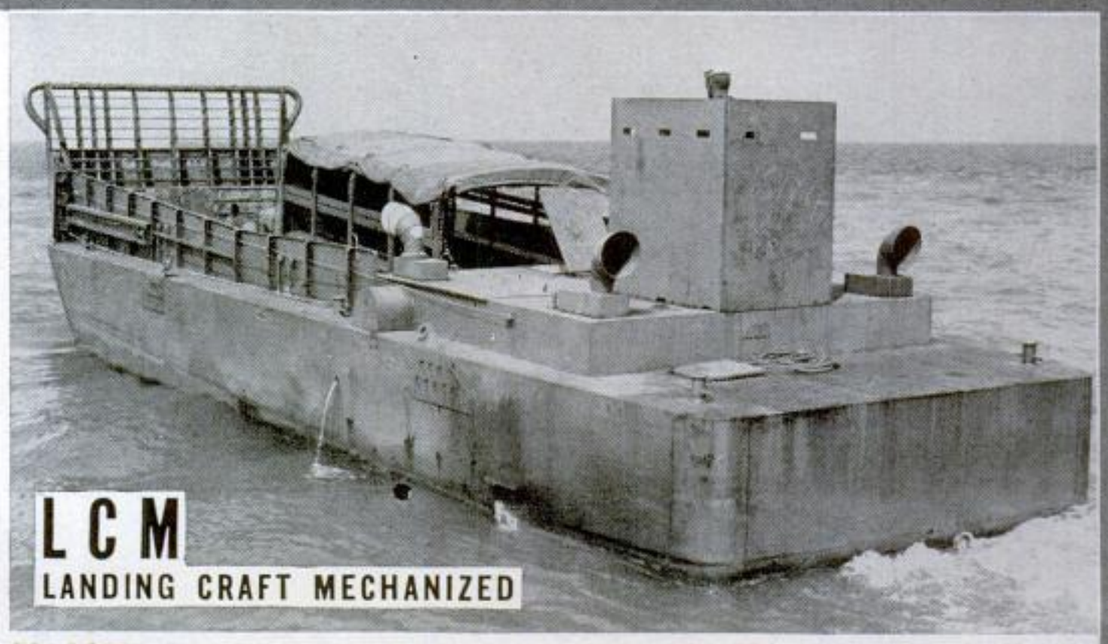
The LST is a medium-sized freighter whose bow opens up wide to discharge cargo. Built essentially to carry tanks it can also take troops and other heavy cargo on its deck or in its vast, garage-like interior (*above*). LST can cross the ocean by itself.



The LCI is only other landing craft large enough and with accommodations enough (*above*) to navigate by itself. In May, 1942 a message was received from British outlining needs for a large type of infantry landing craft. The LCI was Navy's answer.

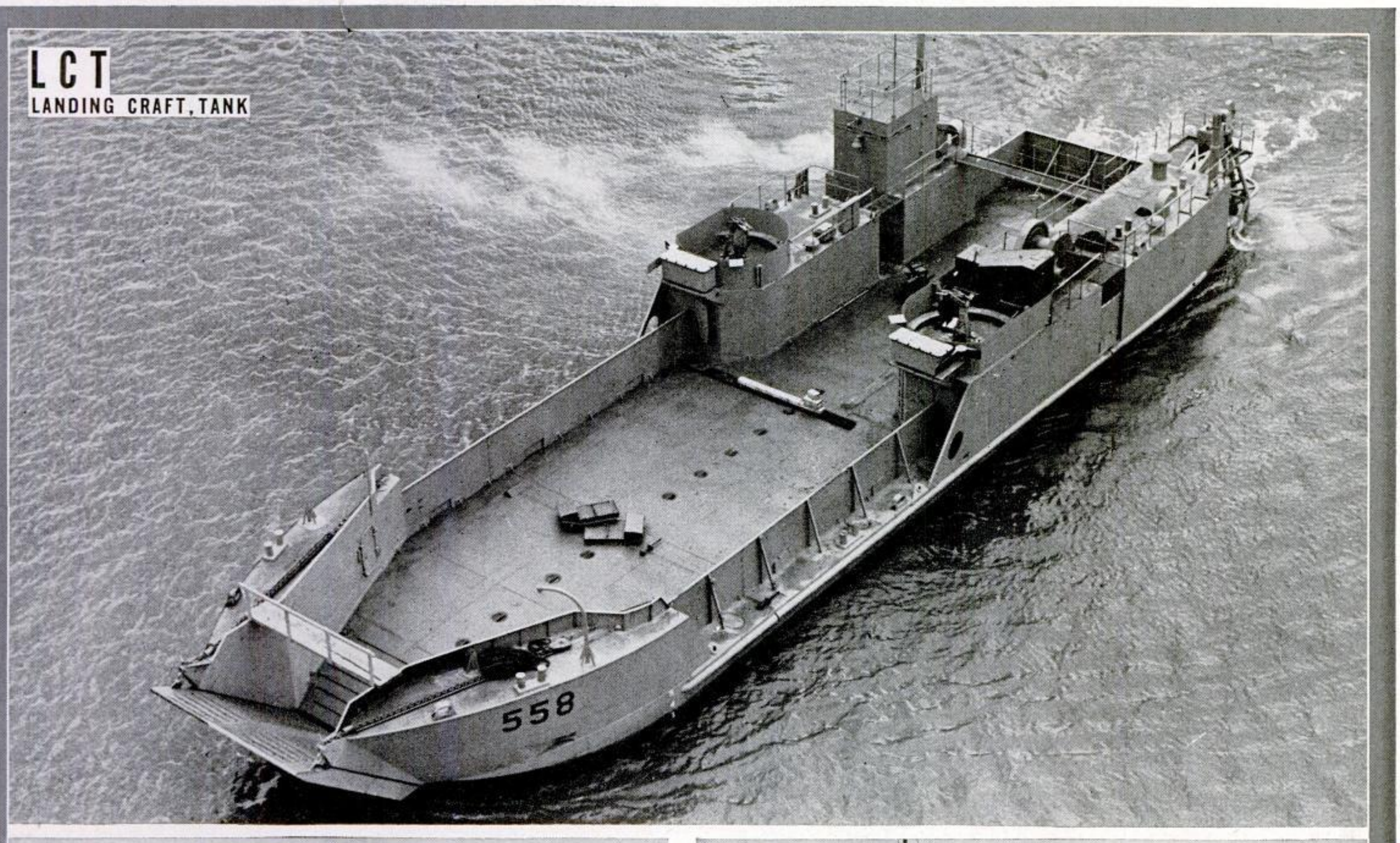


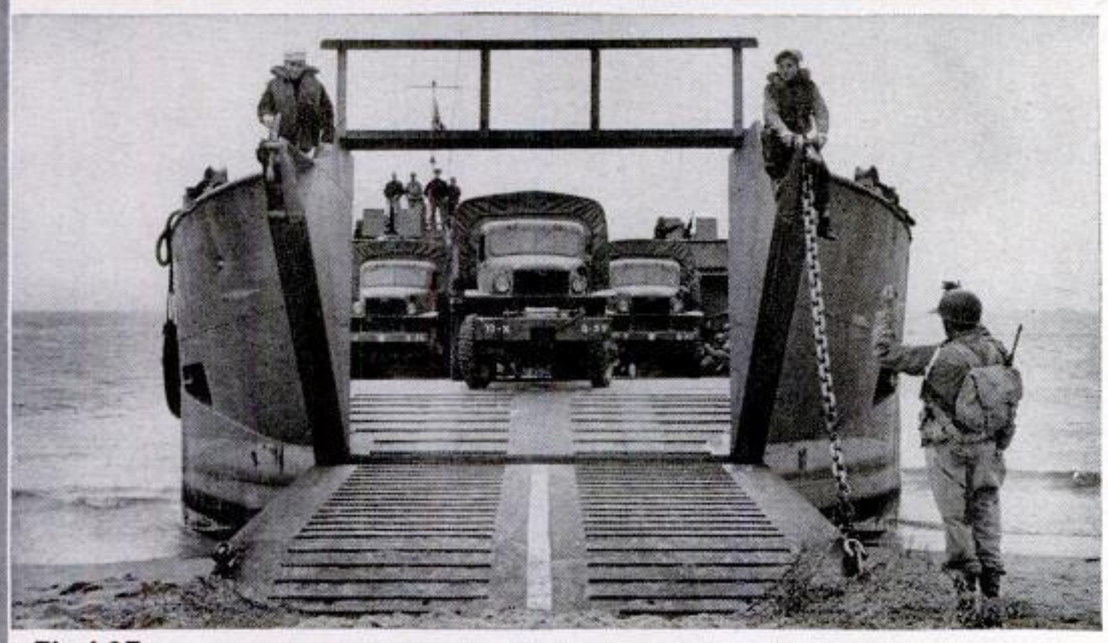
The LCVP is used for the landing of troops and vehicles such as jeeps, small trucks, light tanks. On the way to the beach, the troops crouch down out of sight behind the boat's sides.



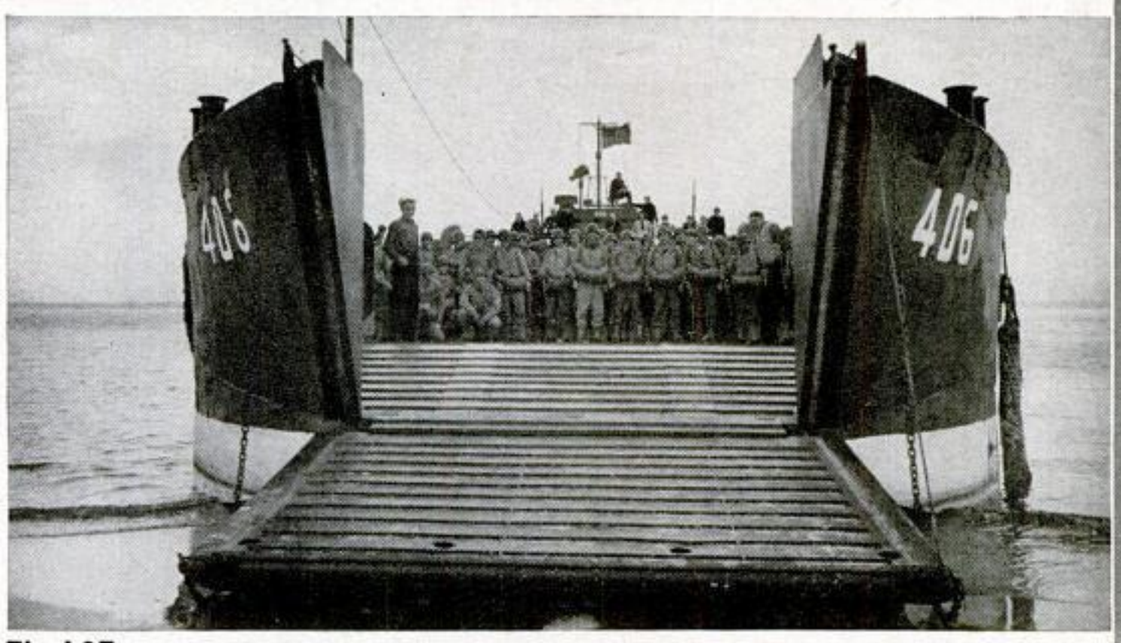
The LCM is used for landing bulldozers and medium tanks. Like almost all of these landing craft, it has ramp which can be lowered permitting trucks and tanks to be driven off.

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The LCT is used for landing heavy tanks or trucks. About 100 feet long, it is carried to a zone of operation aboard an LST or a cargo ship. This boat is an intermediate step between ocean-going LST and small LCM (*below*), which is also launched from a big ship.



The LCT is also used for landing soldiers. It has bunks for 18 men, a galley and a shower. To pull itself off the beach, it sends its anchor far astern in another boat and then hauls up smartly on the anchor cable. The ramp is lowered and lifted by two gasoline engines.



The LCV, similar to LCVP, is used for landing troops and light vehicles. It is 36 feet long, makes medium speed loaded and mounts machine guns. The ramp and sides are armored.



The LCS is used ahead of the other craft in a landing operation. Its job is to fire rocket shells at the enemy positions on the beach. It is of average length and speed and is armored.

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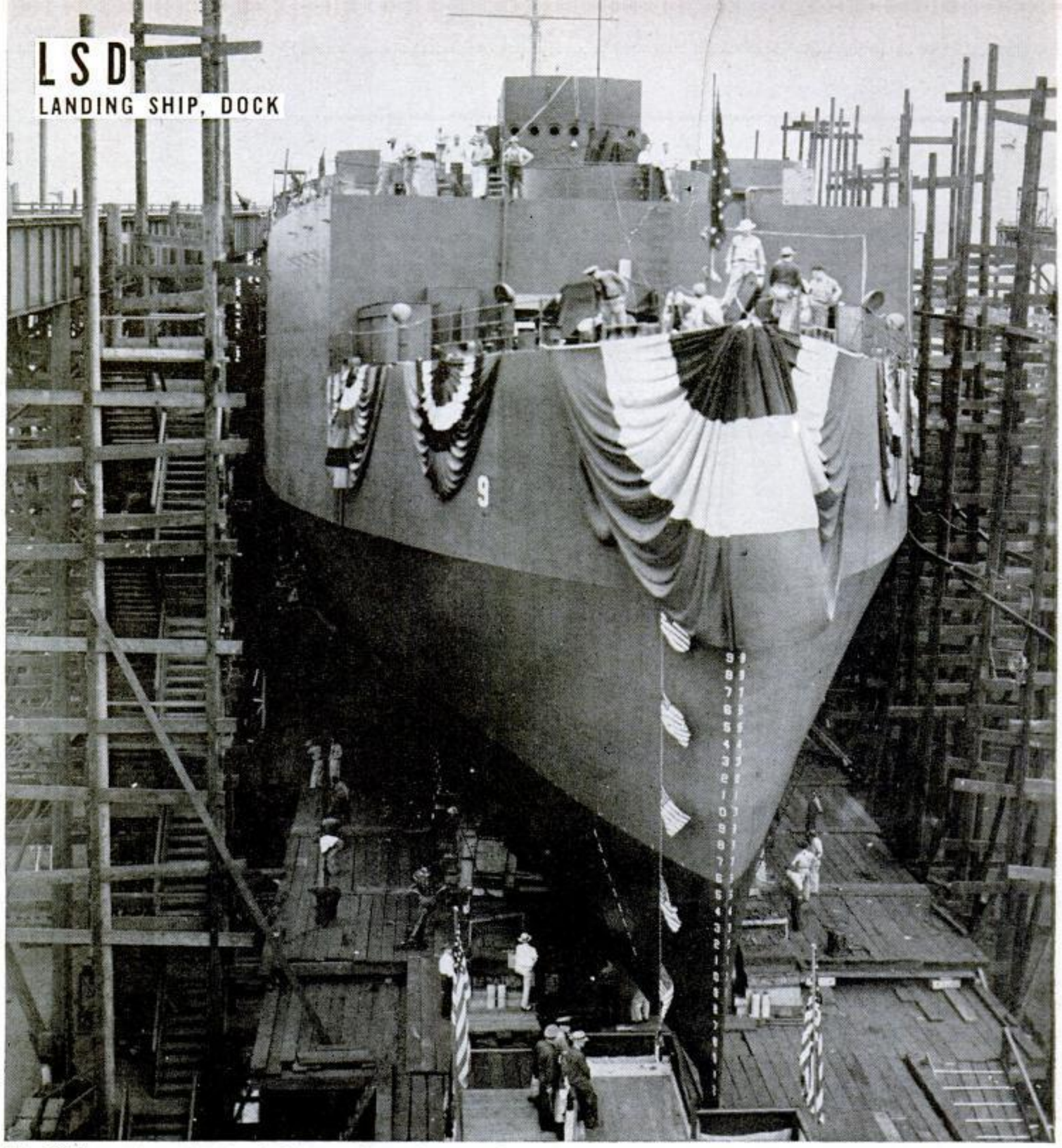
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SMALL BOATS LAND FIRST ON THE ENEMY-HELD BEACH

This is how a landing operation works. The enemy held beach is thoroughly softened by bombing and naval gunfire before the transports and large landing ships gather six to 10 miles offshore in the transport area. There the small landing craft, under command of young naval officers, are launched. Later the Army's invasion combat teams are loaded on the landing craft, which proceed at signal from the control ships to the rendezvous area. Just before H-hour they go to line of departure, several thousand yards off shore, to get into assault formation.

When the signal to attack comes, the small boats race for the beach. The LCS's run ahead to lay smoke screens and pump armor-piercing rockets into enemy positions. The other landing boats travel in waves with the soldiers crouching on the decks ready to spring ashore. The first men to land are armed with automatic rifles and machine guns, and their job is to clean up the beach, making it safe for later waves.

With the first assault waves land the beachmaster (Navy), who acts as traffic policeman for the arriving boats, and the shore-party commander (Army), who takes charge of the invasion troops. Then when the beach is more secure the support waves follow the assault waves. They come in LCT's and the medium-sized landing craft. After them come the supply and communication groups, with jeeps, antitank guns, bulldozers and tanks. These supplies may be brought directly to the shore by the big LST's and LCI's themselves. Later perhaps, when all is safe, LSD's (*right*) come in to help in docking operations.



The LSD, which is a dock in itself, is used after beachhead has been secured. It is 450 ft. long, bigger than an LST but is not, strictly speaking, a ship which takes part in the assault. This view is the only picture of an LSD so far released.

The LCP is used for bringing troops ashore. It is 36 feet long, makes fairly high speed and mounts machine guns. Like all small landing craft, it is carried on LST's or on transports.

The LVT is an amphibious tractor which can run right up on the beach. Called an "Alligator," it can cross swamps, fields, rivers or reefs. It was particularly successful at Tarawa.

The LCR is used for landing infantry groups. It can be packed in a small space and inflated in eight seconds. It can be propelled with an outboard motor or paddled by its own occupants.

The "duck" is an Army amphibious truck used for landing troops, weapons, ammunition and supplies. It is particularly good where there are reefs to cross on way to the enemy beach.

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Stretch the table to Holiday length . . .





Bring on old favorites in gay new dress



APPLE JELL-O MOLD—Crisp wedges of red-cheeked apple in clear, bright Jell-O makes a welcome holiday dessert! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. (You don't need boiling water for Jell-O.) Add sugar, salt, and vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened; add apples. Turn into large mold or individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with apple slices and fresh mint. Serves 5.

1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
1 pint hot water, or 1 cup hot water and 1 cup hot canned apple juice
2 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 medium red apple, unpeeled, cut in thin wedges

Spiced Apple Jell-O Mold. Add ½ teaspoon cinnamon and 12 whole cloves to liquid in above recipe. Cover and cook gently 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Strain through dampened cheesecloth. Measure; add water to make 2 cups. Prepare as directed above.

JELL-O PLUM PUDDING—Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Pour ¾ cup into large mold and 1¼ cups into 6 small molds. Chill until firm.

2 packages Jell-O (any red flavor)
1 quart hot water
Dash of salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¾ cup finely cut raisins
¾ cup finely cut cooked prunes
¼ cup finely cut citron
¾ cup finely cut nut meats
¾ cup Grape-Nuts

Add salt and spices to remaining 2 cups dissolved Jell-O. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in combined fruits, nuts, and Grape-Nuts. Turn into large mold over clear, firm Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold. Arrange large mold on platter. Garnish with small molds and holly. Serves 12.

Note: If desired, omit clear Jell-O top and small molds. Use only 1 package Jell-O. Dissolve in 1 pint hot water. Add spices, fruits, nuts, and Grape-Nuts as directed. Mold in smaller mold or individual molds. Makes 10 servings.





Make a meal festive with easy frills



JELL-O SUNSHINE PIE—New pie ideas are scarce—but here's a dandy! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Drain fruit; add water to juice to make ½ cup. Add sugar and juice to Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Turn into cold baked pie shell. Arrange fruit sections on top. Chill until firm.

1 package Jell-O (Orange, Lemon, or Lime)
1½ cups hot water
1 orange, sections free from membrane
½ grapefruit, sections free from membrane
4 tablespoons sugar
1 baked 8-inch pie shell

Note: Fruit may be added to dissolved Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened before turning into pie shell. The tart flavors of the fresh fruit blend deliciously with Jell-O's extra-special flavor—"locked-in" by a secret process to make sure it stays rich and full and perfect for you.

CRESTED BANANA DESSERT—Lovely with its topping of fluffy, whipped Jell-O! Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Chill until slightly thickened. Measure ⅔ cup; reserve. Add bananas to remaining Jell-O. Turn into sherbet or parfait glasses, filling ⅔ full. Place reserved Jell-O in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until light and foamy throughout. Pile on top of fruited Jell-O. Chill until firm. Serves 4 or 5. Use any flavor Jell-O for this recipe. *All* Jell-O flavors taste just as luscious today as ever. Even in wartime, Jell-O has kept up its superior quality and flavor. Jell-O's strawberry, cherry, and raspberry flavors are "artificially enhanced" for flavor-plus!

1 package Jell-O (any flavor)
1 pint hot water or water and left-over fruit juice
1 or 2 bananas, sliced



A WARTIME MESSAGE FROM KATE SMITH

Folks . . . you and I and all of us, are just plain wasting too much precious food! Now of course nobody *means* to do that . . . not in wartime, when our boys need all we can send them! Yet Uncle Sam tells us that we waste enough food in a year to feed most of our armed forces both at home and overseas!

Well . . . now that we *know* . . . let's DO something about it! We can go easy on *scarce* and *rationed* foods! We can be careful to *buy* and to *cook* only what we need! AND we can think up smart ways to use left-overs.

Our government has a name for this! It's "FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM!" Let's get behind that slogan, and make it *work!* Produce—and Conserve! Share and Play Square!

Kate Smith



Kate Smith's back on the air with a new, hour-long show! Listen to this grand show and wonderful Kate Smith songs on *The Kate Smith Hour* every Friday. Columbia network . . . 8 P.M., EWT; 7 P.M., CWT; 6 P.M., MWT; 9 P.M., PWT.

You're finding Jell-O stocks low nowadays? That's because the makers of Jell-O were limited by sugar rationing, too. But every effort is being made to distribute stocks fairly. Ask your grocer to save you your fair share.

Always look for the big red letters on the box! Then you know you are getting genuine Jell-O—and you can be sure that there's no wartime letdown in its superior quality and flavor! *Jell-O is a trademark owned by General Foods Corp.*

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Ready!... *willing and able*

BECAUSE of war plans made as far back as 1936, it took but a telephone call to the chiefs of the Army and the Navy to place the entire resources of the air transport industry at the disposal of the armed forces, within a few minutes after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

"Ready, willing and able"—at that instant the Airlines of the United States went to war. And they've been at it ever since, carrying out a vast program for the Army and the Navy, speeding personnel and cargo to the farthest theaters of war, and training thousands of men in air transportation.

And all this *in addition* to maintaining regular scheduled service for passengers, mail and express over their domestic and international system of airways.

Because of the magnitude and scope of these wartime operations both at home and abroad, the Airlines are constantly developing new and improved techniques and operating efficiencies which already have speeded up, by twenty-five years, the progress of air transportation.

After the war, tremendous demands will be made upon the Airlines by a people awake to the potentials of traveling and shipping by air. At that time—as always—the Airlines of the United States will be found "ready, willing and able."

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU CAN'T DROP BOMBS . . . BUY BONDS!

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

AIR TRANSPORT GETS THERE FIRST . . . PASSENGERS . . . MAIL . . . AIR EXPRESS

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IRISH PUBLICAN

Proprietor of Dublin's famous Dolphin Hotel runs a unique enterprise untroubled by the war

by NOEL F. BUSCH

What sculptors were to ancient Athens, what agents are to Hollywood, publicans or, in U. S. language, barkeepers are to Dublin. Brooklyn may be the city of churches and Venice the city of canals but Dublin is the city of bars. It is not certain that Dublin has more bars per capita than any other city but it certainly has better ones. This is proved not only by the bars of Dublin in themselves but also by the fact that in the U. S., operating in a new territory that supplied open competition and a fair test, bartenders from Ireland swept the field. Not all good U. S. bartenders are of Irish extraction but most of them are; and the U. S. bar itself is a derivative not of the British pub, with its class divisions and dart games, but of the Irish bar which no one ever for a moment thought of calling the poor man's club since it is obviously the rich man's club as well.

The best bar in Dublin is undoubtedly the Dolphin Hotel, run by Mr. Jack Nugent, son of the late Mr. Michael Nugent. To call the Dolphin a bar is an understatement for two reasons. For one thing it is an inn and restaurant as well. For another, the Dolphin Hotel contains not one but five official drinking rooms. However, since the hotel department has only 25 bedrooms, the whole affair can really be regarded as an extension of the bar-simple. As the proprietor of the best bar in Dublin and thus, probably, in the world, Jack Nugent stands forth in heroic mold as the prototype of all the Irish bartenders scattered through the U. S. and elsewhere about the planet. His methods deserve inspection, both as an inspiration to his disciples and as an object of reverence to their customers.

At the age of 63, Nugent attributes his success to victory in three Irish wars: his war against John Jameson, his war against his directors and his war against his customers. The latter war is still going on, to some degree. Proprietors of mediocre hotels and restaurants are faced by the problem of getting people into their establishments. The final test of a really good hotel is that its proprietor be faced by the opposite problem, that of getting people out. Nugent's customers are notables of Dublin's racing, theatrical and diplomatic circles. His attitude toward all of them varies from friendly severity to open disdain.

Although he is at war with them, Nugent is not above hobnobbing with his customers and spends most of his days doing so, either at one of his bars or at the race tracks for which the Dolphin does the catering. Nugent serves juicy steaks and Guinness stout which is brewed a few hundred yards from the Dolphin's front door. Some years ago a rumor arose that Guinness was brewed from the waters of the Liffey, the picturesque but brackish stream which meanders through the center of Dublin. In order to combat the canard, the firm tried for a few weeks the experiment of importing to Ireland the Guinness it brews in England for the overseas trade. Irish people did not like the Guinness and trouble ensued. As a big dealer in stout, Nugent remembers this vividly. "There was desolation among the publicans," he says. Presently the situation was restored to normal and the Irish resumed drinking native Guinness, Liffey or no Liffey.

When relating sad memoirs like that of the desolation among the publicans, Nugent expresses himself with a wealth of feeling. His face is well adapted to this, as are his gestures. Irish faces come in more shapes and sizes than those of any other race. Nugent's is of the map or old-Sol type, with a slight resemblance to either a billiard ball or a dolphin, with both of which he has been closely associated during his life. The map resemblance is increased when, on close inspection, it is seen to be traced with innumerable tiny lines of microscopic fineness, like those representing railways on an atlas. When alarmed or disturbed by some memory or some customer, these tiny lines turn into wrinkles of even size, so that his pink skin looks like some specially woven corduroy. Nugent's favorite gesture is to brush at his face with his left hand, as though there were a fly near it, or else to clap his hands over his mouth. He wears glasses for nearsightedness, so either gesture, when made carelessly, may knock the glasses on the floor. The floors in the Dolphin are mostly tile and this leads to considerable breakage in the course of time. If

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Jack Nugent, as owner of Irish capital's most famous cafe, is one of the city's outstanding citizens. Food and liquor are plentiful in Dublin. Sherry served in the Dolphin bar comes from Portugal on neutral ships.



Dolphin Hotel has unpretentious, shabby exterior. Small urchins playing in gutter hope to get tips from customers.



Dolphin lunch bar is a convenient spot for political arguments, which Nugent enjoys.

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PLEASE BE PATIENT. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of **OLD TAYLOR** fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

IRISH PUBLICAN (continued)

the glasses do not break, a customer picks them up and Nugent goes on with his story.

Like the Abbey Theater, the Liffey and the post office around which the 1916 Easter Rebellion was fought, the Dolphin is a Dublin landmark. It is famous in the city not only for its liquor but also for its steaks, cooked over charcoal by a cook named Eddie in the main dining room. In appearance the hotel is nothing much. Opening off the hall are doors leading to bars and to the smoking room, which is also a bar. The smoking room, hung with mottoes extolling the merits of tobacco, is possibly Jack Nugent's favorite among his five bars but he is also partial to his American cocktail bar. This, on the right of the door, was opened a year or so ago in response to overcrowding in the other four, in a space which had previously been the proprietor's office. On looking for a spot to locate another bar, Nugent realized that there was nothing he did in his office that could not be done just as well in more convivial surroundings. He moved out his possessions but was then confronted by the question of how to dispose of his secretary who was still there. "Oh, I had the devil of a time to get that fellow out of there," he explains. "Finally, I said to him, 'I've got to have this place for a new pitch, so out you go.' He got out all right." Nugent regards the ejection of his secretary as a major stroke of executive skill on his part and claps his hand over his mouth when describing the event, to show approval of his own boldness.

While the start of the Dolphin Hotel is a mystery, its story for the last 60 years or so is a matter of Nugent family history. Michael Nugent, the father of the present proprietor and of 12 other children, was a publican who had premises a few doors farther down Exeter Street from the original Dolphin, then a down-at-heel restaurant run by a man named Flanagan. Nugent Sr. went there for lunch one day, told Flanagan he heard it was for sale, and asked him to name his price. Flanagan did so. Nugent appeared next morning, handed the money across the bar and moved in.

Dolphin has distinguished tradition

Nugent Sr. bought the Dolphin partly because he needed it to take care of the overflow from his other pubs and partly as a skirmish in his war against the Jameson's. This war had begun some years before Nugent, already a large purveyor of Jameson's Irish whisky, asked the distillers for a "bonding," i. e. an arrangement whereby he could buy whisky in bulk and age it himself, thus effecting a monetary saving. Jameson's refused the bonding. Enraged, the elder Nugent announced he would sell no Jameson's at all and built up a handsome trade in other brands. The Nugent-Jameson war ended shortly before the turn of the present century when a favored customer entered the Dolphin and asked for Jameson's. Such requests had never before had the slightest effect on Nugent Sr. but on this occasion he felt for some reason a sudden wave of benevolence and said: "If you want Jameson's whisky, by God, you'll get it."He then drove in his brougham to the distillery where John Jameson in person came out to greet him, drew him into his office by the hand, and insisted on giving him both the whisky and the bonding then and there. Nugent took a bottle back to his customer. Peace has reigned between Nugent's and Jameson's ever since. The Dolphin is now Dublin's biggest dispensary of Jameson's whisky.

Dublin publicans, as befits their importance, are citizens of more prestige and distinction than publicans elsewhere. Jack Nugent received an appropriately lavish upbringing. In college at St. George's in Weybridge, England, he distinguished himself chiefly by playing billiards, running up debts and acting in the dramatic club. On returning from St. George's, a family controversy arose as to what to do with Jack. One brother was already in the Dolphin, others had emigrated or gone into the professions and three of the children had died of diphtheria. Nugent wanted to be an actor. John McCardle, a surgeon who had married his sister, wanted him to try medicine. Both plans were discarded and it was finally decided to apprentice him to a draper. Instead of draping, Nugent spent his time playing billiards, at which he became the Irish champion, and going to the races. His failure in trade, coupled with the debts he had run up at college, had a sad effect on the family fortunes. "When I was a nipper my governor was stone rich but he wasn't stone rich when I got back from college," Nugent says. What with the college debts, the death of the three children and the failure of Jack in the drapery trade, the elder Nugent decided to raise money by making the Dolphin into a company, selling part of his holding. This step led to the second Nugent war and also enabled young Nugent—who was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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Play safe! Get Thermo Royal Anti-Freeze into that precious car of yours, *right* away. Be sure of positive protection. Be free of worry with Thermo Royal. Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company, Philadelphia.

SAFE · SURE PROTECTION



Dr. Jeremiah Lane of Dublin enjoys a nip with Nugent after an afternoon at races. Horse racing and whisky drinking are conducted in Eire with diligence and dignity.

IRISH PUBLICAN (continued)

finally taken into the Dolphin firm when his brother quit—to redeem his earlier misdemeanors.

Jack Nugent's war with the Dolphin directors began when, done in by family misfortunes, the pressure of business deals and the Irish Rebellion, Nugent Sr. died in 1916. The directors gave his heir the technical title of manager but paid him a small salary and accorded him none of the prestige which the position should have entailed. Jack Nugent spent the next 11 years in a sort of purgatory, marshaling strength to assert his rights. Finally, in 1927, his opportunity arrived when a proxy fight developed in which most of Dublin's cafe society was involved. Nugent persuaded his adherents to vote for a plan whereby he would have real instead of nominal management. He has been running the Dolphin according to his own lights ever since.

Nugent's directors have been reconciled to the situation, partly because the hotel pays the 6% dividends which are the maximum allowed on its £60,000 capitalization. The old war, however, still breaks out in a sort of guerrilla form, largely owing to the behavior of one member of the board. The member, a sort of roving representative, often dines in the Dolphin alone after having, in the Dublin expression, beers taken. Toward 10 o'clock he may spy another party which he wishes to join. In this case he will not only join them but also explain that, in his opinion, there should be a house rule enabling any gentleman dining alone at the Dolphin to join any other party he chooses between the hours of 10 and 12. "But you have no idea what a trouble it is to me to put my rule into effect," this director will say to the party he joins. "The management objects to the rule entirely. By God, they've even tried to have me put out of this room on account of it."

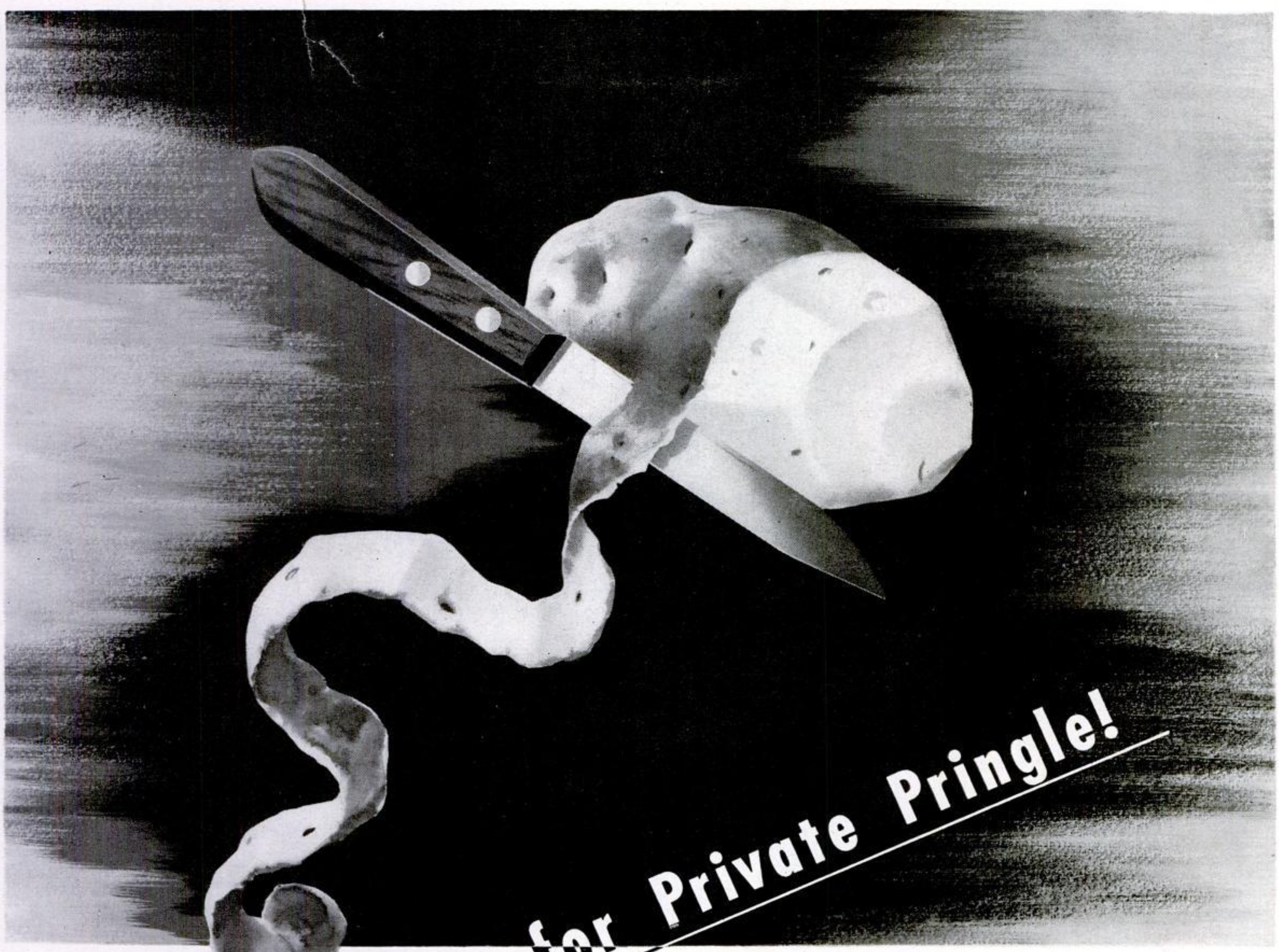
Nugent approves of the English

In order to appreciate the special importance of a place like the Dolphin and a personage like Jack Nugent it is necessary to have some understanding of Ireland and the Irish character. One way to define the difference between English and Irish would be to say that, while the English are English, the Irish are Americans. English people, for example, are repressed, well adjusted toward authority, polite to each other and speak in modulated voices. Irish people are unrepressed, illadjusted toward authority, often rude to each other and they like to shout. On foreign soil—whether because they are stimulated by change or more energetic than stay-at-home Irish—Irishmen often channel their competitive feelings into useful and productive pursuits, like business, police work, or the like. On the Old Sod they are more inclined to channel their competitive feelings into conversation, abstract politics or horse racing. Horse racing in Eire is not a mere diversion as it is in the U. S. It is a national industry and the interest in it is as universal as interest in automobiles in Detroit. Nugent's own attitude toward England, like that of most Irishmen, is conditioned by private experience, in his case mostly of a sporting nature. "Mind you," Nugent says, "the English have their faults but they're a fine people. I have no complaint to make about them."

While the Dolphin has been Nugent's chief interest since he was a nipper, he has also had time to follow up many other sidelines

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Private Pringle is our guest. For him and all the other men and women in uniform we'll peel the potatoes and make the coffee and set the tables. We'll serve the finest meal our chefs can prepare . . . and then we'll wash the dishes and tidy up the kitchen.

Of course, with the armed forces eating tens of thousands of meals *every day* in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars . . . with our civilian patronage tremendously increased because of the war . . . with food rationing so severe and trained help so scarce . . . you can see we've quite a big job on our hands.

Sometimes it's just impossible to give you civilian patrons the kind of Fred Harvey service you've come to expect. But when we must ask you to wait . . . or eat quickly and leave . . . we know you'll be glad to do it.

Our 6000 employees—some of whom have worked with the Harvey family through three generations—are grateful for your uncomplaining acceptance of this temporary situation. We promise you the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again just as soon as the war is won.

Victory will come SOONER if we: *Conserve food in our households • Refuse to buy from black markets • Pay necessary taxes uncomplainingly • Buy War Bonds instead of luxuries • Kill rumors that aid our enemies*

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"Guinness Navy" carries hogsheads down Liffey River from brewery on bank. Stout, a nourishing drink, is not brewed from Liffey water though of same color and consistency.

IRISH PUBLICAN (continued)

and, in addition to winning the billiard championship, nearly won the Irish golf championship on several occasions. The closest he came to the latter was in 1914 when he played a famous match against the favorite in the first round. On this occasion there was a great crowd assembled on the first tee and Nugent felt ill at ease. As he prepared to drive, however, an incident occurred which enabled him to recover his composure. Someone in the crowd uttered the words, "Five to two, Nugent." This was an insulting implication that Nugent's chance to win was less than half as good as his opponent's and the publican reacted characteristically. Putting down his driver he turned to the crowd and said: "What's that I heard?"

Nugent's account of what happened thereafter is as follows: "For a while no one answered me at all and then a fellow crept out of the crowd and up to me and he admitted to me that it was him that had said 'Five to two, Nugent.' So I asked him, 'To what?' meaning how much was he prepared to take. He answered that he would like to know how much I wanted of it. 'Look here,' I told him, 'I'll take two hundred quid against your five hundred.' So he slithered back into the crowd and then in a minute he came back and said it was taken. What happened then was that on the first hole my ball was far away from the hole but I just gave it a knock and in it went. And the same thing happened on the second hole. I forget how it turned out in the end but I'll tell you this. By the time the 15th hole was reached, that fellow was crying on his father's shoulder."

Nugent is failure at fishing

Nugent was finally defeated for the championship by Lord Annesley who, the day after the match, joined the British Army and became the first Irishman killed in World War I. Nugent holds this to the credit of the British, as he does his experience with the pastime of trout fishing, one of the few Irish diversions in which he takes no interest whatsoever. On one occasion a friend persuaded him to come fishing with him and lent him a fine new rod. Nugent succeeded in tangling a line in the trees and breaking the rod in half on his first cast. The accident occurred on the day of King Edward's funeral. The coincidence of these two sad events also tended to fortify Nugent's sense of identification with England.

In running the Dolphin according to his own lights, Nugent is abetted by his staff of which the most notable members are probably Eddie, the steak cook, and Jimmy, a waiter. Jimmy would be the headwaiter if there were such a thing. Instead, he is merely Nugent's special waiter and as such entitled to care for the tables in the corner of the room just beyond the grill. Nugent himself usually sits at one of these tables. While he does not mind hobnobbing with his customers at the bars, he prefers to have his meals alone and in comfort. The rare occasions on which he has broken this rule have not encouraged him to repeat the experiment. Something usually seems to go wrong, like the time when his guest, a friend of long standing, suddenly decided that French brandy and Irish whisky made a potable mixture and tried to prove it. "It was an awful thing," says Jack Nugent, clapping his hand to his face.

Eddie and Jimmy both work in the downstairs dining room where the chief ornament is the club table in the corner presided over by Alfy Byrne, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. The upstairs dining room gets

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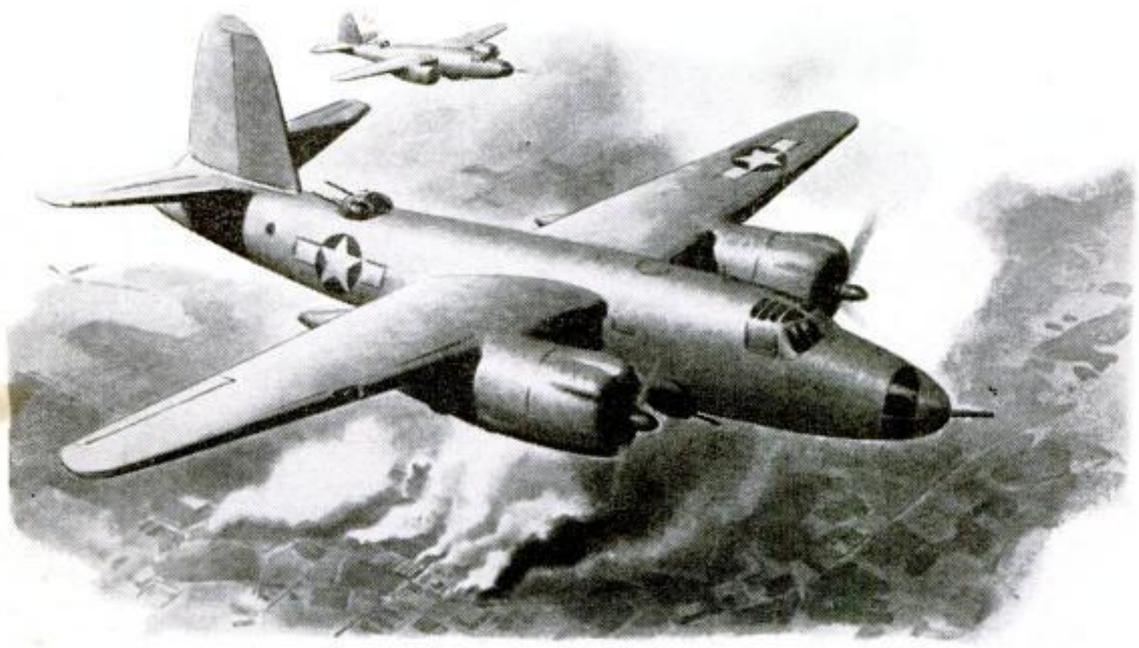
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THE big doors of De Soto plants now open day and night for the continuous passage of arms—to the remotest corners of the globe. The De Soto trademark of today is a kind of craftsmanship that increases the efficiency of guns, gives flight to the deadliest of bombers, provides fighting mobility for some of the toughest vehicles of war.

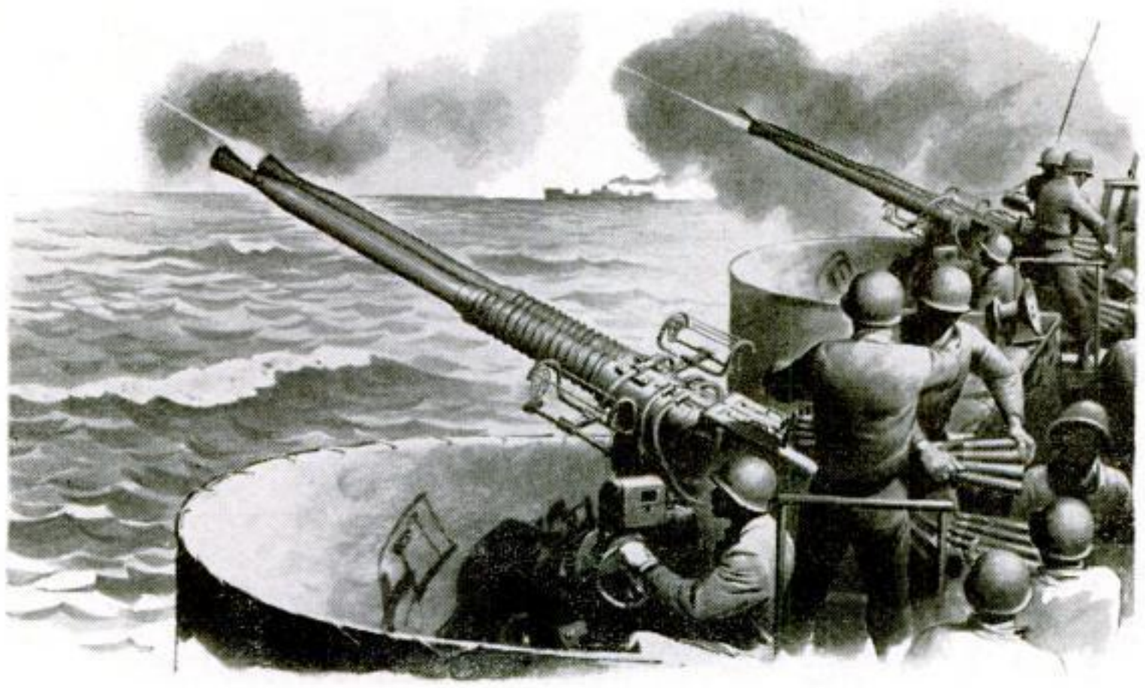
DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Bofors Cannon for Anti-Aircraft defense on land and sea contain vital parts from De Soto.



"Bodies for Bombers" have been produced by De Soto for many months.



In naval action throughout the world there's a touch of De Soto too.



Tanks and fighting vehicles get many of their basic parts from De Soto shops and artisans.

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This De Soto sign means top-notch service and ample parts supply for the care and maintenance of De Soto products of peace.

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1. How to get your children to eat plenty of healthful breakfast cereal

Just pour a few sun-ripened Sun-Maid raisins over their hot or cold cereal. Sun-Maid raisins are 63% natural fruit sugar—the easily digested, quick-energy sugar.



2. For a handy, delicious lunch-box dessert

Wrap a few Sun-Maid raisins in wax paper for the youngsters' noon-time lunch. Sun-Maids are clean and ready to eat right from the package. And they provide much of the iron a growing child needs daily.



3. Works wonders as a reward for good behavior

When your children do what you ask, reward them with a handful of "sweet-as-candy" Sun-Maid raisins. Get the 15-oz. red package of Sun-Maid seedless raisins from your grocer.



FREE! CHILD PSYCHOLOGY BOOKLET:
"The Place of Rewards in Good Behavior"

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California
2872 Hamilton St., Fresno, California

Please send me Frances Bruce Strain's interesting, helpful booklet on the place of rewards in child guidance. Author of many books on child care, Mrs. Strain is a member of the American Institute of Family Relations.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

IRISH PUBLICAN (continued)

the overflow crowd and is also used for banquets and special events like the dinner long ago when a nipper was asked to get up on a table and sing a song. The song was *The Snowy-Breasted Pearl* and the nipper was John McCormack making his first appearance in public.

The race-track-catering business is one of the things that caused Dublin's leading owners, trainers and jockeys to patronize the Dolphin. Among the latter, Joe Canty, Dublin's most famous rider, is an especial thorn in Nugent's side for several reasons. Unlike most jockeys, Canty does not have to diet as he is skinny and stays well under nine stone without effort. Consequently he is a good enough customer so far as spending money goes but the trouble of it is that Canty will come into the Dolphin, eat a fine meal and then go out to the track and ride home a winner when Nugent has backed another horse in the same race. This enrages the proprietor of the Dolphin, as he feels that it shows ingratitude. Only about a month or so ago, fortified to outdo himself by a Dolphin steak a few hours before, Canty brought home a long shot to win by a head against a favorite backed by Nugent. There was desolation in the Dolphin that night. Canty did not come in after the race.

A home away from home

Since the race-track crowd sets the styles for Dublin cafe life generally, this patronage of the hotel gave the place a special cachet. Nugent however has not on this account excepted the track people from the severe attitude which he takes toward his patrons generally. He occasionally lets them use his present office for poker games or lends one a few hundred quid, but other than this they get no special privileges.

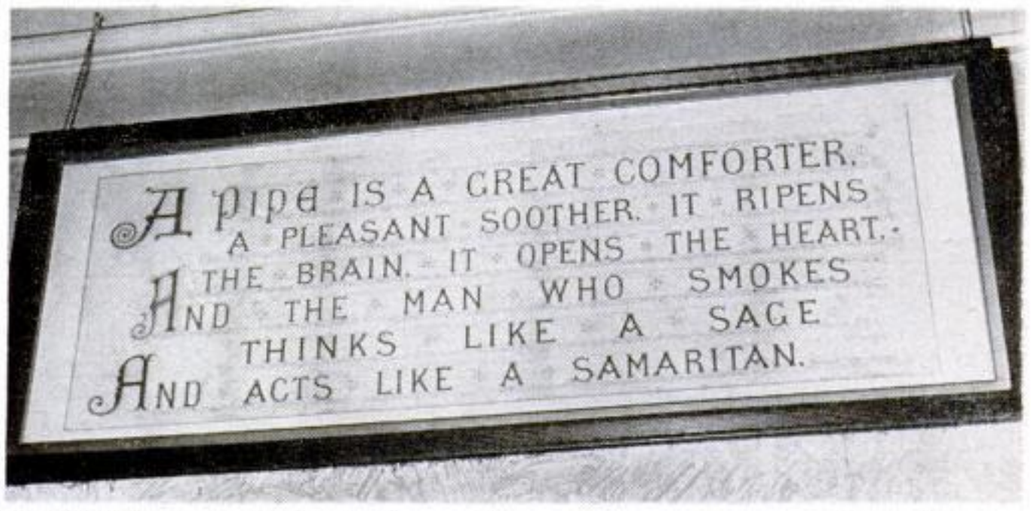
Numbered among special privileges at the Dolphin Hotel is that of being allowed to stay there overnight. The 25 guest rooms are usually empty as Nugent does not want to let his customers take advantage of him. He explains his attitude on this matter in a way which should be interesting to proprietors of U. S. hotels who, in their advertisements, call attention to the amenities which they have to offer. Nugent says: "You start letting the people come in here and stay overnight and the next thing you know they're making your hotel a home away from home. I'll have none of that here." His point is that when upstairs in bed a customer is incapable of spending money. He prefers to have them spend their money in the bar and then get home between drinks, refreshing themselves at the Dolphin but their pocketbooks elsewhere.

As a rule, Nugent's efforts to get his customers out of his way do not require the services of a bouncer. In long years he has developed a skill in the art which makes assistance of this sort superfluous. A good example of his technique was afforded a few weeks ago when a well-known turf accountant tried to persuade Nugent to give him a drink after hours. Turf accountant is Dublinese for bookmaker, a profession almost as highly regarded in the Irish capital as that of a publican. This particular accountant was one of the most famous in the city but Nugent characteristically refused to allow this fact to influence his decision. Although enjoying a nightcap himself, he flatly refused to give his guest a drop.

"What you can do is go out to the bar and if you can find anything there you can have it," Nugent said. Then, to guests at his own table, added, "He'll get nothing there. It's shut up tight."

The turf accountant returned to the dining room after a few minutes corroborating this prophecy, and renewed his pleas. "For God's sake give me a drink. I'm cold, Jack, I'm cold," he begged in a pitiful tone.

Nugent eyed him coldly. "Warm your feet, then," said mine host.



Smoking Room of Dolphin is decorated by anonymous mottoes extolling the great virtues of tobacco. Even greater virtues of liquor need no such official confirmation.

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Jiminy Christmas!

Presents...and Santa Claus ...and exciting things to eat!



Nothing like Christmas!

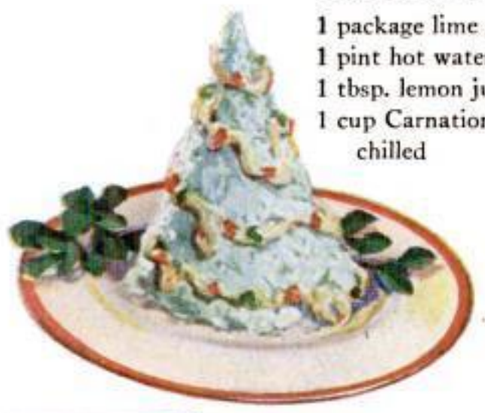
It's cram full of high spots! And some of them are certainly the special things you get to eat. Like this Christmas Tree Salad, made with Carnation. It's all dolled up, as you see—but underneath the prettiness it's chock full of the good nourishment this milk is famous for.

Any old day of the year Carnation is nutritionally tops! It's *double*-rich in milk solids, with nothing removed but part of the natural water. And it's irradiated for extra "sunshine" vitamin D, which is especially important when a winter sun is skimpy and its rays are weak.

Hiking up the family milk quota is no problem at all—when you cook with Carnation. Then they can "eat" their milk, too—every precious milk solid. Counts just the same nutritionally! And it has a fine way of making things taste creamy smooth and wonderful.

Want to try some top notch milk-rich dishes that shove glamour into wartime meals? Read the offer below and get out your pen. This brand new free booklet is as full of good things as a Christmas stocking!

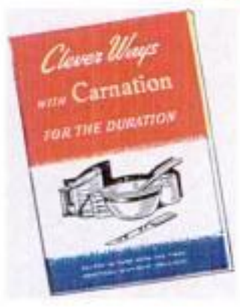
CHRISTMAS TREE SALAD



1 package lime gelatin
1 pint hot water
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup Carnation Milk, chilled

For decorating: ½ cup mayonnaise, bits of red apple, cream cheese, green pepper strips.

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When it begins to set, whip the chilled Carnation till very stiff, using cold bowl and beater. Add lemon juice and fold into gelatin. Pour into cone shaped paper cups, held upright in jars. When firm, place in ice box. Unmold to serve. Garnish with mayonnaise, apple, pepper, cheese. Makes 6-8 "trees."



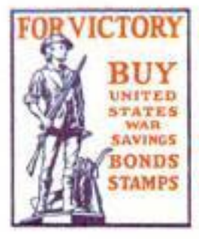
FREE! NEW, TIMELY BOOKLET

of milk-rich dishes built around the 7 Basic Food Groups. Treasured recipes of famous food editors. Your easy way to serve delicious, nourishing meals, easy on ration points. Ask for "Clever Ways With Carnation For The Duration." Address Carnation Co., Dept. L-29, Milwaukee, Wis., or Toronto, Ont.

IRRADIATED
Carnation
"FROM CONTENTED COWS"



Milk



TUNE IN THE CARNATION "CONTENTED HOUR" MONDAY EVENINGS, NBC NETWORK

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When "Peace on Earth" Returns...

Philco leadership will bring you the new miracles of war research in radio, television, refrigeration and air conditioning

CHRISTMAS 1943 . . . the march of tyranny has been halted . . . the cause of freedom is on the move. As we redouble the fight for Victory, we dare now to look to the future with new courage and hope.

At Philco, men of science are concerned with the tasks of war, the development of amazing new weapons in radio, communications and ordnance. In their laboratories and production lines, a new Christmas is being born . . . the Christmas of the bright new world to come.

When "peace on earth" returns . . . Philco will be ready with *new* knowledge and *new* skill to take the lead again in bringing you the new comforts, convenience and entertainment of that bright new world. Through the legacy of war research, Philco will bring untold joys of radio and television to your home for some Christmas of the future. New conceptions of modern living will be yours in a Philco Refrigerator and Air Conditioner.

Today it is our job to work for that vision of tomorrow. For all America, the spirit of Christmas 1943 is to toil and save for the day when *"peace on earth"* returns . . . with Victory.

That spirit is expressed in *War Bonds*. They are gifts to our men at the front, that they may have the strength to conquer; they are gifts to ourselves, that we may have the means to enjoy the fruits of peace.

Buy War Bonds for Christmas!

PHILCO
CORPORATION

We waste not the Meat



Waste not the food of war. With proud and thankful hearts let's give our fighters the meat to fight on

This year a lot of boys are spending their holidays in faraway lands. This time a lot of boys will be eating Christmas dinner from a mess kit.

Lest we forget, the ounce of meat we save is an ounce of insurance that our meat is being used more effectively as a weapon of war.

Among all foods, meat may well be regarded by meal planners as "*the yardstick of protein foods*" because of the high nutritional values which it brings to the table: complete, high-quality proteins, essential B vitamins (thiamine, riboflavin, niacin) and important minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus).

That's why women are learning to prepare with new glamour the cuts available from day to day, all of which contain the same nutritional essentials—every cut of which has its own distinctive flavor.

That's why all of us are learning to relish every single bit of meat . . . every last drop of that good meat gravy.

These nutritional essentials (proteins, B vitamins, minerals) are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent—must be supplied in the daily foods we eat.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

THIS SEAL

means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE • • • Chicago

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TWO THUNDERBOLTS, BOUND FOR A SWEEP OVER EUROPE, PASS BY MRS. STANHOPE'S HOME. SHE USED TO WAVE GOODBY TO HUSBAND FROM HERE WHEN HE WENT ON RAIDS

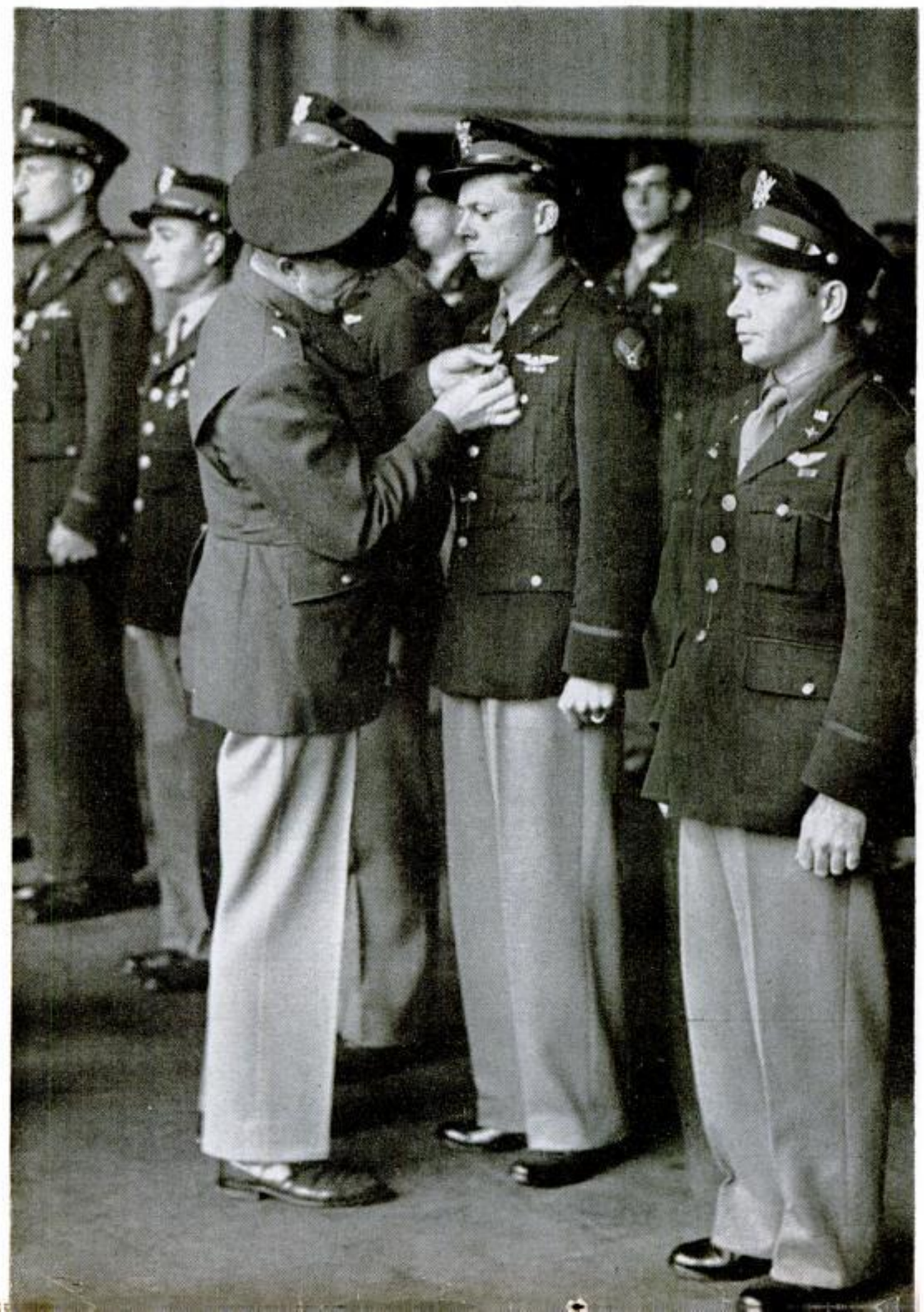
PILOT'S WIFE

English girl waits for her U. S. husband, a prisoner in Germany

The loneliest of all war wives are those whose husbands are prisoners of the enemy. Cut off from all communication except for a few postcards, they must pin their hopes on final peace or the rare chance of an exchange. Their lot is to wait, to keep themselves busy and their hope alive. One such wife is luckier than most, for she is working at and living near the fighter field from which her husband, Thunderbolt pilot, flew before his capture in September.

She is an English girl named Muriel who married Lieut. Aubrey Stanhope, member of the Eagle Squadron. On his transfer to the USAAF, they moved into a small white house at the edge of his new field. They lived there while Lieut. Stanhope built up a record of 90 missions, destroyed three Nazi planes and was awarded the DFC. Now Mrs. Stanhope waves to her husband's friends (*above*) as they roar overhead and dreams of the day when he will return.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS WAS AWARDED TO LIEUT. STANHOPE LAST SUMMER



PRETTY MURIEL STANHOPE IS COMRADE AND CONFIDANT OF HER HUSBAND'S FRIENDS



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

material



Find the store clerks all busy?

Pushing crowds make you dizzy?

Work yourself into a tizzy?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH

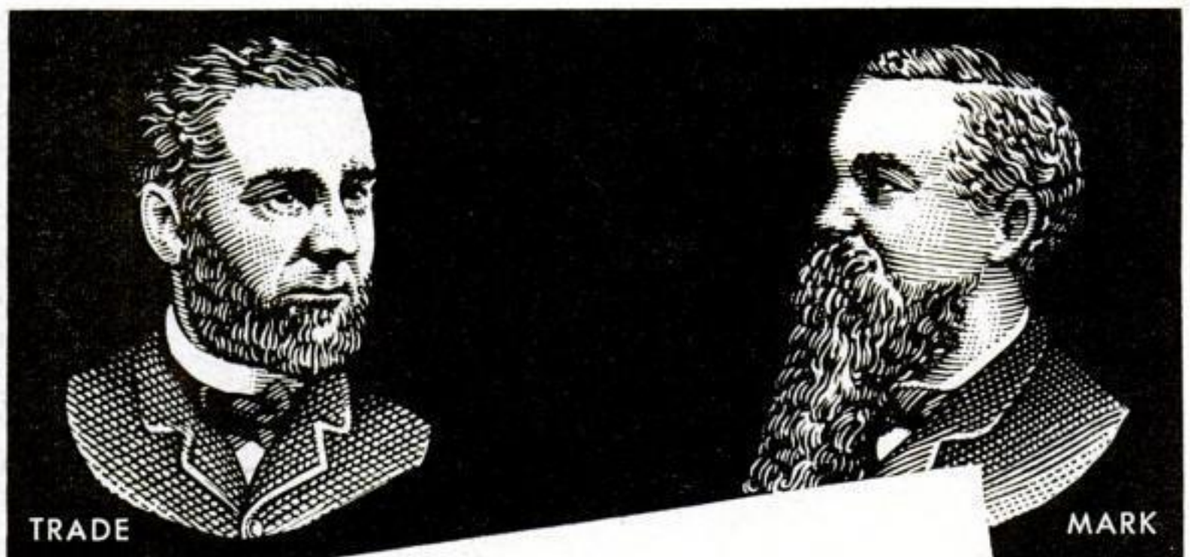
LIPTON'S !



Flavory, fragrant Lipton Tea is more than a swell-tasting drink.

It'll help smooth you down when you're jumpy and jittery — or give you a lift when you're feeling weary!

Lipton Tea tastes so much better! People buy more of it than any other brand!



HELP

There's a shortage of Smith Bros. Cough Drops because our output is war-reduced. You can help others get their fair share by buying only as many as you really need.

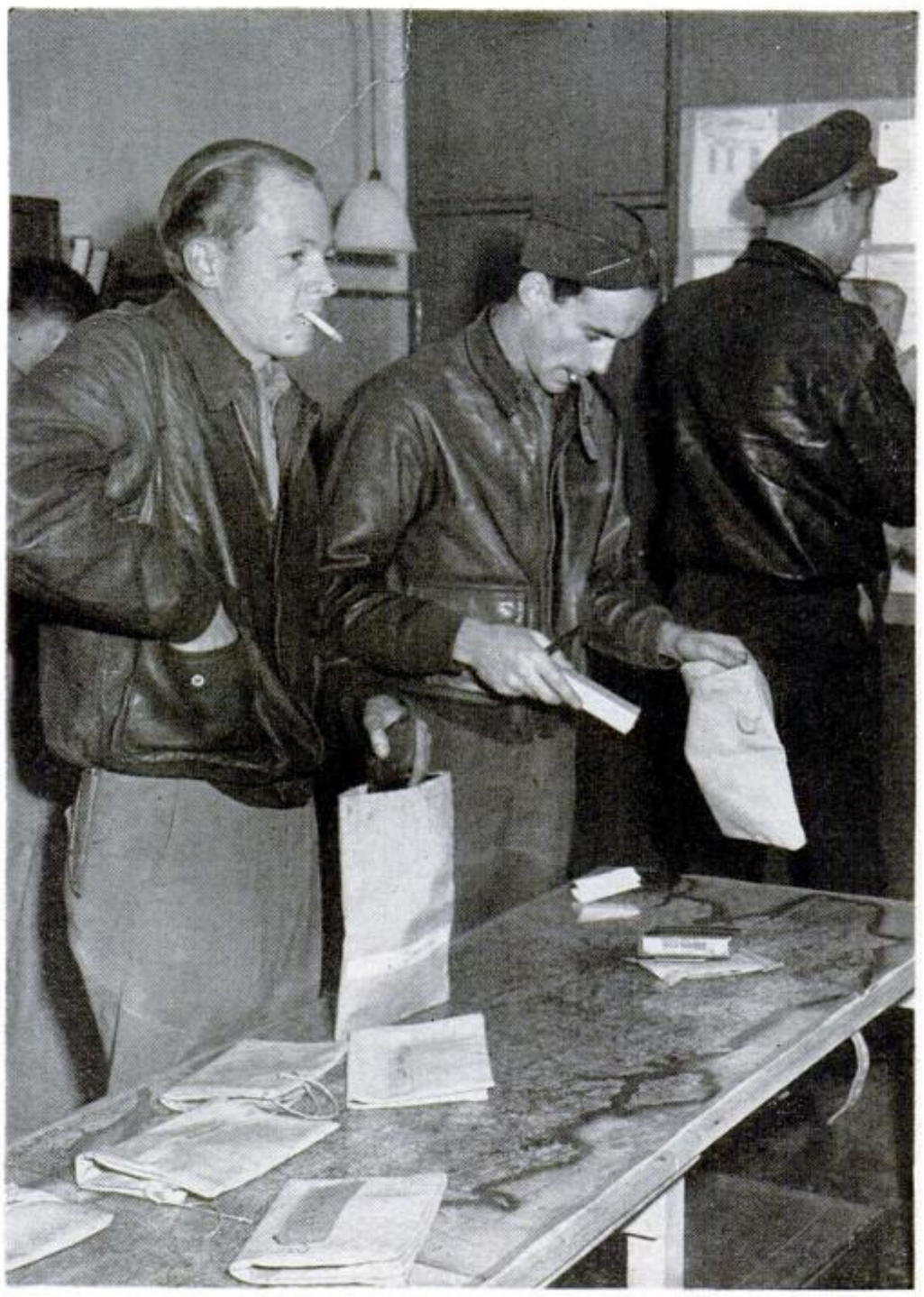
Since 1847—and during five wars—Smith Bros. have given relief from coughs due to colds. Still only 5¢. A nickel checks that tickle!

SOOTHINGLY YOURS

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

Black or Menthol—5¢

Pilot's Wife (continued)



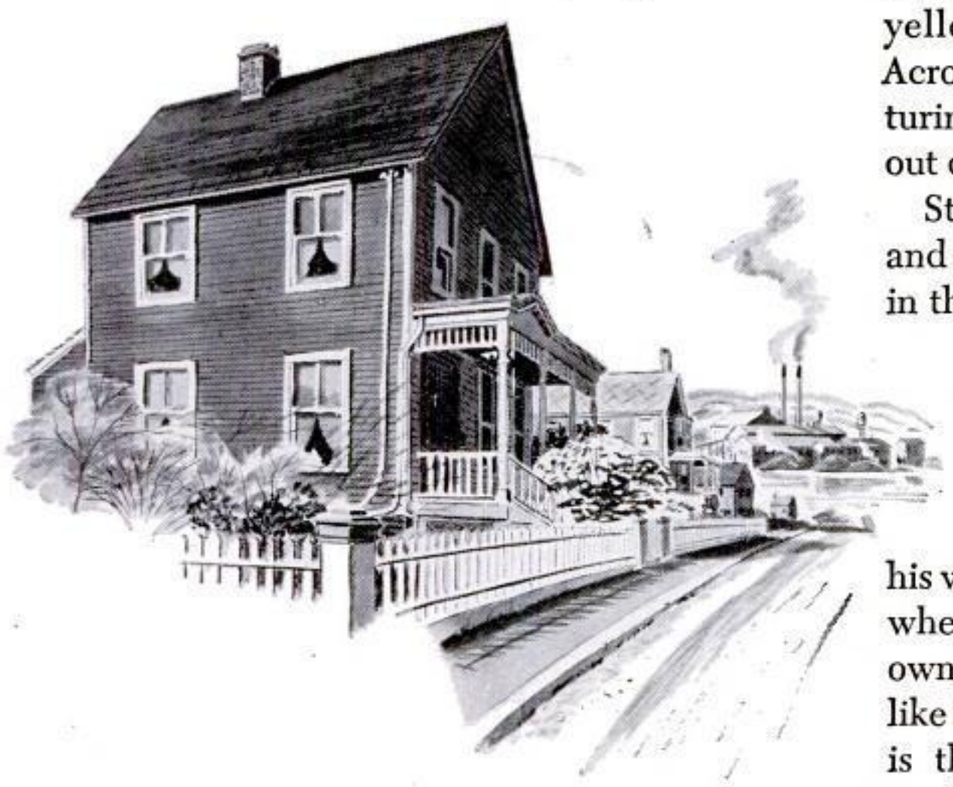
Back from a raid, Lieut. Stanhope collected the personal belongings he had left at his base. Then he used to cycle home to his wife who was always waiting for him.



Meeting his wife after a raid was always the high spot of Lieut. Stanhope's day. She remembers how he would jump eagerly from his bicycle as he coasted up to her.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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IT'S a small house on a side street in a suburban town. Outside the withered stalks of last summer's victory garden show yellowish-green in the frosty sunlight. Across the valley the buildings of a manufacturing plant cut great rectangular chunks out of the sky-line.

Stand in the right spot in the living-room and with one sweep of the eyes you can take in the framed diploma on the wall, the victory garden, and the massive buildings of the manufacturing plant. Joe Johanson will show you how, while his wife smiles and nods at his side. In that one sweep you encompass what to Joe and his wife is the meaning of America; the plant where Joe is free to work—at work of his own choosing; the victory garden, which, like the war bonds in the safety-deposit box, is their reminder that all Americans are working together to keep America free; and the little framed diploma which is the symbol of equal opportunity.

The diploma was given to Joe's son on the day of his graduation from the local high school. Joe will tell you that when the war is over his son is coming back to finish college. Then who knows? Maybe some day this son of his will be superintendent of the plant across the valley; maybe a great lawyer; maybe a banker; maybe President of this wonderful country. Who knows—in America?

Joe will tell you that his son would have had that diploma even if something had happened to Joe himself. The life insurance policy would have made sure of that. That again is America where opportunity is not denied even in the face of disaster. And Joe will tell you further that his wife will not have to sacrifice the little home nor the war bonds no matter what happens. Joe has seen to that. He has just been over his life insurance with his life insurance agent. Joe and his wife look forward confidently to their own future and to the future of America.

The framed diploma on the living-room wall



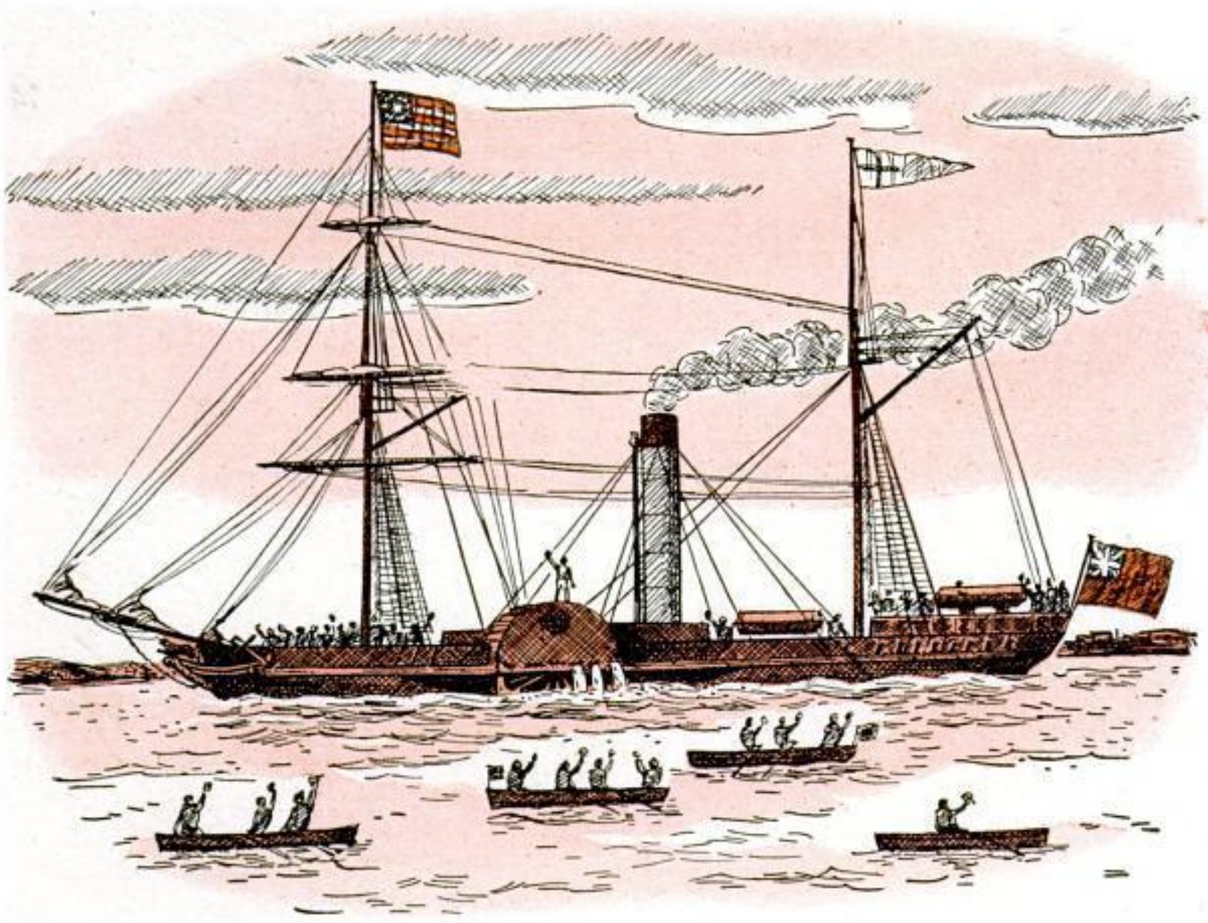
THOSE who prepare for the future look to the future with confidence. Today, as always, its uncertainties are lessened for those who make sure through a review of their life insurance that in the event of personal disaster families will be kept together, children will be kept in school, and homes and war bonds will not have to be sacrificed to meet immediate needs.

If you review your life insurance with a John Hancock agent you get the benefit of an experience of more than eighty years in fitting life insurance to the needs and incomes of families in every walk of life, the experience of the John Hancock Company. Out of that experience a John Hancock agent will help you to fit your life insurance to your specific needs and obligations.

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
GUY W. COX, President

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The Ship is different today



English Steam Packet of the early 19th century

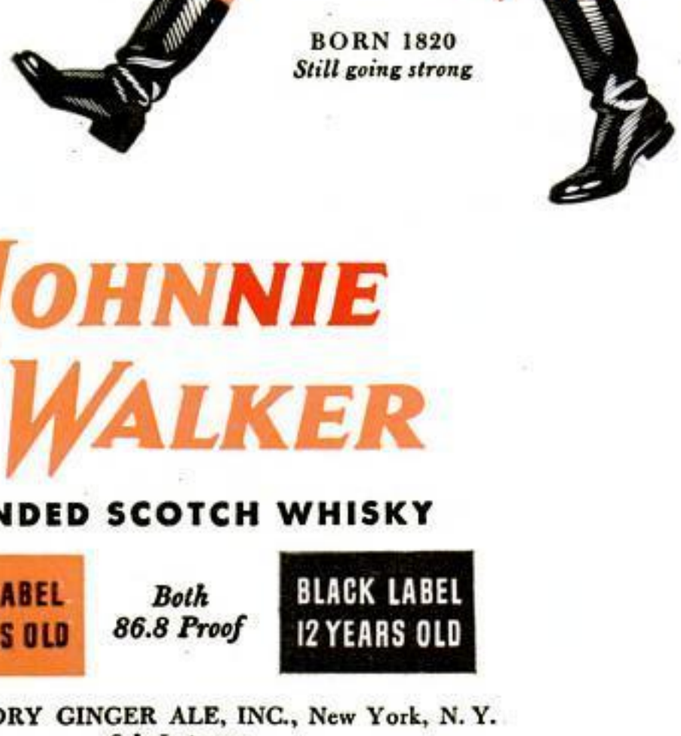
BUT this Passenger is still the same!

Still as distinctively mellow and smooth as the day it first came over from Scotland . . . that's Johnnie Walker.



Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle —but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.





JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL 8 YEARS OLD — *Both 86.8 Proof* — BLACK LABEL 12 YEARS OLD

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS & STAMPS



Greeting his wife with kiss was another part of the daily ritual. Though glad he is safe, Mrs. Stanhope would prefer to have him facing danger and still coming home.



Eating breakfast alone is a hard part of Mrs. Stanhope's new life. Her picture on cover was taken in window of their house, from which she leaned to wave to husband.



Reading card from prison camp gives Mrs. Stanhope new courage. Since his capture, in September she works for mess secretary at the field, likes to talk shop with fliers.

Copyrighted material

Mr. and Mrs. Miniver
together again!

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON





give their best

performance

in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Presented by M-G-M

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION
with HENRY TRAVERS, ROBERT WALKER, DAME MAY WHITTY, ELSA BASSERMAN, VAN JOHNSON, ALBERT BASSERMAN, C. AUBREY SMITH, VICTOR FRANCEN, REGINALD OWEN, MARGARET O'BRIEN.
Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN and PAUL H. RAMEAU
Based on the book "MADAME CURIE" by EVE CURIE

Copyrighted material



1. Ice cream store new style . . . You may not be able to get ice cream in *all* the prewar flavors. You can't get that big gob of whipped cream on top of your dream sundae. But there's still ice cream! And the ice cream fountain is still America's favorite spot for boy to treat girl, for shoppers to refresh themselves, for working folks to relax and talk things over, for school kids to gather after the game—for *everybody!*

If you like ice cream—please read this!

You all know that there hasn't been as much ice cream around this last year.

Your dealer hasn't always been able to supply you with all you wanted.

He hasn't always had your favorite flavor . . .

Naturally, you've been disappointed. But you've taken it pretty much in your patriotic stride!

You know, of course, that some of the wonderful things that go into ice cream are needed for other vital foods . . . foods like butter, cheese, evaporated milk, powdered milk!

By diverting some milk and cream from ice cream, America is able to produce more of these other foods *for the home folks,* as well as for our armed forces. (For example—restrictions on ice cream sales have released enough cream to make about 100,000,000 additional pounds of butter!)

But that's just part of the story . . .

A lot of the ice cream you haven't been getting is going to our armed forces. Our boys in the camps get more ice cream, and get it oftener than civilians. Both because it's *good* for them—and because they love it!

Army and Navy dietitians are well aware that ice cream is nourishing food. It's rich in body-building proteins; a source of Vitamin A; supplies B_1 and B_2, and food minerals; teems with calcium needed for teeth and bones!

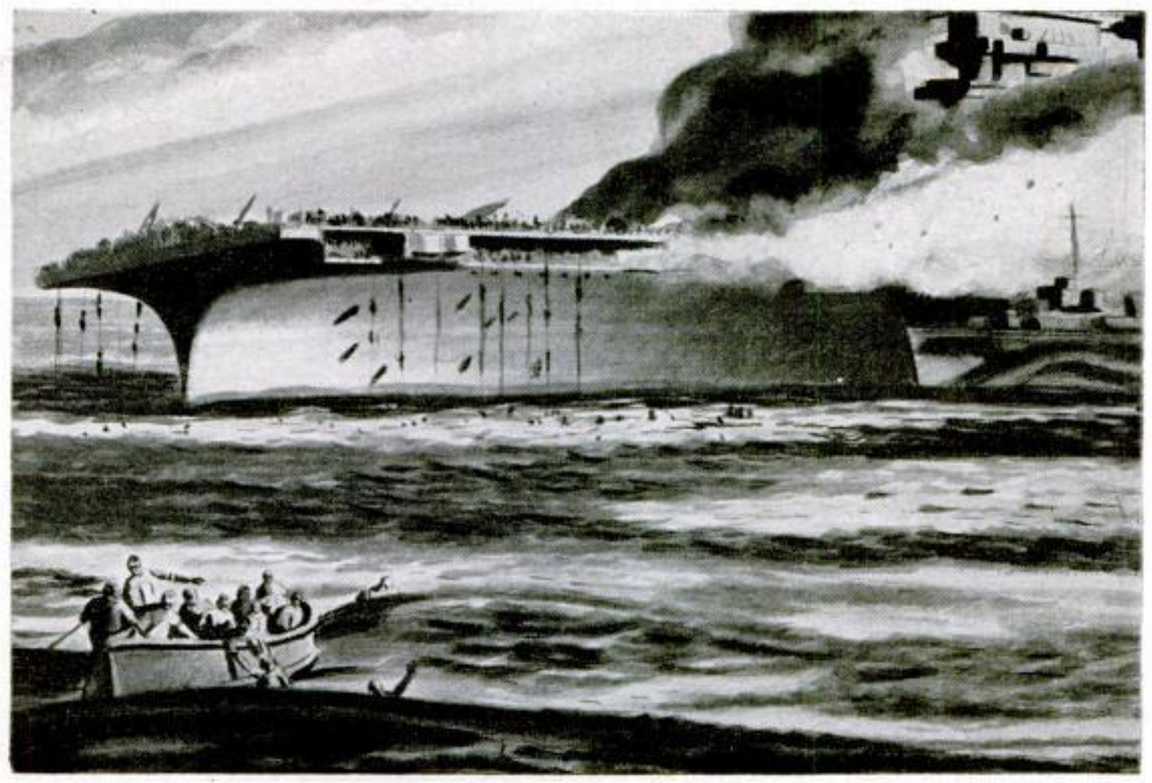
Because ice cream *is* a "Basic 7" Food (so listed by our government), you'll want to have as much as you can for your enjoyment and health!

Because we appreciate your patronage, we make this promise: We'll produce all we can within patriotic limits; and distribute it fairly. But we will, of course, maintain quality, and adhere to all of Uncle Sam's regulations.

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2. "Pick up" on wheels . . . War-working America finds that ice cream eaten during rest periods refreshes them, picks up their energy, gives them new "go" . . . *Yes!* More people are eating ice cream today than ever before, more people are realizing what fine *food* it is—and that reduces the amount available to each individual!



3. Ice cream at Sea! . . . Ice cream goes to sea with the fleet—because the boys love it, and because it's good, nourishing food! . . . Remember how the boys on the sinking carrier U.S.S. Lexington stopped at the galley for a last scoop of ice cream before they went over the side into the Coral Sea?



4. Ice cream—on the double quick! . . . When a wounded U.S. soldier reaches the hospital, he gets first, a hot bath; then any food (within reason) he wants. And *thousands ask for their favorite—ice cream!* It says "home" to them. It gives their spirits a lift, their energy a boost. It's the one food that's both a treat and a bracer.



5. Sherbets and fruit ices . . . Real treats on the home front . . . Are you enjoying the smooth new sherbets and ices? *They* are available in quantity. They require fewer dairy ingredients than ice cream, but are *packed* with vitamin-rich fresh fruits and fruit juices. Tangy, *taste-tantalizing!* . . . and wholesome *energy* food!



6. Let the whole family enjoy them! . . . Ask for sherbets and fruit ices at your dealer's. In cones or cups, they're favorites with the youngsters. For eating-at-home treats, buy sherbets in pint packages. Or in combination packages of ice cream and sherbet.

Borden's

ICE CREAM

MILK SHERBETS and FRUIT ICES

Enjoy them when you can—

They're all fine, nourishing food!

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LED BY A SEMINARIAN CARRYING ARCHBISHOP'S CROSS, PROCESSION MARCHES TO CATHEDRAL. ARCHBISHOP IS AT REAR. ON OUTSIDE, IN CAPES, ARE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

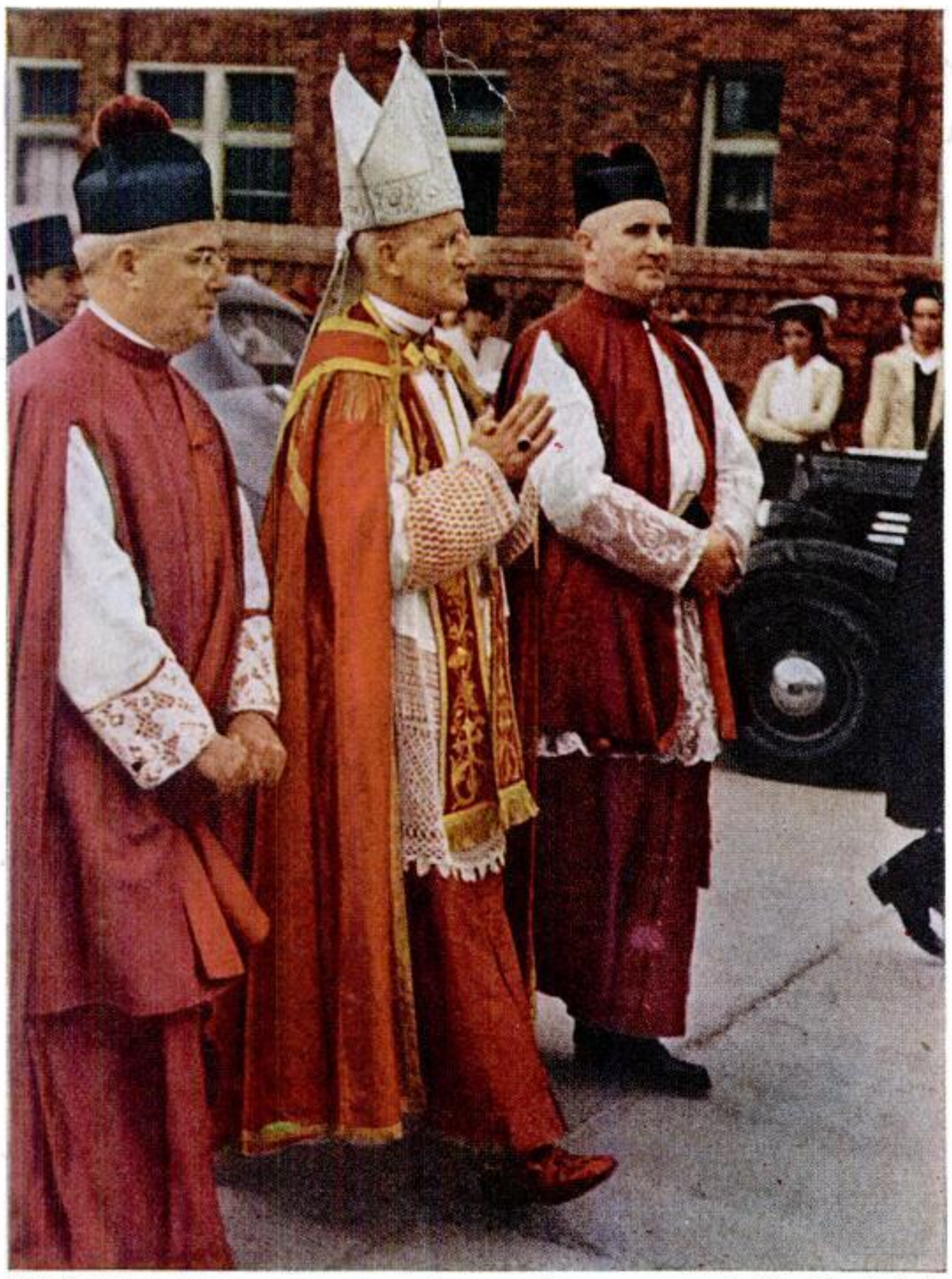
Archbishop of Santa Fe

Edwin Byrne, Archbishop of Santa Fe, took over his duties early last autumn. The photographs on the following pages show his colorful installation. As he stood in the Cathedral of St. Francis, the new Archbishop spoke of the men whose work had built up the Roman Catholic Church in the Southwest. The man whose memory meant most in the cathedral was John Baptist Lamy, who built the cathedral and was buried in it, and who is best known to most Americans as the central figure of Willa Cather's novel, *Death comes for the Archbishop.*

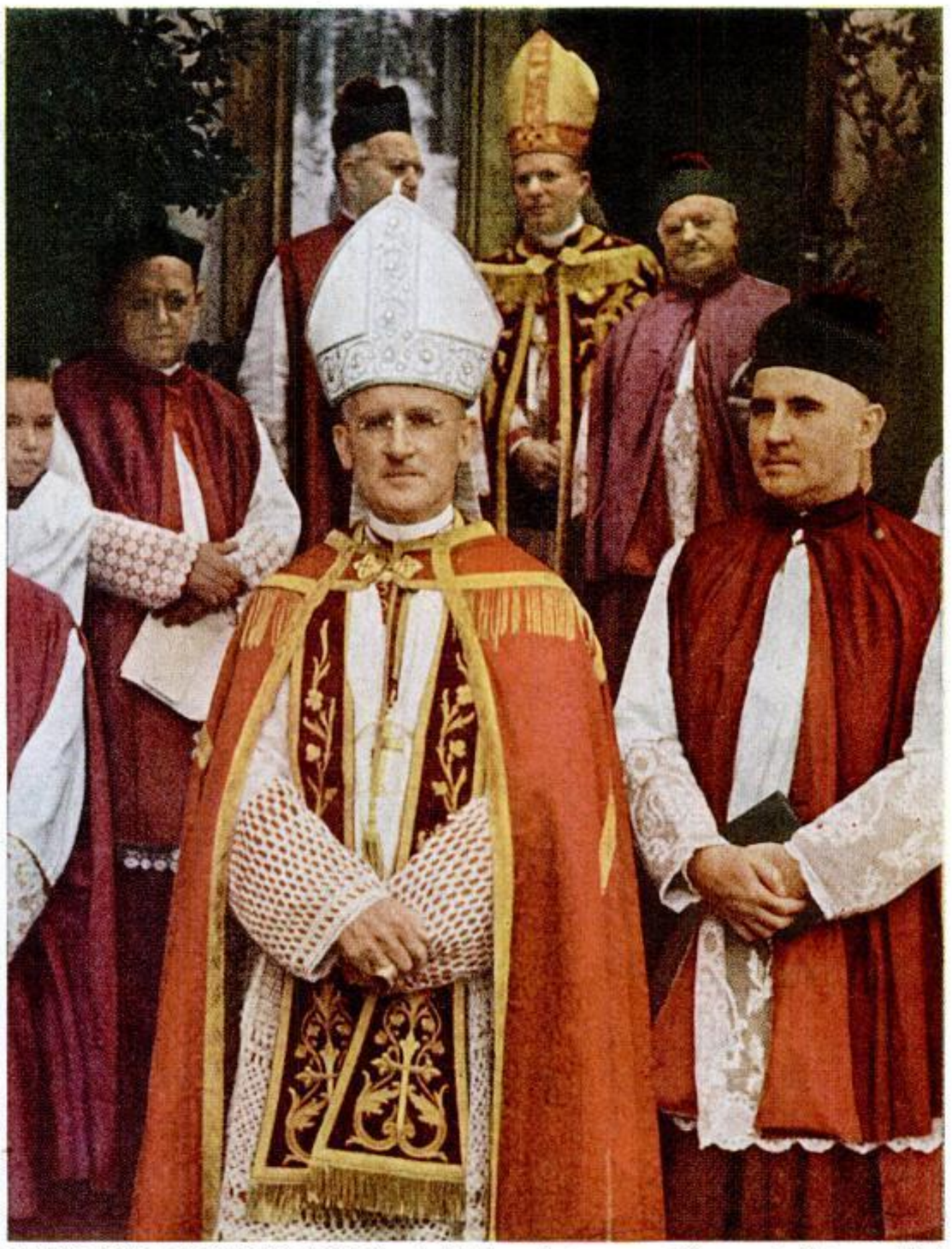
When Bishop Lamy came to Santa Fe in 1851, there was no procession to celebrate his coming. Instead there was cold hostility from the Mexican priests. Though newly arrived after an arduous journey, Bishop Lamy set out on a 1,500-mile trip by horseback into Mexico to establish friendly relations with the old bishop. Long trips on horseback and rough hardship became commonplace in the bishop's life as he traveled through the five territories of his diocese, working with strict kindliness to bring strength and order to the Church.

Lamy never went back to his native France. He stayed in New Mexico until his death in 1888. In her novel, Willa Cather gives a poetic reason for his staying. "In New Mexico," she wrote of the Archbishop, "he always awoke a young man. His first consciousness was a sense of the light dry wind blowing in through the windows, with the fragrance of hot sun and sagebrush and sweet clover; a wind that made one's body feel light and one's heart cry 'Today, today,' like a child's."

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THROUGH THE STREETS OF SANTA FE, the procession moves towards the old cathedral. Here it passes the parochial school. Flanking Archbishop Byrne are his two chaplains.



ON THE STEPS OF HIS RESIDENCE, the Archbishop-elect pauses. He wears tall two-pointed miter on head, long cope (cape), narrow stole around neck. Stole is symbol of immortality.



SETTING OUT FOR THE CATHEDRAL, the Archbishop-elect is followed by Archbishop Robert Lucey of San Antonio who represented the absent apostolic delegate. Usually, the Vatican sends a papal bull which is read when the new archbishop is installed. But none could come directly from Rome this year and instead a decree from the apostolic delegate was read.

Copyrighted material

Archbishop (continued)



IN THE DUSKY CATHEDRAL, which glows with the rich reds and golds of churchly robes, the Archbishop-elect sits upon his new throne. The 51-year-old Archbishop was born in Philadelphia, served as Navy chaplain during the last war, went to Philippines where he eventually became a vicar-general. He returned to the U. S. in 1925 to be consecrated a bishop.



WITH HIS CROSIER, sign of his authority, the Archbishop gives a blessing. In installation address he spoke of Church of New Mexico as the "fruit of the martyrdom and sacrifices of the heroes of yesterday." "The ground here," he said, "is holy, watered with the blood of martyrs." When ceremony was over, he went back through the streets to his residence.

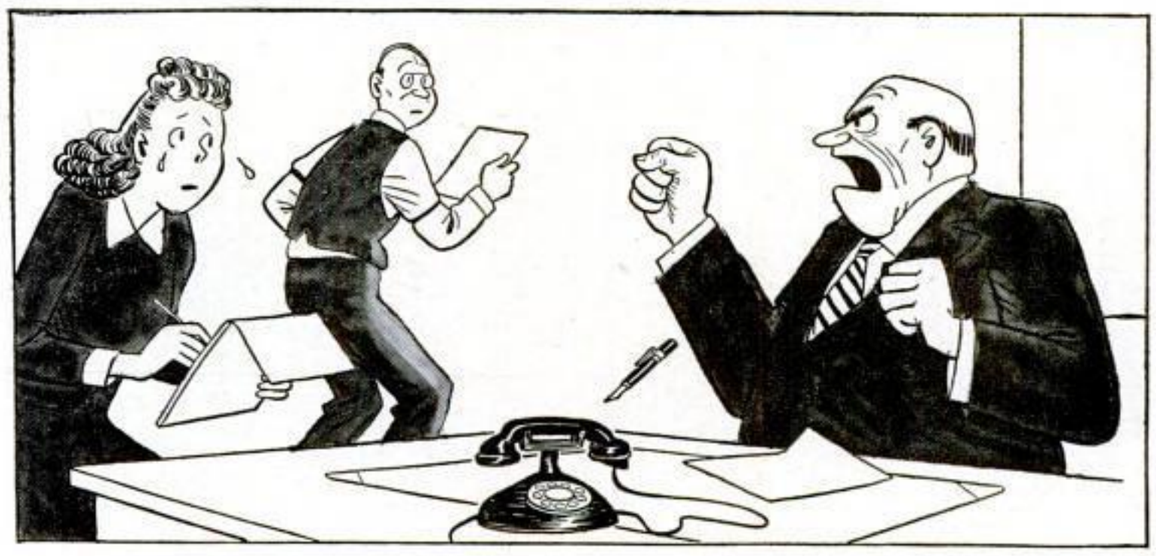
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How to be Calm & Serene...

though less than 400 years old!



1. What do you know! Here's your old friend Mona Lisa. The old girl has been through dozens of wars, plagues, invasions, thefts—but she's still smiling. Nothing bothers Mona Lisa.



2. Mona has no nerves. She doesn't need sleep. And she doesn't drink coffee. But you have nerves; you have worries; you need plenty of sleep. And you love coffee.

3. If you're one of those people whose nerves are jangled by the caffein in coffee, that may be why you can't sleep, and why you act like (excuse us!) a sourpuss all day.



4. But there's a way out of your dilemma...a wonderful way called Sanka Coffee. Sanka is real, delicious coffee—with 97% of the caffein removed. It simply can't rob you of precious sleep.

5. When you drink Sanka, you enjoy all the warmth and cheer of superb coffee, and avoid the harmful effects of caffein. Because only caffein, the sleep-destroyer, is removed from Sanka Coffee.



6. Sanka's flavor is strictly from heaven. And you coffee-hounds can make it as strong as you like--for the caffein is out of it. If you use a percolator, "perk" Sanka a little longer than usual.

7. The old smile will come back when you start drinking Sanka Coffee. You'll sleep nights, soundly and restfully, with a look on your face that says "sweet dreams." Don't be surprised if--



8. Your wife (or your husband) asks you next morning, "Who was that lady (or man) you smiled at in your sleep last night?" This very day--try delicious Sanka Coffee! A product of General Foods.



FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM

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DREAM GIRLS

THEY MODEL A TROUSSEAU AS PART OF FANTASY FAD

If current and forthcoming movies signify a persistent cinematic trend, then Hollywood likes to dream. Six recent productions—*No Time for Love, Du Barry Was a Lady, I Dood It, Flesh and Fantasy, The Constant Nymph* and *Happy Land*—contain scenes in which characters have plain or fancy dreams. The forthcoming

SIX-FOOT HELEN O'HARA WEARS BLACK NET EVENING DRESS WITH HEART-SHAPED BODICE



KATHERINE BOOTH WEARS LOUNGING PAJAMAS OVER TIGHT BLACK LACE TROUSERS



This Is the Life, Eve of St. Mark, Lady in the Dark, Meet Me in St. Louis and *Two Sisters and a Sailor* also evidence an absorption with reveries. Directors presumably have found that they can do fantastic things in the gossamer realm of sleep that they couldn't possibly get away with in waking moments on the screen.

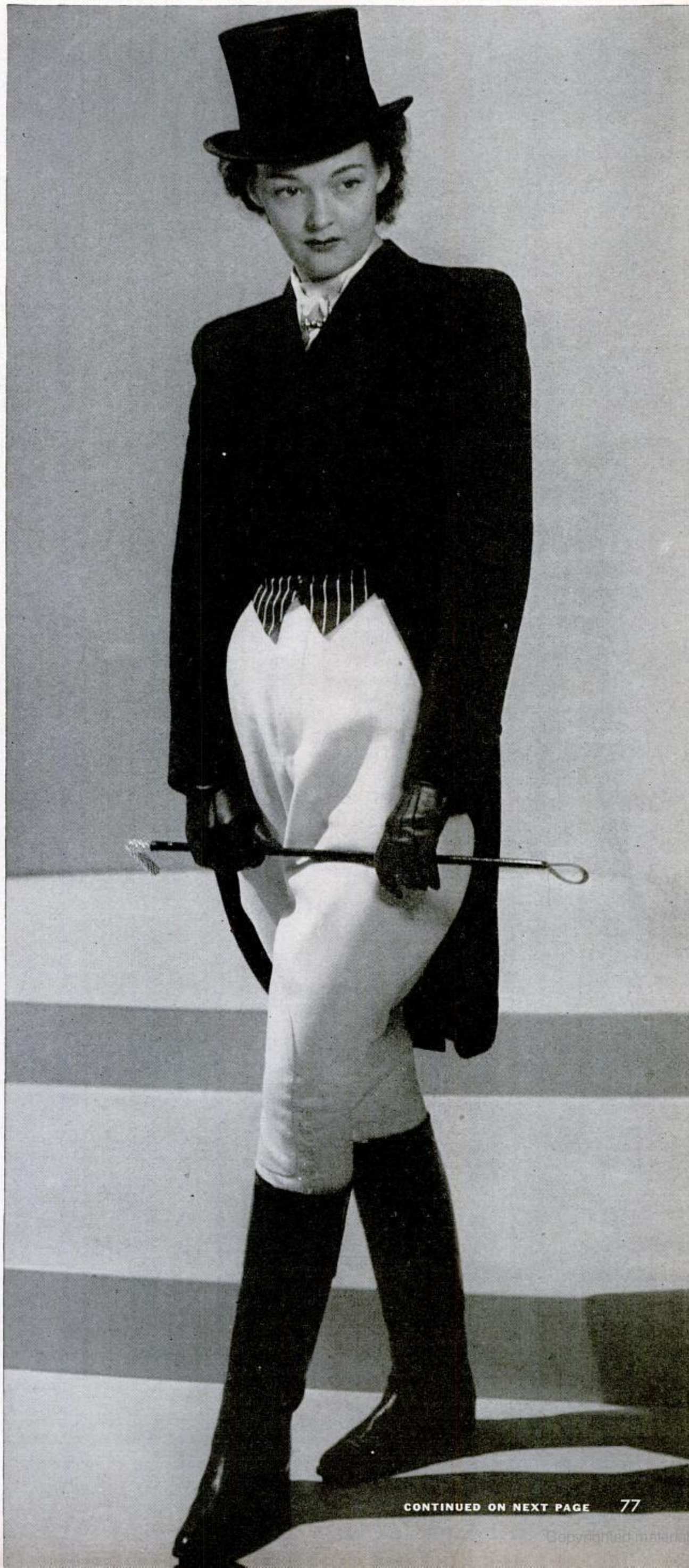
Dreams can be very pleasant. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Two Sisters and a Sailor*, for example, includes a sequence in which the heroine dreams she is selecting a trousseau. As mannequins, a bevy of dreams walking model the chic creations of M-G-M Designer Irene. Four of them are exhibited below. For no good reason M-G-M has decided to call these little numbers "pin-up fashions."

Inasmuch as the mannequins who parade about in this sequence are lovely to look at, it appears unlikely that audiences at *Two Sisters and a Sailor* will worry unduly about the implications, if any, of the dream.

KAY WILLIAMS WEARS BLACK, PLEATED CHIFFON NIGHTGOWN WITH LACE APPLIQUE

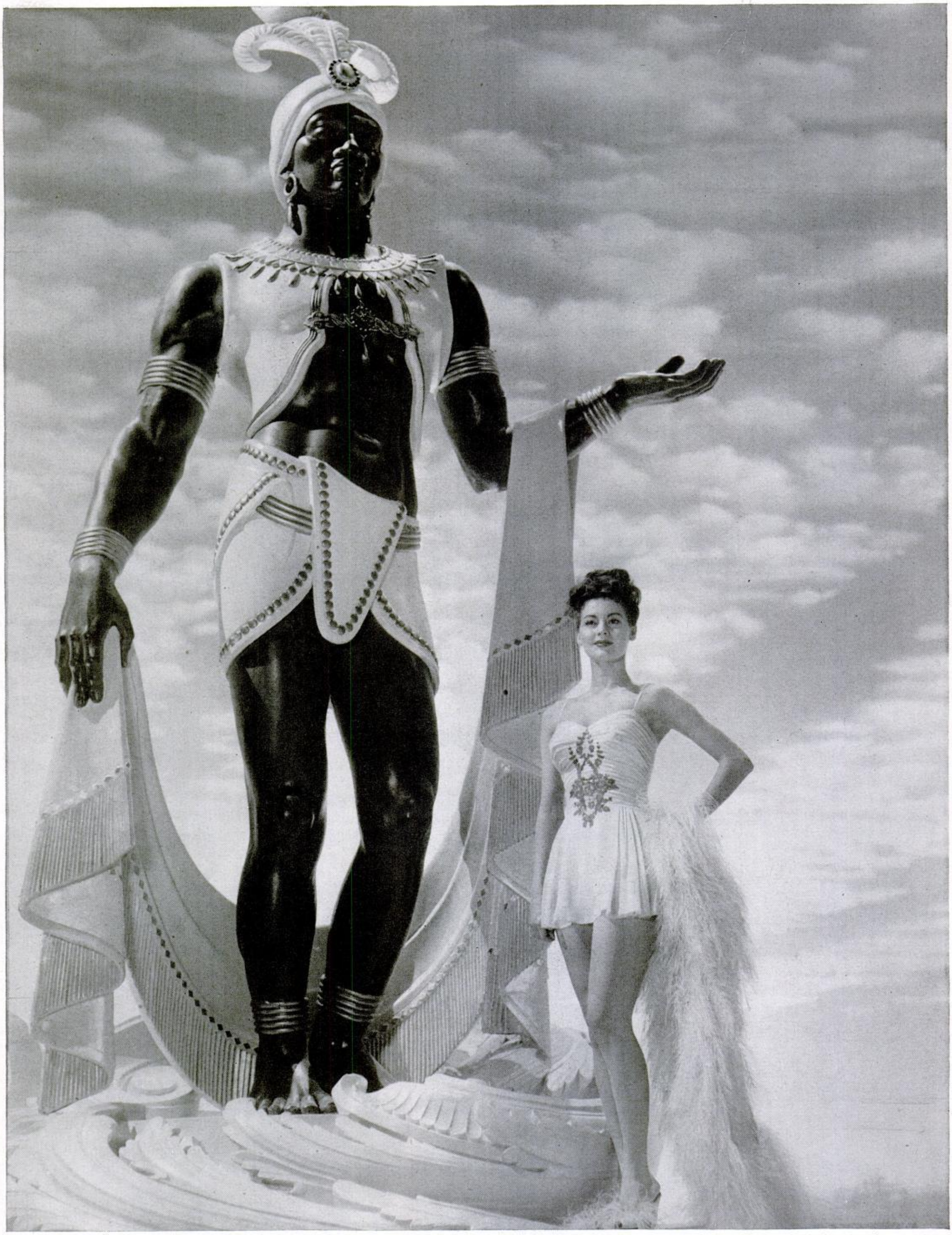


ALICE EYLAND WEARS A RIDING HABIT WITH MAN'S EVENING COAT, STRIPED WAISTCOAT



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Short negligee made of peach chiffon with yards of feather scarf is worn by Ava Gardner, who was formerly married to Mickey Rooney. Here she poses beside a 15-ft. blackamoor which decorates the coutourier's salon where dream sequence in *Two Sisters and a Sailor* takes place. Designer Irene calls a design like this "one flight above high style."

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A true incident from the battle at Kasserine Pass

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE MIGHTY JEEP

SIGNAL CORPS UNIT BEATS RING OF DEATH

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

1st Lieutenant, U. S. Army Signal Corps, as a result of the following exploit during the victorious drive on Bizerte, was "awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action, outstanding leadership, courage and initiative." His report states:

☆ ☆ ☆

"Our post was right up there in the front line—and our job was to keep communications open between staff headquarters and the units in action.

"We were damned short of transportation vehicles, but with three tough little Jeeps and a couple of trucks we had fought our way up front to S—— through an inky blackout and a mass of traffic the night before—Tuesday.

"At about 1900 hours (7 P.M.) on Wednesday night, a heavy artillery duel could be plainly heard from our message center. Bombing and strafing were continuous. Our wire layers and repair crews were under enemy fire all the time—but we kept the lines open.

"Then reports coming through showed things weren't going so good out there. It looked like our little town of S—— might be encircled, and us with it, at any moment.

"At about 2100 hours (9 P.M.) some French soldiers came to us for hand grenades to blow up the civilian switchboard they had been operating and to go out with us when we left.

"But our Corps Signal Officer told them to put the switchboard out on the sidewalk and that we would pick it up when and *if* we left.

Things got worse out there so I sent most of our wire crews and messengers back. Just enough of us stayed on to keep the message center going.

"We had just started to cut our circuits when an ammunition dump about a hundred yards from us blew up with a loud roar, showering us with sparks and shrapnel. We thought we had caught a direct bomb hit. But when we found out what it really was we kept right on working.

"Finally, at about 0300 hours (3 A.M.), we completed our cutover and were loaded to pull out. We gave our over-burdened Jeeps the gun and they got going. As we left, the whole sky was aflame, and the ammunition dump continued to explode. We were so nearly surrounded that we could hear the machine gun fire only a few hundred yards away.

"It was up to the Jeeps to take us through the only gap left in that ring of death. As we came up to the French Telephone Co. building we saw the switchboard on the sidewalk. We loaded it on the hood of my Jeep and, with this added burden, we beat it out of there through a veritable inferno.

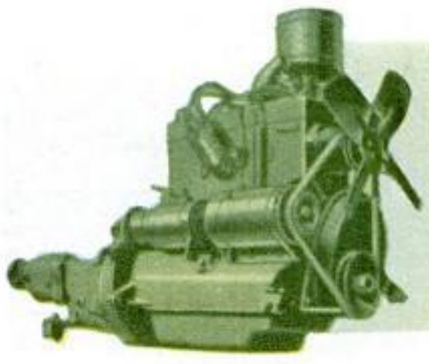
"It was nip and tuck all the way, and if our Jeeps had failed us, even for a moment, our goose would have been cooked. But they didn't fail and we arrived at headquarters, back of the lines, about 0445 hours (4:45 A.M.) with all of our equipment and personnel and only minor casualties."

☆ ☆ ☆

It is *our* great privilege in this war to supply the Willys-built Jeeps that are today serving thousands of brave American and other United Nations fighting men on every battle front in the world, and in every forward-moving invasion. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

WILLYS

JEEPS, MOTOR CARS AND TRUCKS



The fighting heart of every Jeep in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the Jeep "Go-Devil" Engine, which was designed and perfected by Willys-Overland.

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Two things have made Fleetwood the most popular new standard-price cigarette in over 20 years. Flavor-goodness, of course. *And extra protection besides!* Fleetwood promises you a *cleaner*, finer smoke. And Fleetwood keeps that promise. It's a l-o-n-g cigarette. Just *smoke no more* of it than of an old-style shorter kind, and you get *less* nicotine, *less* irritants, *less* tars that stain fingers and teeth. The longer unsmoked end gives extra filtration, extra cleansing, to every puff. Try Fleetwood yourself. *You'll find it's got something you like!*

FLEETWOOD
A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

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ARTIST RUDY'S FELLOW WORKERS AT PENNSYLVANIA PLANE PLANT HELPED HIM WELD THESE ANIMALS AND FIGURES FROM SCRAPS OF STEEL DURING TIME OFF FROM WORK

SCRAP SCULPTURE

An artist-welder in a war plant makes these from leftover steel

The strange animals and figures shown on these pages grew out of small pieces of scrap steel at the Pitcairn-Larsen Autogiro Company's plant at Willow Grove, N. J. They were made by one of America's famous sculptors, Charles Rudy, who works at the plant welding the noses of glider planes.

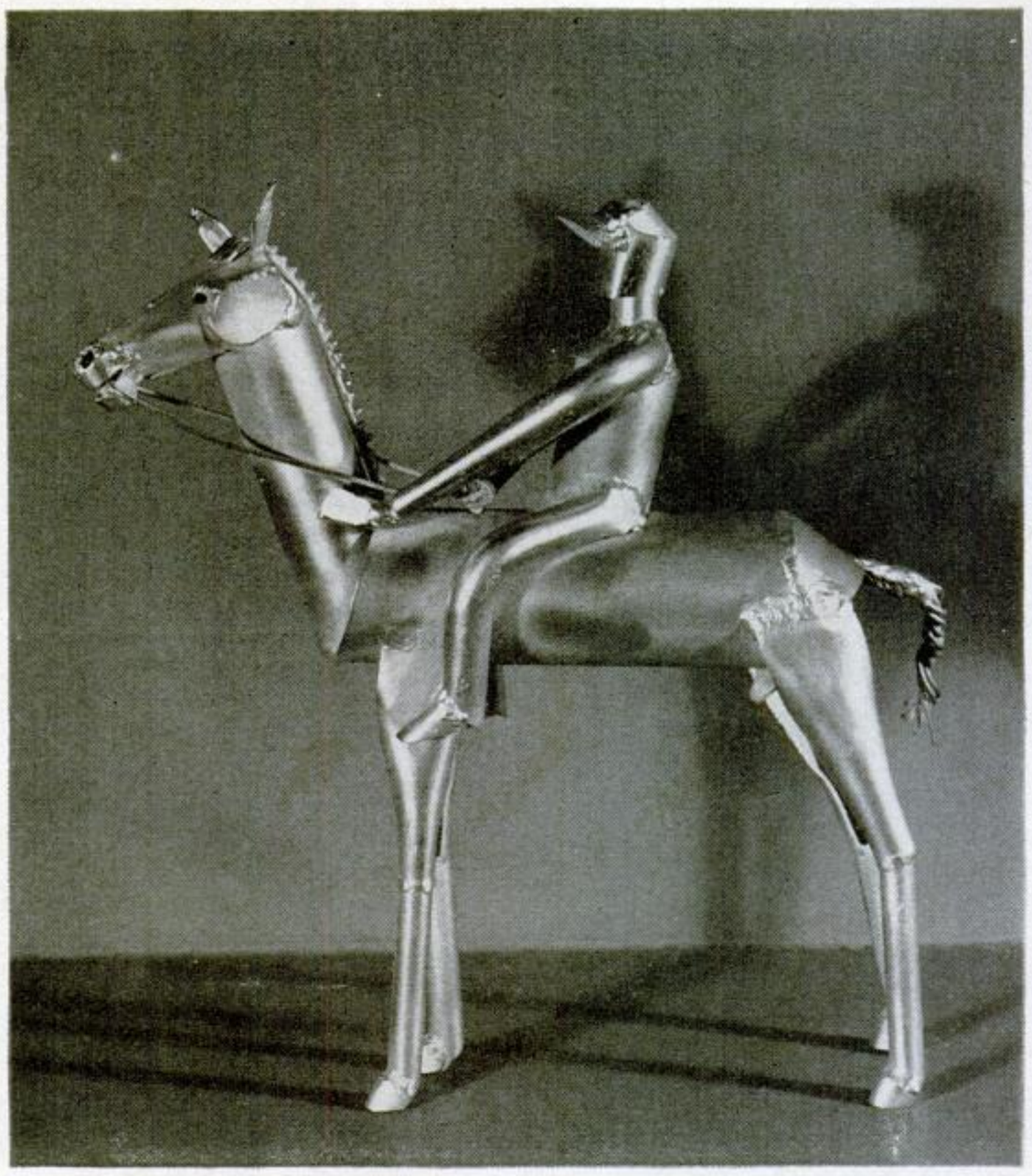
Because he wanted to do war work and because at 39 he was too old for military service, Rudy got a job at the plant six months ago. During time off from work Rudy began to play around with unusable bits of scrap steel left over from regular welding jobs. Soon, to the astonishment of his fellow workers, these lively figures began to take shape. So delighted now are all the plant's welders with these figures that they too keep a sharp lookout for scraps of metal which Rudy can mold into shape.

During weekends on his 70-acre farm in Ottsville, Pa. where he and his wife have lived since 1936, Rudy still is working at his serious monumental figures for which he won a Guggenheim Fellowship last year.

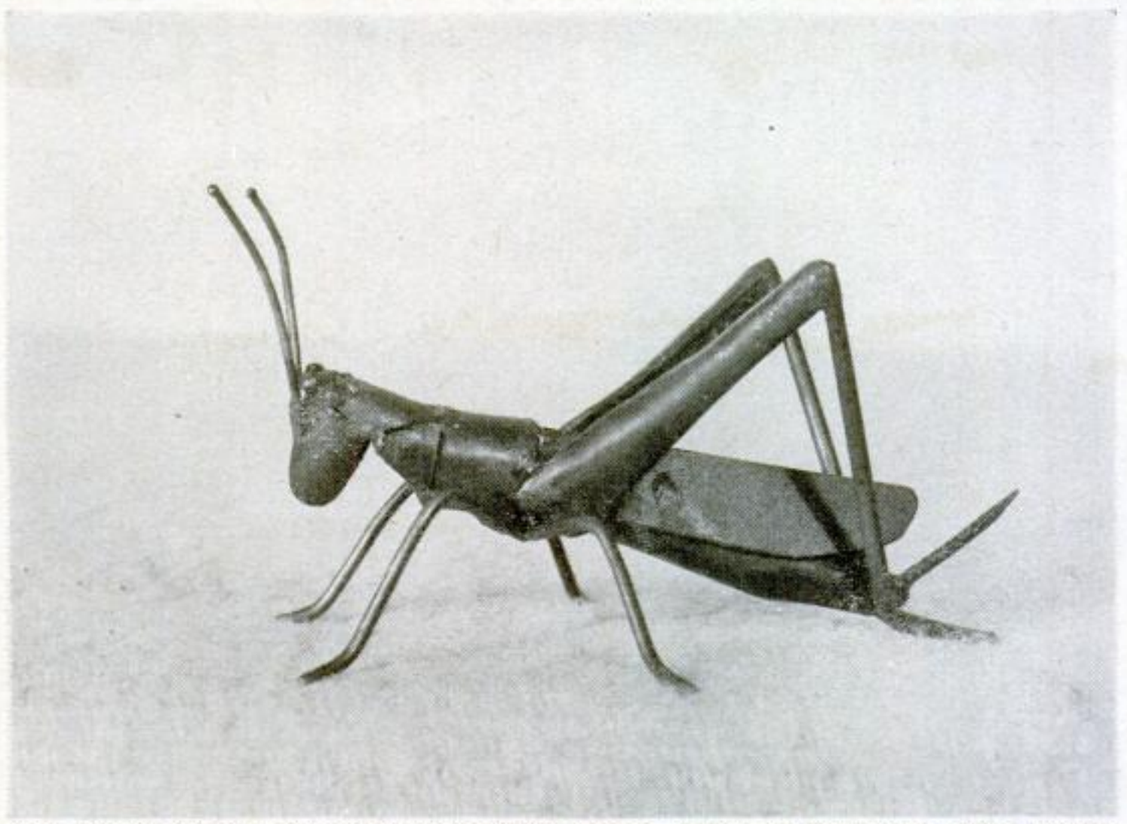
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Scrap Sculpture (continued)



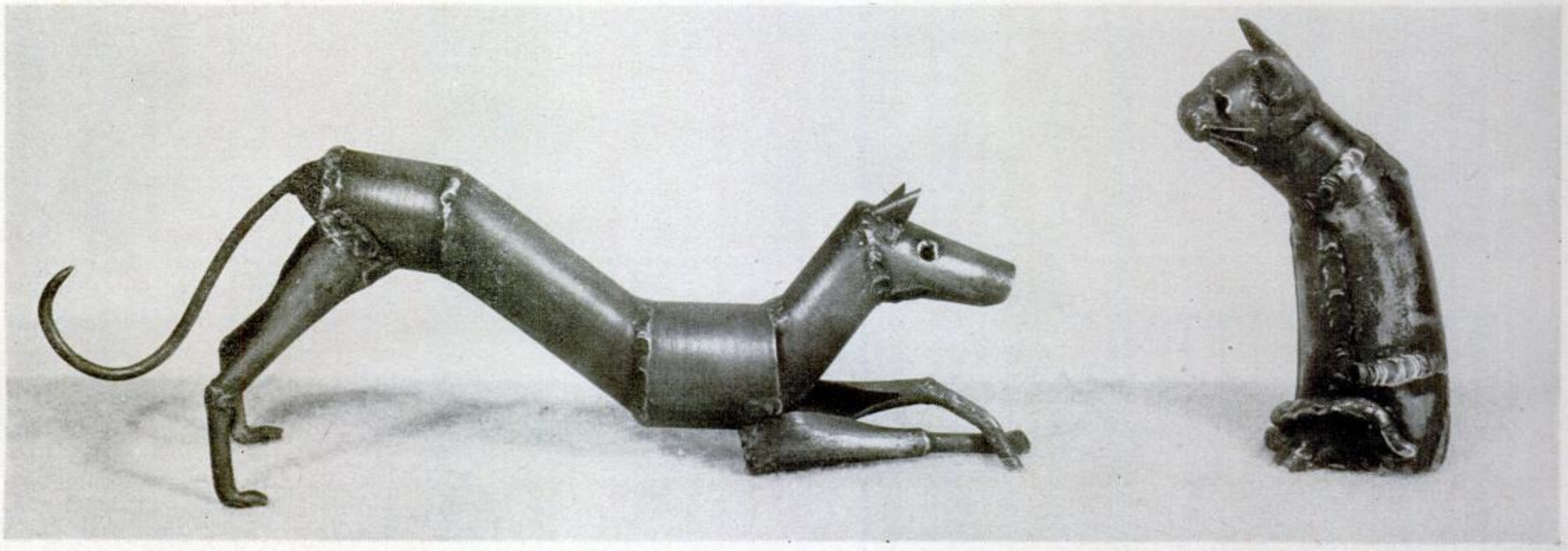
JOCKEY ALL SET FOR THE TAKE-OFF OF RACE IS OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR DON QUIXOTE



THE ARTIST USED A REAL GRASSHOPPER AS MODEL FOR THIS POLISHED STEEL INSECT



BALLET DANCER BALANCING A DOVE HAS LONG CURLS MADE FROM STEEL FILINGS



WHIPPET DOG MADE FROM 16 PIECES OF SCRAP STEEL STARES AT ALLEY CAT WHO GOT FURRY EFFECT FROM SMALL PATS OF MELTED STEEL SPREAD ONE ON TOP OF ANOTHER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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GINGER ROGERS

the "Chin-Up" Girl in

"Tender Comrade"

Robert RYAN · Ruth HUSSEY

PATRICIA COLLINGE · JANE DARWELL
KIM HUNTER · MADY CHRISTIANS
RICHARD MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead. Directed by Edward Dmytryk
Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo

"Wherever you go . .

you will always feel the beating of my heart close against yours . . . the warmth of my arms tight around you . . . the strength of my prayers giving you courage . . ."



Their story is your story! The "CHIN UP" GIRL who lives next door . . . and the boy who lives in her heart! It's the story millions of American sweethearts and FURLOUGH WIVES are gallantly living today! Told so humanly, so warmly, so tenderly and humorously that your memory and your heart will be enriched beyond all measure!

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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Dr. Scholl's Aids Give Quick Relief!



The Cost Is Small

PAINFUL foot trouble can slow you down, make you hurt all over. Millions like yourself have won quick relief with Dr. Scholl's clinic-tested, dependable Aids for the Feet. Their cost is small.

This famous consultant on diseases and deformities of the feet has designed and formulated Appliances, Arch Supports, Remedies, Pads, Plasters, etc, for almost all foot troubles. At all Drug, Shoe, Department, Surgical Supply Stores and Toilet Goods Counters.

CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, relieve pain, soothe, ease pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions, relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift shoe pressure. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.

SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for soft corns between the toes, relieve pain; lift pressure; remove soft corns. 25¢ and 35¢ boxes.



WEAK ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise relieve tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains, when due to weak or fallen arches. $3.50 pair.



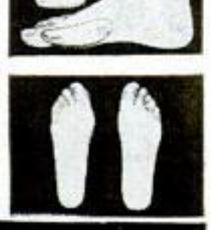
PAIN HERE?
Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, a soft featherweight cushion; loops over fore part of foot; relieves pains, callouses at ball. Washable. $1.00 pr.

HOT, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet, due to exertion or fatigue. 35¢.



TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, chafed, perspiring, odorous feet; eases tight shoes. 35¢.

BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. 50¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, 75¢ each.



ATHLETE'S FOOT
Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves itching feet and toes; kills fungi it contacts; helps heal Athlete's Foot. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢.

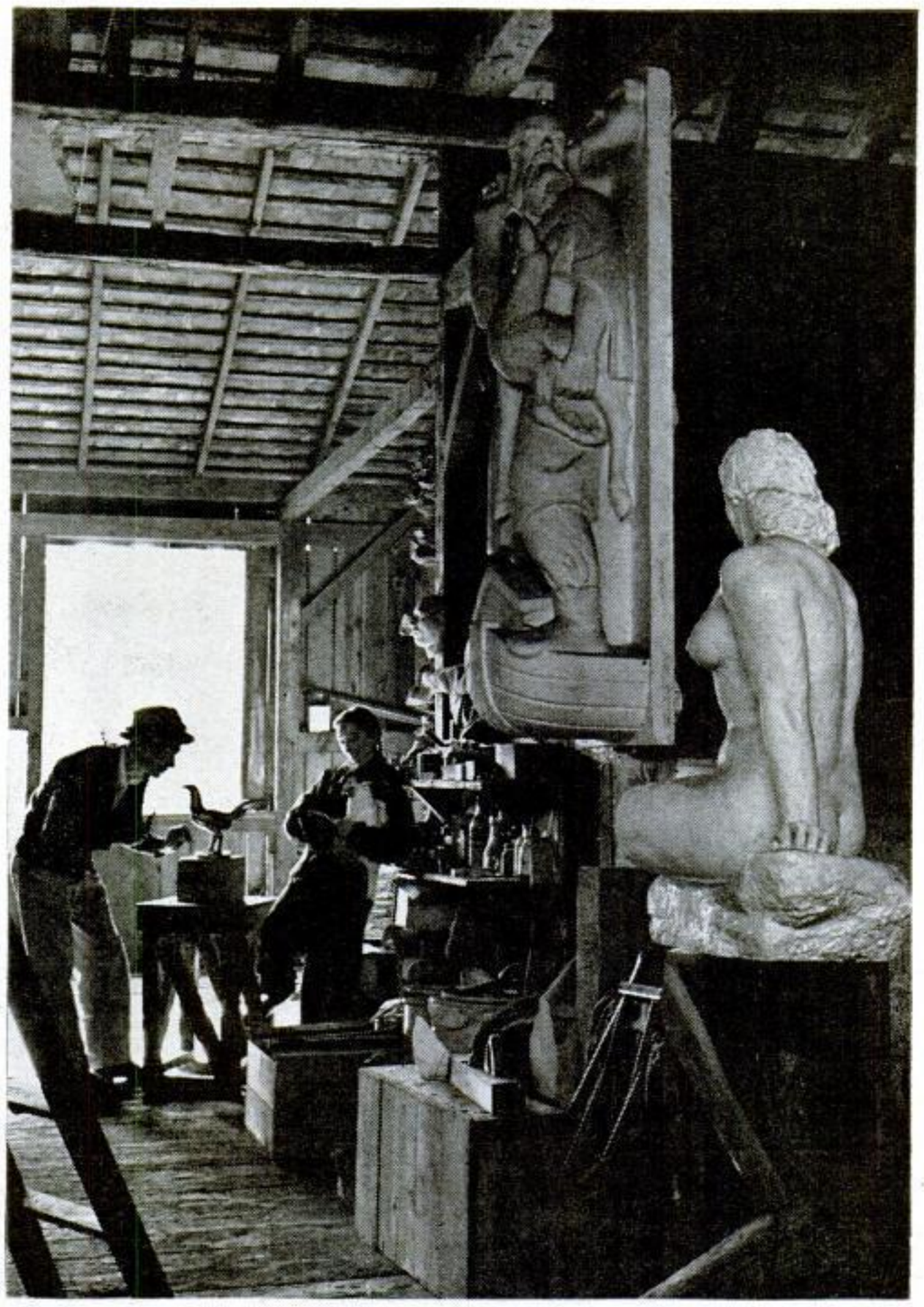
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REMEDIES • PADS • PLASTERS • ARCH SUPPORTS
FOR MOST ALL COMMON FOOT TROUBLES

FREE Foot Book, also sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago, Ill.

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Sculpting a chicken while his wife holds a live White Leghorn rooster as a model, Charles Rudy spends weekend in barn studio among his other serious sculptures.



Roasting the chicken with which she posed above is Mrs. Rudy while her husband tries out fancy cooky-cutter which he made from scrap metal collected at war plant.

Anytime..Anywhere
Get Greater Breathing Comfort...



It's a handy friend to carry on the job—and it's grand the way it makes a cold-clogged, dust-clogged nose feel clearer in seconds! Yes sir, the new Vicks Inhaler is so packed with effective medication just a few quick whiffs do the trick. Handy! And you can use it as often as needed. Try it.

USE ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries. **VICKS VAPORUB**



Choose POWDER or PASTE

No need to let ugly smudges dim your smile and hinder your success. Millions have proven that *Iodent* No. 2 Tooth Paste or Powder will safely clear away these smudges—even smoke smudge—and bring back the natural sparkle to your teeth.



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Reunion in America

. . . that's one thing we're working and fighting for!

Christmas furlough, 1943 . . . a little fellow he's never seen . . . such a lot of living to be crowded into precious days, then off again.

Ask this man, *any* man, what he's fighting for.

Ask Joe, who's done "bomb-sight-seeing" over Berlin; or Tom, who found good hunting among the cold rocks on Attu; or Pete, who can tell of bullet-spitting trees on Guadalcanal; or Al, who took his South Seas cruise in a rubber raft. They know the answers.

Conquest? . . . a New Order? No, it's much bigger—much simpler—than that.

It's families and homes and hobbies. It's jobs that can grow with a man's ambitions. It's the right to think, to vote, to worship as a man chooses. It's the heart of America.

It's what the thousands of men and women of North American Aviation are fighting for too—fighting for by turning out ever-more and ever-better Mitchell bombers, Mustang fighters, Texan combat trainers . . . planes to make the job of our fighting men easier, safer . . . to bring the men home sooner.

Home—not for Christmas furlough—but for a reunion in America that will have no ending.

North American Aviation, Inc., designers and builders of B-25 Mitchell bomber, AT-6 Texan combat trainer and the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber). Member of the Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*

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THE SWEDISH LINER "GRIPSHOLM" LIES ALONG QUAY AT MORMUGAO, AMERICAN PASSENGERS ALREADY ABOARD AND WAITING TO START THEIR JOURNEY HOME

AMERICANS' RETURN

LIFE'S TEAM BRINGS STORY OF REPATRIATE HOMECOMING

Most of the 1,500 repatriates who boarded the *Gripsholm* at Mormugao on Oct. 19 were Americans but there were also Canadian and a scattering of 17 other nationalities. They had come from Japanese interment camps in Japan, North China, Shanghai, Canton, Hong Kong, Manila and Saïgon to this small harbor in Portuguese India. On a hot bright morning they left the *Teia Maru*, which had carried them to Mormugao, and, after almost two years of internment among the enemy, walked back to freedom aboard the *Gripsholm*.

There they wept openly at simple things—at ice water in paper cups, at chocolate bars, at clean cabins, at the crew's friendly smiles. Some repatriates stopped to pray their thanks. Many of them stopped to think how wonderful it was that they—this handful among the millions of the world's prisoners—should be blessed again with the freedom and friendliness and food that for so long had seemed fading dreams.

Among the repatriates were Carl and Shelley Mydans, LIFE's photographer-reporter team who had been captured when Manila fell to the Japs. With a borrowed camera, Carl Mydans photographed the Americans' return. The trip took six weeks from Mormugao, via South Africa and Rio de Janeiro, to New York City where the *Gripsholm* arrived on Dec. 1. At any time this would have been a wonderful cruise—through a warm ocean, around a continent, through the tropics and home in time for Christmas. But now, of course, it was much more than that. It was homecoming to all the things the prisoners had dreamed of in the internment camps on the other side of the world, as they sat and talked wistfully or walked out to the barbed-wire fences to watch the sunset every day and wonder whether people would still remember and welcome them if they ever got home again.

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THE FIRST MEAL on the *Gripsholm* had everything that the repatriates used to dream of in the internment camps. There was white bread, butter, tomato juice, cold ham and roast beef, turkey, potato salad, vegetable salad, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, cucumbers, pickles, olives, fruit salad, iced tea with lemon. The people cheered as the stewards set out each new dish. They ate warily, mindful of the dangers of overeating. And they laughed all the time so that they wouldn't cry.



THE FIRST FUNERAL took place two days after the Americans boarded the *Gripsholm*. James Hillcoat Arthur, 58-year-old missionary who became gravely ill just before leaving Shanghai, suffered a fatal stroke on the day after the



SHIP'S MEDICAL STAFF had 17 stretcher cases come aboard. Most of them were recovered by the time the ship docked in New York. Here Nurse Pearl Peterson tends Captain Werner Tornroth, 64, China Coast mariner and captain on Yangtze River. Having survived the hazards of treacherous waters, bandits and war, Captain Tornroth fell off a winch on the *Teia Maru*, dislocating a shoulder and breaking three ribs. He was disgusted at first, then began to enjoy the attention.



VITAMIN PILLS were handed out to all repatriates to make up for vitamin deficiencies that sparse diets had caused. Although they had been adequately fed according to Japanese standards, internees had found that food adequate for



repatriates were exchanged. His fellow Americans buried him in a lonely little cemetery in a field near Mormugao, far away from home. Then they wrote to his wife in California that her husband had died in freedom, after a day of happiness. a Jap was not enough for an American. Lack of vitamins affected their nervous systems, intestinal tracts, teeth, hair and eyes. They lost a great deal of weight—an average of 15 pounds—partly from malnutrition and partly from worry.



THE FIRST NEW CLOTHES many repatriates were able to get in almost two years were distributed by American Red Cross on the afterdeck of the ship. Destitute travelers who needed warm clothing were given underwear, sweaters, socks. Americans had donated the clothing and the repatriates, especially Canadians, were moved to tears that they should have been remembered so kindly. Fear of having been forgotten by people back home was tight in every repatriate's heart.

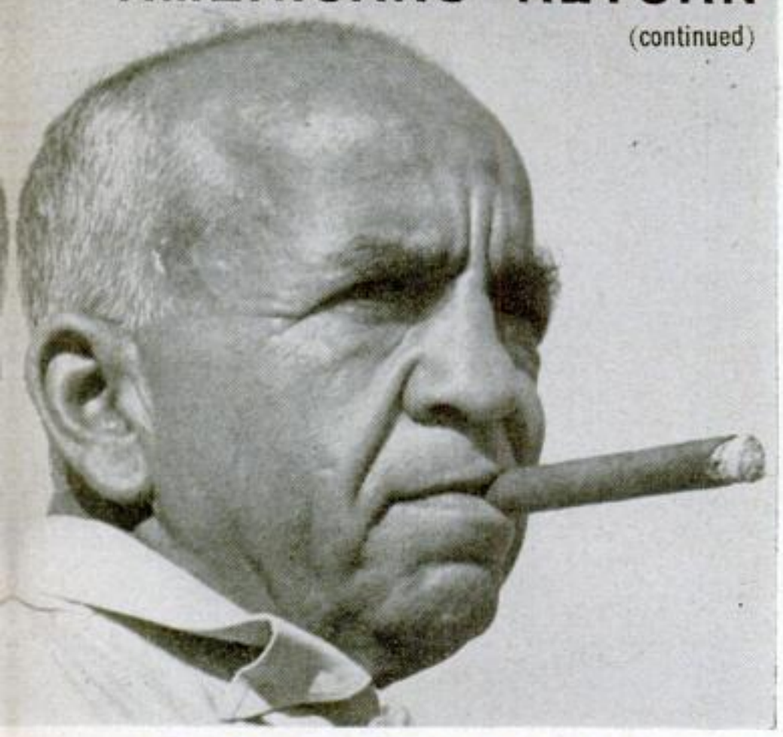
LETTERS FROM HOME were handed out in bundles on the *Gripsholm's* first day at sea, giving the repatriates their first news in many long months of friends and families. As they sat in rows along the deck, greedily reading their mail, they learned that husbands were still alive, that sons were war heroes, that new nephews and nieces had been born. But some learned of friends missing in combat and Helen Burton (*below*) has just read in her letter that her brother has died.



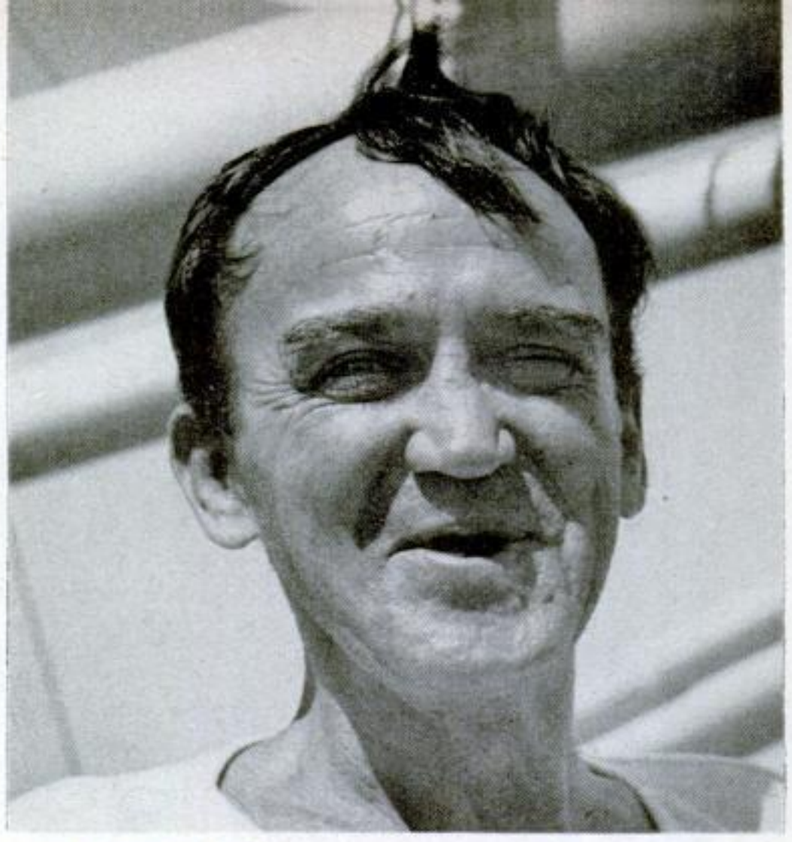


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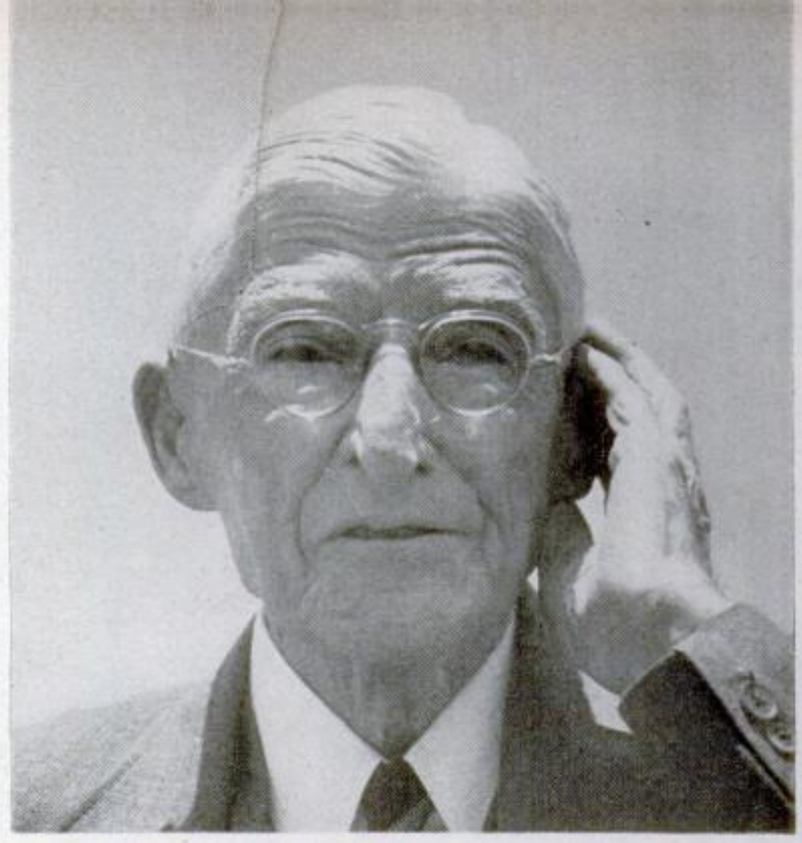
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GENERAL MORRIS A. COHEN of Edmonton, Alberta, is a fabulous adventurer, was Sun Yat-sen's bodyguard, had slot-machine concession in Canton.



"BLACKIE" COLE was one of "dead-end gang," group of tough Americans caught in Manila. A happy reprobate, Blackie was one of the most troublesome and likable characters on ship.



ROBERT THOMAS BRYAN of Kenansville, N. C., 88, spent 58 years as missionary in China. His son, also supposed to sail, was held at last minute by Japs so Dr. Bryan went without him.



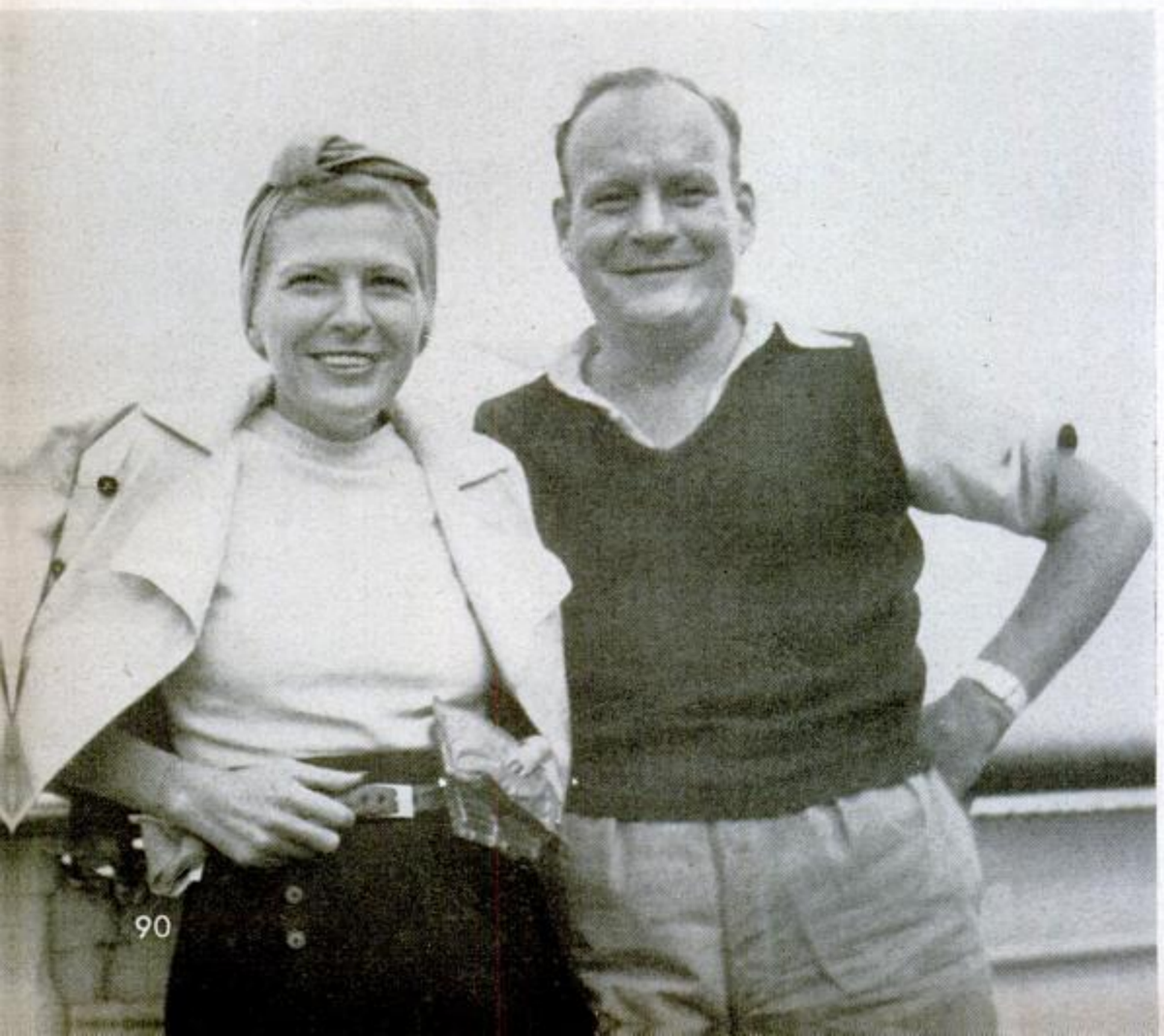
FOUR COUSINS, caught and interned in the Far East, met aboard the *Gripsholm* for the first time in years. They all worked for a tobacco company. Arthur Tucker had spent 27 years in the Far East, Lewis J. Peoples 25 years, William J. Tucker 20 years, James S. Love 23 years. They were interned in separate camps, were reunited on the *Teia Maru.*

THEY WERE A VARIED GROUP

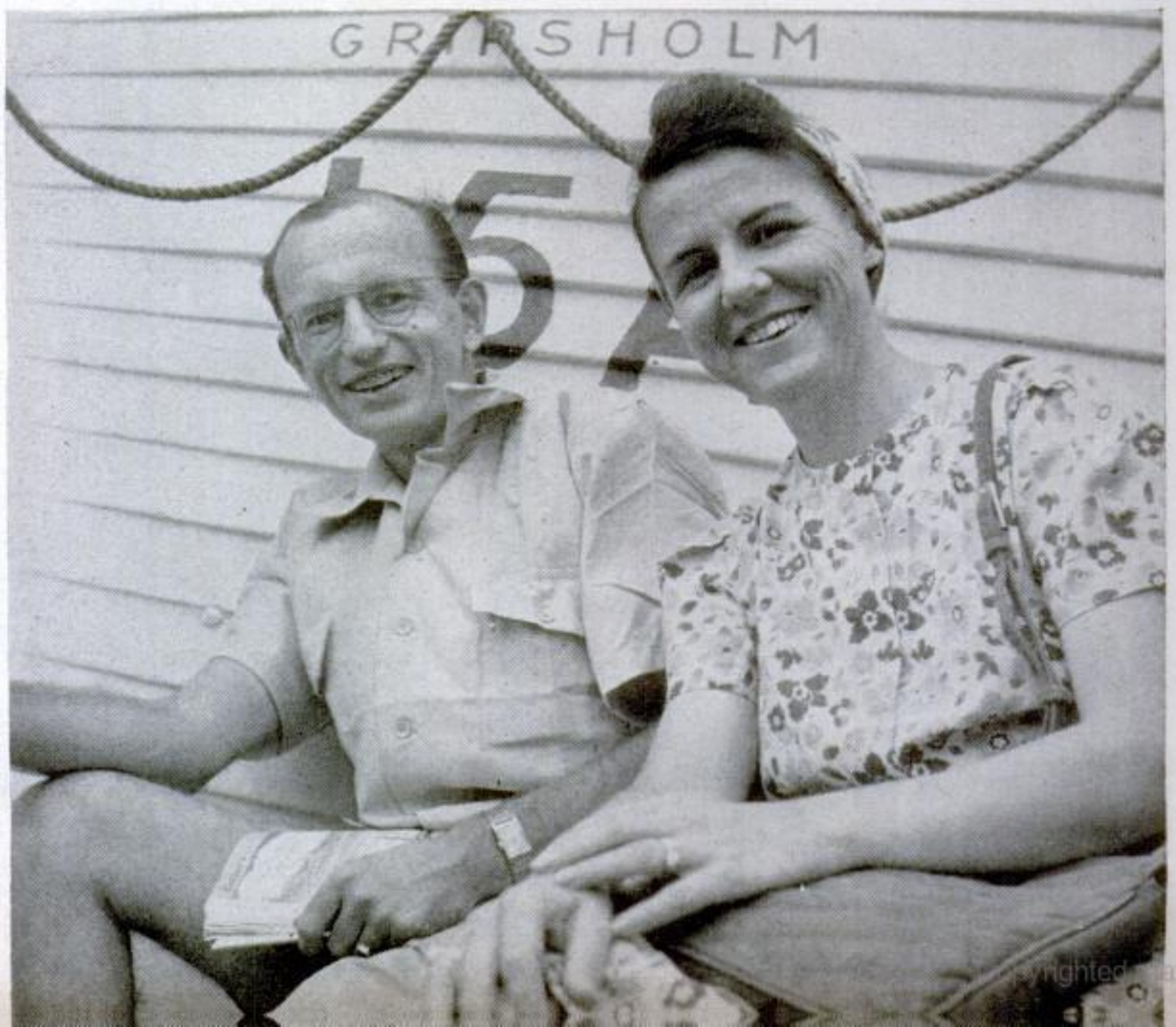
There were many kinds of people on the *Gripsholm.* There were businessmen and adventurers and missionaries and old China hands, who had lived most of their lives in the Far East and were going back now to a home that would seem strange to them. There were children born in the Far East who had never seen America. There were wives who had followed their husbands to the Far East and were returning without them. There were seamen who had been stranded by the tides of war. There were couples reunited on board and there were wives who learned that they were now widows. There were doctors and diplomats and teachers and nuns and newspapermen.

Many of them now had few worldly goods. Those who still had possessions had been allowed to take 200 pounds along with them. The Japs permitted most people warm clothes, some jewelry, copies of the Bible, but no writing of any kind and no medicines. The State Department, which had chartered the *Gripsholm* for the trip and used it to carry Japanese repatriates from the U. S. to Mormugao, lent each American $525 for their ship's fare and advanced another $85 for expenses on route. Although some were coming home to an uncertain future, almost all repatriates wanted, above all else, to help bring home the 10,000 Americans left behind and whom they had last seen waving brave goodbys from behind camp barriers.

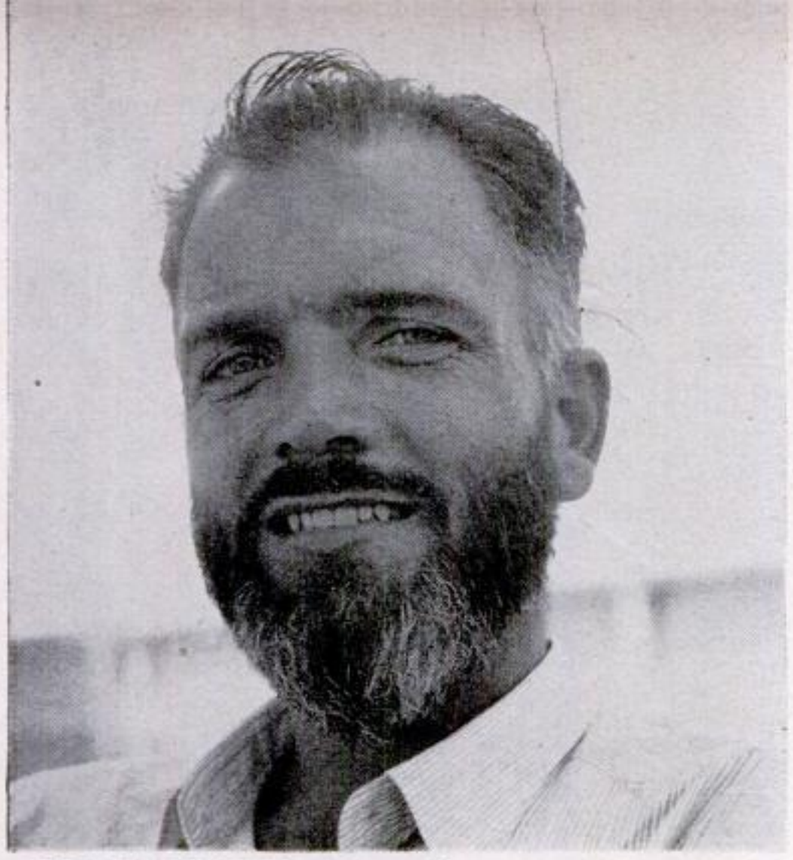
BANKER AND WIFE, Eric and Irene Petersen, were separated in Shanghai. When offered repatriation, neither knew if other was also going. Neither wanted to go without other. They both took the chance and, to their overwhelming joy, met on the boat.



RADIO COMMENTATOR Royal Arch Gunnison (Mutual Broadcasting and *Collier's*) and his wife, Marjorie, were caught in Manila, sent on to Shanghai. There, like other Americans, they were allowed to live in the city instead of a camp. But after a few months, they were put in the Chapei camp.



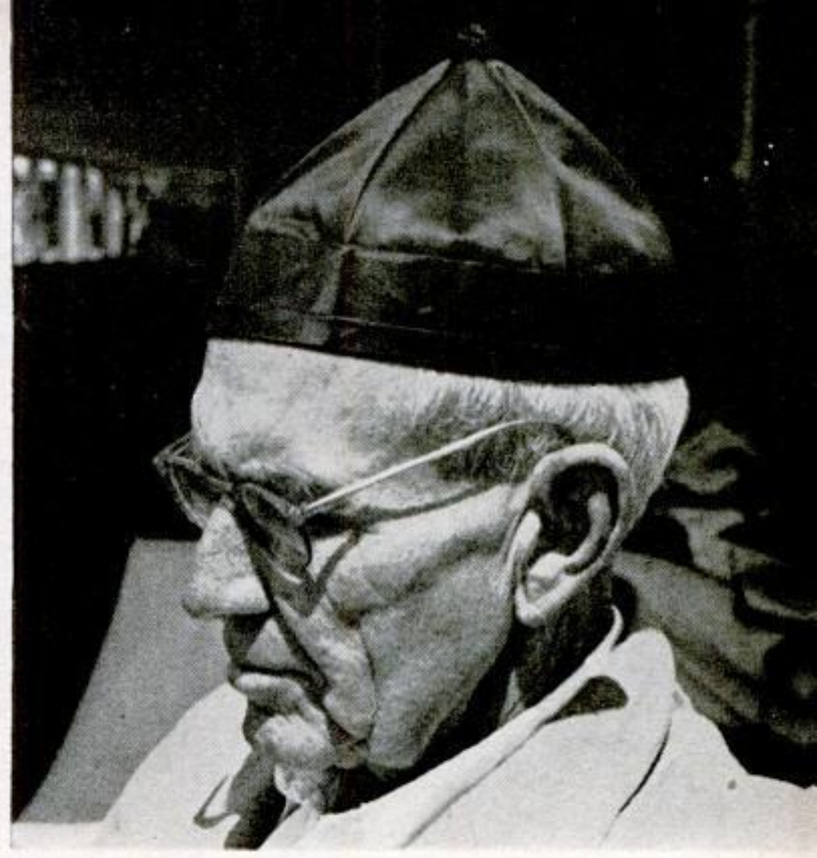
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GEORGE ROYSTER of Danville, Va. worked in Shanghai for a tobacco company. He grew beard in internment camp, kept it long enough to get picture to show his wife, then shaved it off.



DR. CHARLES N. LEACH of Montgomery, Ala. is Rockefeller Foundation field man. Interned, he set up hospitals at two Philippine camps. Glasses protect eyes weakened by malnutrition.



JOHN C. HAWK of Blountville, Tenn. sat in sun with Chinese "melon-rind" hat on head. The war ended 38-year career as Methodist missionary in China.



A GALA LOOK was lent the *Gripsholm's* deck by pretty Soeurette Perkins, here sunning herself with William Ryan, who worked for Chase Bank in Shanghai. Mrs. Perkins' husband, a professional polo player, joined the Army when war started, was captured at Bataan, is now a prisoner of war on Luzon.



HEARST REPORTERS Karl von Wiegand and Lady Drummond-Hay busily prepare their stories. Both were caught in Manila. Von Wiegand, top foreign correspondent for Hearst, was blinded by a bomb concussion, now has only partial sight in one eye.

CHILEAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES Dr. Juan Marin and his wife had not been interned. After his country broke off relations with Japan last January, they were given restricted freedom in Shanghai, and had to wear arm bands signifying that they were enemy aliens. The Marins got off boat at Rio.

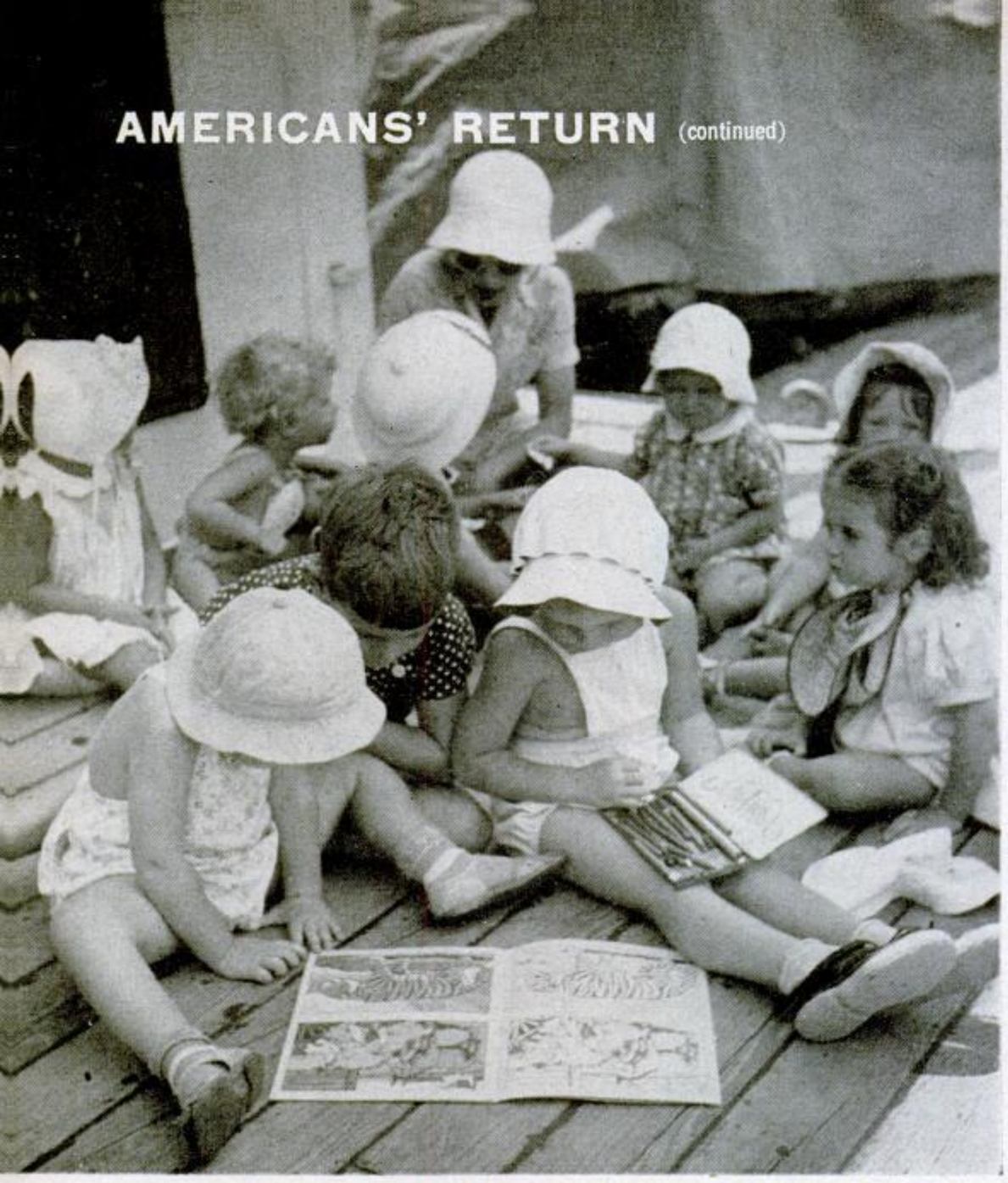


NEWLYWEDS Bengt Erik Forsblad and wife met on *Gripsholm*. Bride was Sheila Baskett, a Canadian, captured in Hong Kong where her father is prisoner. Groom is *Gripsholm's* assistant purser. They were married two days before reaching New York.

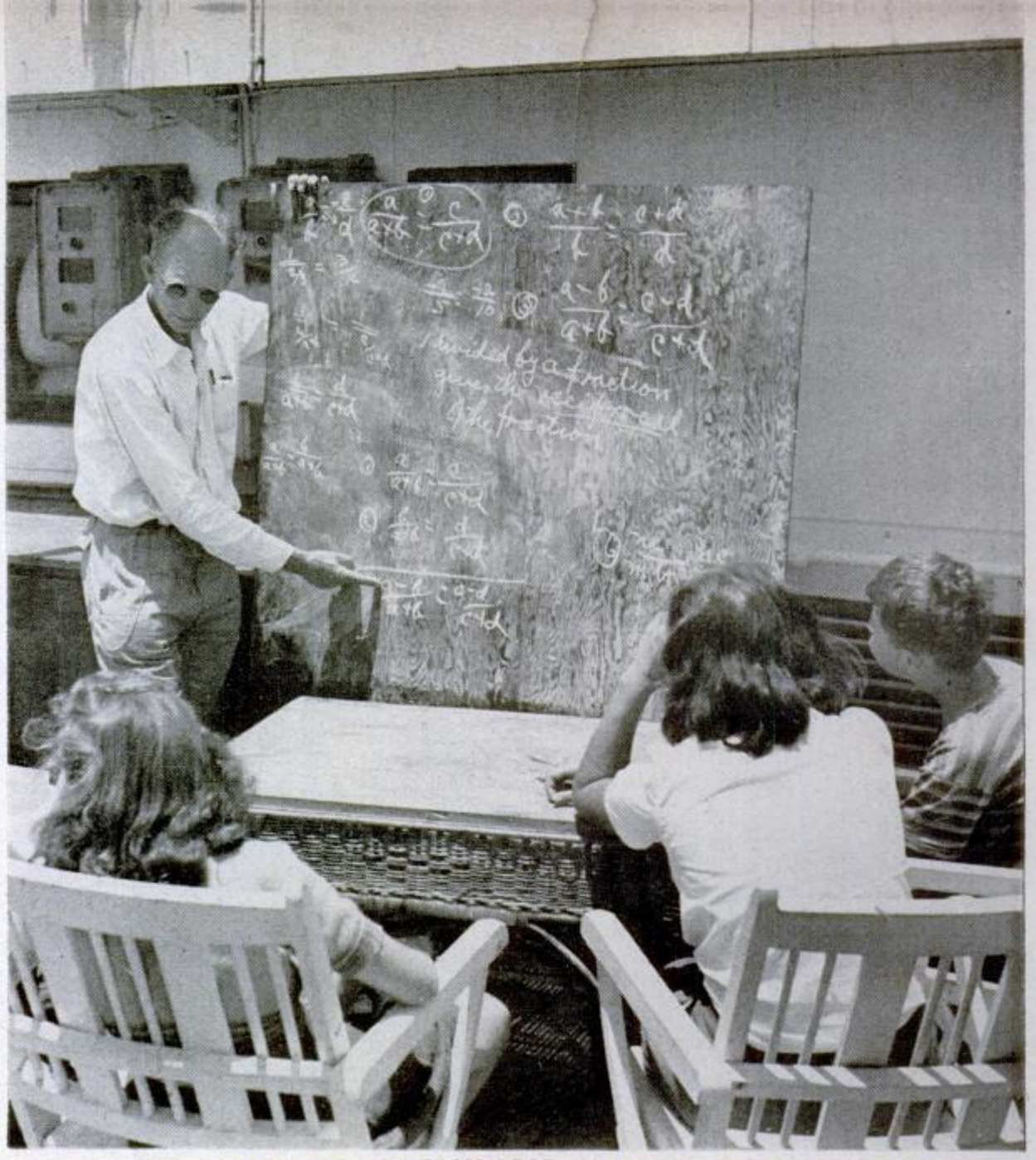


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YOUNG CHILDREN PLAY IN AN IMPROVISED NURSERY ON THE SHIP'S DECK



OLDER CHILDREN LEARN ALGEBRA FROM PROF. HANSON OF UNIVERSITY OF SHANGHAI

THE CHILDREN CAME HOME HEALTHY

At their internment camp, where regimentation forced them out of their free and easy ways, the Americans surprised themselves by their quick ability to organize as groups where everybody helped take care of everybody else. Far more efficiently than the Japs they set up hospitals, kitchens, schools, police rules which made little democracies out of their prisons. Always, the first thing they looked after was the children. The kids got the best of their poor everything.

This care showed on the *Gripsholm*. The children aboard were healthy, lively, aggressive. Little Jones Fuller Malone III (*opposite page*), whose nickname is "Jeep," was as sturdy a boy as might be found anywhere in America, even though he had spent most of his 1½ years in internment camps. His mother, so faithful in caring for Jeep, herself lost 30 lb. On the *Gripsholm* the children were organized. The youngest were herded together in informal nurseries. The older ones, not altogether sharing their elders' eagerness for education, were promptly set to doing schoolwork.

There was plenty to do on board. People saw movies and read magazines to catch up on the news. Women crowded into little shipboard shops and filled the beauty salon. Everybody wrote reports for the State Department about their experiences, their businesses, their observations. Missionary groups held regular prayer meetings. People gave each other little parties in their cabins and at the ship's bars. But mostly the repatriates sat on the sunny decks, relaxing and letting their minds close over the terrible past.

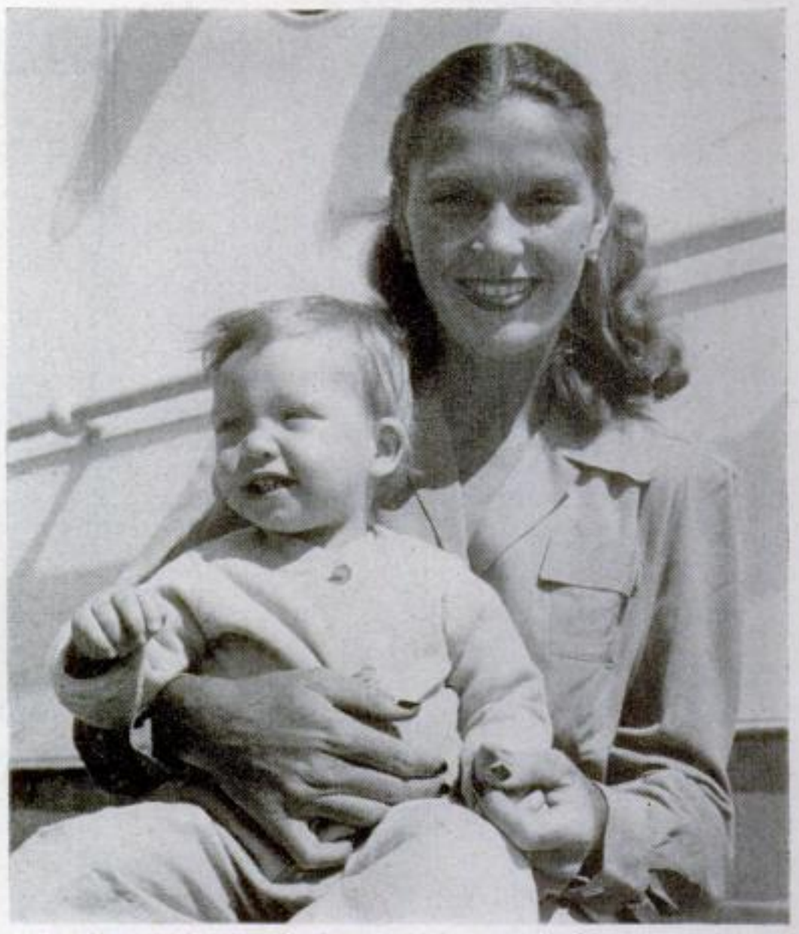
When the ship reached Rio, most of the repatriates went ashore for a big evening. Next day the *Gripsholm* was full of hangovers. Somehow that changed things. It meant something to be able to have a hangover. From Rio north, the repatriates' attitude changed. People began to act like individuals. The tight group feeling, which had served so well in trouble, began to disappear. A person's troubles were now his own concern, not the group's. By the time they sailed up New York harbor, waving as they passed the Statue of Liberty, the repatriates felt like Americans again, able to stand on their own feet. It was a fine feeling, a big part of being free again.



CAROLA BOXER, 2 years old, daughter of Writer Emily Hahn, was born in Hong Kong. Her father, a British colonel, was captured, is still a prisoner there. Carola speaks only Cantonese and Mandarin Chinese.



GRETCHEN WHITAKER, age three weeks, was born aboard the *Teia Maru* off Singapore, with eight Japanese nurses and one Japanese doctor in attendance. She has birth certificate in Japanese and English. Her father was U. S. vice-consul in Manila.



LINDA JEAN WATKINS, 17 months, was born in occupied Manila. Linda's mother, Ellie Watkins, last saw her Navy-officer husband on Christmas Eve, 1941. Twice she got reports that he was dead. On *Gripsholm*, she learned that he was still alive.

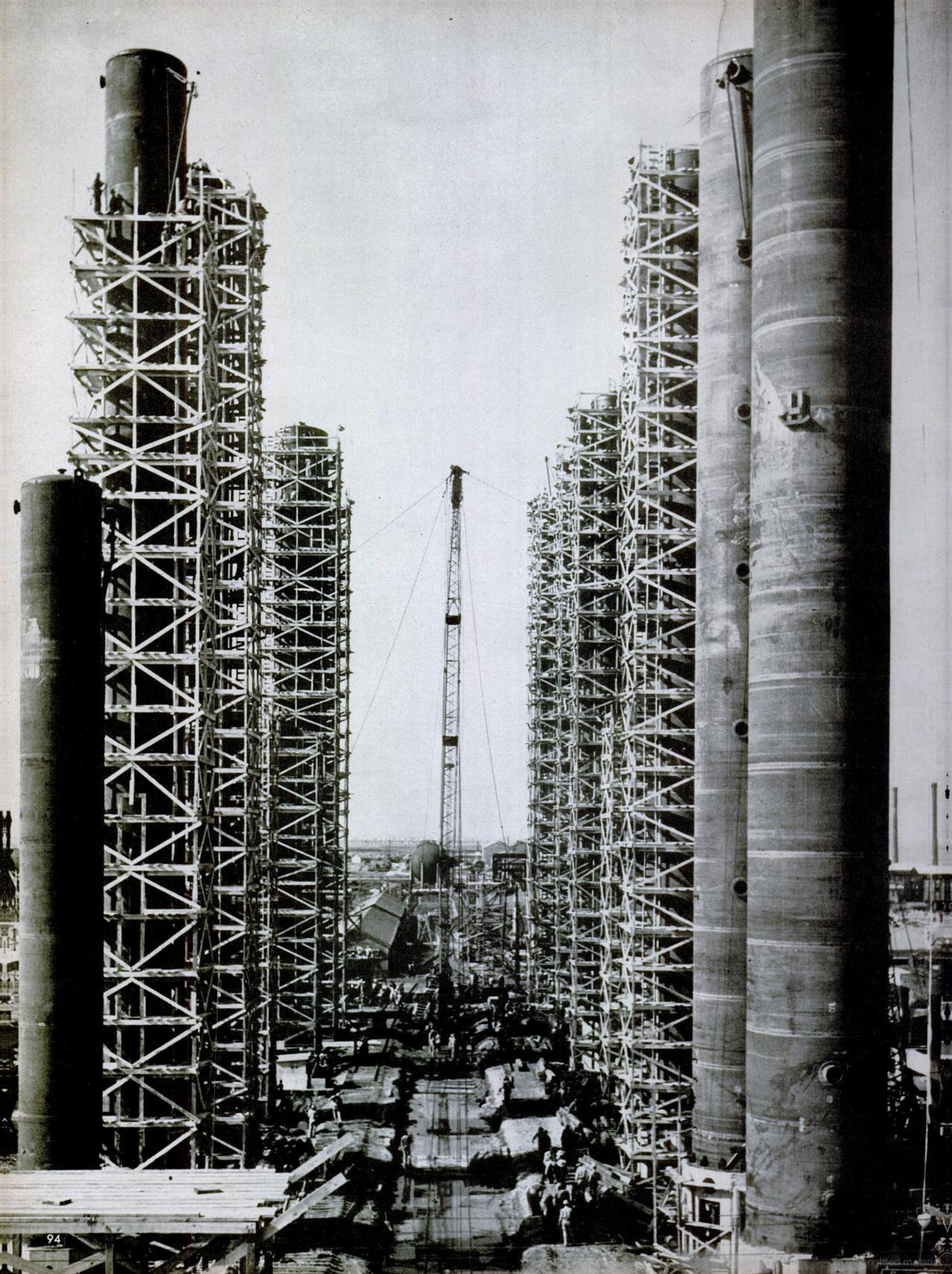
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"JEEP" MALONE, 1½, WAS MOST

POPULAR PASSENGER ON SHIP

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TOWERS ARE DIVIDED INTO TWO GROUPS. NORTH GROUP (RIGHT) STARTS PRODUCTION IN JANUARY, SOUTH GROUP IN THE SPRING. SPHERES IN FOREGROUND HOLD BUTADIENE

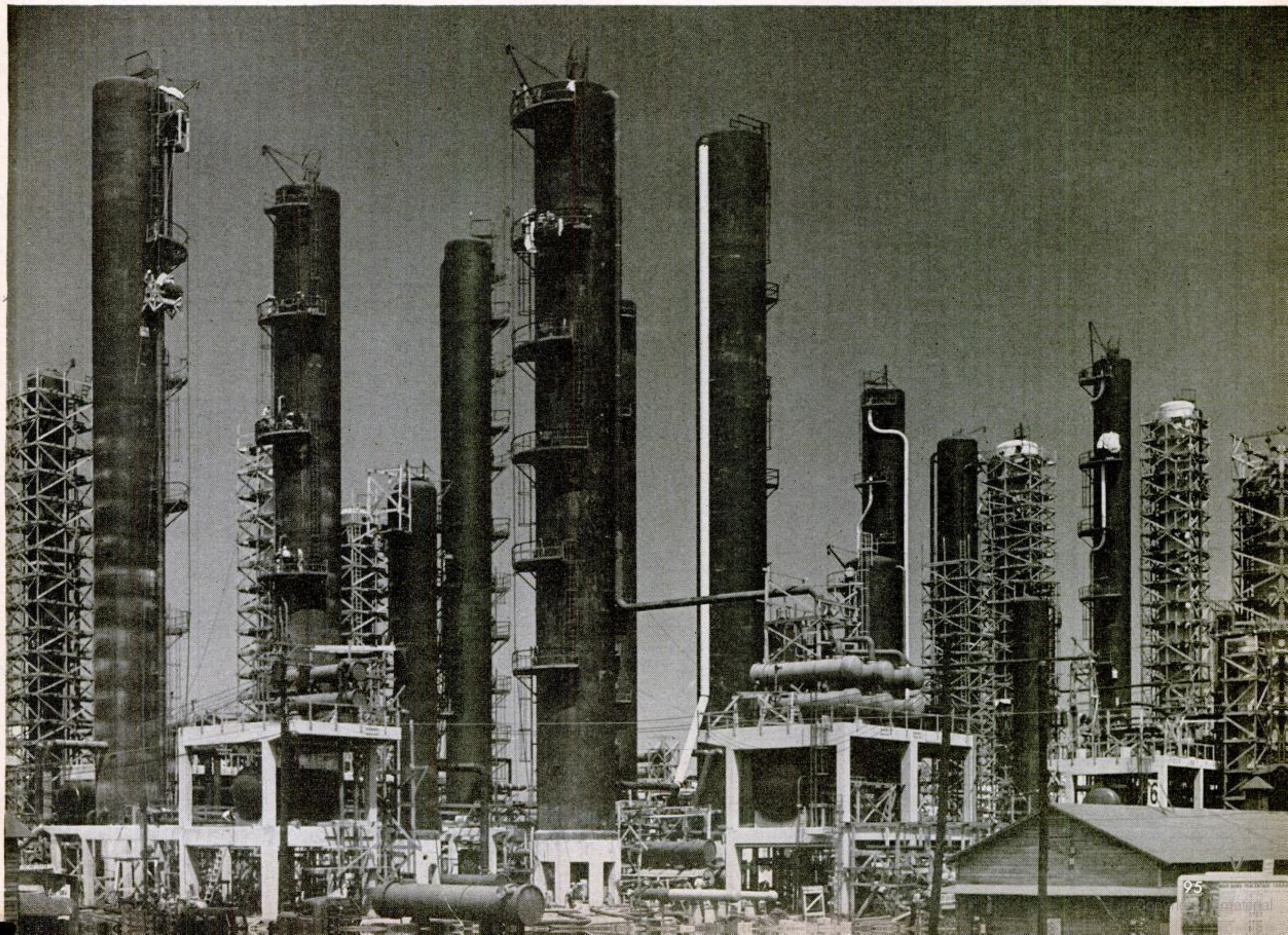
BIGGEST STILLS

Giant towers separate butadiene from oil to make synthetic rubber

Rising abruptly out of the plains southeast of Beaumont, Texas, at Port Neches, is one of the world's largest collections of outsize distilling apparatus. It consists of 48 40-ft. to 200-ft. steel towers which will be used to separate butadiene from oil. When this plant opens next month it will begin producing enough butadiene to make approximately 28,000,000 tires a year. Managed cooperatively by the Gulf, Pure, Socony-Vacuum, Atlantic and Texas oil companies, it is the final big unit in the nation's synthetic rubber program.

To get butadiene from crude oil, the crude must first be boiled or distilled to separate component hydrocarbon compounds. Several of these are then heated in the presence of a catalyst and piped from tower to tower down the long avenue in picture at left. In each successive tower they are altered and some are distilled off until, at the far end, after a second catalytic action, nothing is left but pure butadiene. Meantime rejected compounds are collected and piped back to the refinery where they are processed into high-octane gasoline.

TOWER EIGHTH FROM RIGHT IS FINAL STILL IN NORTH GROUP. BUTADIENE FLOWS FROM TOP DOWN THROUGH WHITE PIPE. SCAFFOLDING STILL SURROUNDS UNFINISHED TOWERS



"YOUTH IN CRISIS"

Young volunteer actors play roles of neglected and delinquent children in important March of Time film



SCHOOL-AGE GIRLS waiting to be picked up by servicemen. This is a common wartime sight in many cities. Usually the parents haven't bothered to find out where they go.



BOYS LOOKING for a dangerous thrill try marijuana cigarets. Youngsters like these are not yet old enough to fight, so they try to do something else for wartime excitement.



KIDS IN COURT are more numerous in this war than ever before. The FBI reports that the most frequent age for all arrests made in the U. S. is now down to 18, with age 17 second.



SCHOOLGIRL finds unwashed dishes waiting for her in late afternoon, with a note saying "Mom" will be home late tonight. She carries house key on string around her neck.



VENEREAL DISEASE is bringing more delinquent girls to clinics like above where they must undergo treatment. Casual pickups now account for most infections among soldiers.



SAYS MARCH OF TIME: "Too many . . . Victory Girls believe it is a part of patriotism to deny nothing to servicemen." All these actors volunteered for film as a public service.

OUR KIDS ARE IN TROUBLE

The phenomenal rise in juvenile delinquency during the war is a problem which concerns everyone in the U.S.

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

In Boston Common one warm night a pretty girl of about 15 wearing a loose sweater and bright lipstick leaned against an elm tree and smiled at an approaching sailor. A moment before, as the sailor strolled by, she and a trio of girl friends had started to sing "Remember Pearl Harbor. . ." The other girls walked away; the sailor turned around and came back. For a moment the two talked quietly under the tree, and then stood looking at each other, as though they could not find anything to say. Suddenly the girl turned and ran like a frightened child down into the subway.

A policeman, an older sailor and a LIFE correspondent happened to witness this little drama. Said the sailor, and his voice was grim: "Did you hear the rustle of wings? That was the sound of the guardian angels of those kids. . . ."

Unfortunately, as many people in this country are just finding out, guardian angels can't be depended upon to keep all young people out of trouble. The wartime increase in what the courts call "juvenile delinquency" is one of the most disturbing problems on the U.S. home front today. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, says it "is approaching a national scandal." Some experts believe that if present conditions continue, the coming generation of Americans will contain more bad citizens and bad parents than any in history.

That would be a tragic and terrible thing for a country which is now sacrificing so much to win a war for human decency all over the world.

The bare statistics on youthful crime are bad enough. The FBI reports that in the first nine months of 1943, arrests of boys and girls 17 years old or younger were 19.9% higher than during the same period of 1942, and 23.6% higher than during the entire year of 1941. Court cases in 83 juvenile courts reporting to the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor rose 16% between 1940 and 1942. All agencies agree that the increase in girl offenders is much greater than that of boys; in some cities arrests of girls are now in the majority. And sex cases show the largest increase of all.

But statistics alone do not tell the story adequately, chiefly because figures from various government agencies have various age ranges in defining youthful misbehavior. Even the available figures lead to conflicts and confusion. One war-boom city (like San Diego) will report increases in delinquency running up to 50% for boys and 355% for girls, while others will report an actual decrease. One explanation of such statistical variations is the fluctuations in enforcement. Moreover, for every youngster who is actually arrested or sent to court, there may be 5, 10 or 20 who are roaming the streets, unwatched and undisciplined, and "delinquent" in everything but a place on the police records.

Official reaction to the figures is also very different in different places. In Indianapolis, for instance, Judge Mark Rhoads of the Juvenile Court was gloomy as he talked with a LIFE representative. "We're too busy winning the war," he said. "The hell with the future—that seems to be our philosophy. Definitely the problem has grown too large for us to handle adequately. . . . With our jangled nerves and our children running wild, we just don't have any plan for the future." But in Atlanta, Judge Garland Watkins said: "There is nothing to get alarmed about. . . . We have always had cases of serious delinquency—the war didn't cause them and they'll still be with us when the war is over."

However, the majority of thoughtful citizens who know something about the problem are growing more and more concerned. The March of Time recently released a film on the subject, *Youth in Crisis* (*see opposite page*), which is being shown in hundreds of theaters this month. Two weeks ago a subcommittee of the U. S. Senate, headed by Florida's Claude Pepper, began the first thoroughgoing Congressional investigation of wartime delinquency, health and education. Andrew Jackson Higgins, the hard-driving boat builder from New Orleans, appeared as a witness. So did Dame May Whitty, the English movie actress. So did Gardiner Howland Shaw, an Assistant Secretary of State, and Father Flanagan of Boy's Town, Nebraska, and the mayors of Cleveland and New York, and many others. (Said one of the witnesses, Educator Donald Dushane: "If the Government looked after its children as well as it did its hogs and cattle, it would be an immense advance, and would not cost much.")

All of these assorted individuals, and thousands more like them throughout the U.S., are worried about the same question: What is happening to American youth and what can be done about it?

This article is an attempt by LIFE to give a partial answer. The facts presented here have come from various sources: from Government reports, from interviews with public officials, from research by LIFE correspondents in 27 U.S. cities. They have been compiled in a spirit of honest journalistic inquiry. If some of them appear sensational, that is because the situation they deal with is shocking as well as serious.

The Boys

Train wrecking, hoodlumism, willful destruction of war materials and other property, arson, assault, rape and murder are among the crimes which are on the increase among young boys. Many specific cases can be traced directly to war excitement, to a misguided (or rather, unguided) desire on the part of underage youngsters to do something as thrilling as their big brothers in uniform. One such gang of kids in Connecticut got hold of a tractor and ran it back and forth through a cemetery, smashing down gravestones. They explained to the police they were having a "tank battle" and the headstones were "enemy forts." Several cities have reported young "Commando Gangs" that fight vicious little mock battles with real knives and guns. They also use these weapons in raids on isolated gasoline stations to steal money, gas and tires, or invade restaurants and night clubs to terrorize the patrons. In one city a group of these armed kids set upon an old man they found alone in the street and beat him so badly that he died.

A more serious menace to the nation's war effort are the "thrill saboteurs"—young boys who wreck trains and set fires just for the sake of some excitement. Director Hoover of the FBI reports a large increase in cases of this kind since the war began. In a single week this fall, for instance, five boys aged 9, 11, 13, 14 and 14 were apprehended for trying to derail four different trains in Maryland, Pennsylvania and New York State. One pair was successful in New York, where some derailed tank cars caught fire and exploded, burning down three houses, endangering many lives, and causing $123,000 in damage. In another case, three boys aged 10 and under piled stones on the tracks and derailed a troop train. (No one was hurt.) Another 13-year-old boy placed a stick of dynamite under a railroad track, lit a fuse and ran away, He did not know that a detonating cap was needed to cause an explosion, and was very much disappointed when nothing happened. When caught and questioned he explained he wanted to block off all roads to his home town and set himself up as "dictator."

The FBI also lists the case of two 9-year-old boys who started a fire in a New Jersey war plant and caused $1,500,000 damage, in addition to delays in production. Another fire which destroyed 80,000 wooden packing cases for war shipments was started by a lad of 13. Mr. Hoover's G-men say they are now spending as much time tracking down cases of this kind as they are on forestalling genuine Axis sabotage agents.

Movie theaters, where kids can do things in the dark, have suffered severely from a wartime outbreak of rowdyism and destructiveness. Detroit theaters have had an epidemic of gate crashing, purse snatching and upholstery slashing by teen-age boys. A Cleveland theater manager overcame a similar situation by placing a slashed chair in the lobby with a sign pointing out that many parts could not be replaced during the war; over this was the slogan "Vandalism is Treason." Many California theaters have had fires started by boys who cut open the seats and stuff lighted cigarets inside, to smolder and burst into flame after the theater is closed for the night. Special after-hour guards have been hired to fight this menace.

In The Bronx, New York City, a gang of teen-age boys and girls staged orgies in an unlighted theater box until one 17-year-old complained she had been raped there by eight youths. Police closed the theater. In Philadelphia a 6-year-old boy crawled under movie seats opening purses and stealing money and was not caught until he turned up at a ticket window with a $5 bill and two 5-year-old girl friends.

In the last six months at least three States have sent 14-year-old boys to prison for life after convicting them of murder. In Pendleton, Ore. it was the adopted son of a middle-class family who shot a neighbor's daughter. In Cleveland, Ohio, it was a young thief who killed an elderly junkman with a monkey wrench in a $34 robbery.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

In Brooklyn, N. Y. it was a kid from the slums who "rolled" and stabbed a sailor. A few weeks ago the state of New York sent an even younger boy, Edwin Codarre, 13, to Sing Sing for 30 years to life after he had confessed the rape and murder of a 10-year-old girl. None of these cases may be directly blamed on the war. But child experts are almost unanimously agreed that the overdose of battle news and bloodshed which issues from the radio, movies and newspapers today can be very harmful to young imaginations when it is not counterbalanced by a good home environment.

In other cases the war appears to have had a direct part. In Kansas City, Kan. this month a 17-year-old boy with a fuzzy hairline mustache admitted marrying three girls in less than a year. He told police that his mother had died when he was 7, that his father was a Navy man who was killed at Pearl Harbor and that since then he had been left to shift for himself. In New Haven, Conn. police arrested a millionaire's son who had $45 in the pocket of his expensive jacket in the act of stealing a child's piggy bank containing $2.37. The boy said he had been going around with a soldier, whose uniform he envied, and wanted to prove to his friend that "I've got guts too."

The war naturally has caused many runaways and truants. Boys who want to get away from home so they can lie about their age and enlist, boys who want to quit school and get war jobs, are "delinquents" when they are caught. Sometimes they steal automobiles to run away in, and then they are criminals. The well-known fact that many girls of their own age are interested only in older boys in uniform has produced a whole crop of juvenile desperadoes, who will try almost anything to impress their girl friends.

From Cleveland, a typical large U. S. city, and from Kent, Conn., a typical small New England town, come reports which illustrate the enormous extremes between wartime juvenile offenders. In Cleveland the police tracked down and captured Robert Hensger, 16, and his brother Henry, 17, while their mother lay in a hospital with a bullet wound in her back and their father stayed in a downtown hotel, too scared of his sons to come home. Henry was caught in a dentist's office with stolen money in his pocket and Robert was found in a hotel room with a .32-calibre pistol and a box of bullets. These two brothers confessed that in three months they had committed 40 burglaries and set fire to four schools, in each of which damage of more than $15,000 was caused. Hidden under the floor and in the eaves of their house were several dozen guns and knives, instruction books on firearms, 2,000 rounds of ammunition, 30 quarts of whisky and assorted stolen goods. Robert said he had shot his mother "because she kept talking and hollering all day long. . . ." After they were put in a cell a hidden microphone caught them boasting to fellow inmates: "You guys read about those fires and the guys that shot their mother. We're the guys. . . ."

The judge who sent them to Mansfield Reformatory blamed their crimes on bad home environment. Although the mother had at various times been committed to state institutions as a mental patient, the father, who was away at work all day, refused to let them be sent to a foster home.

Case History in Kent

The Kent story is quite a different affair. Kent is a quiet, elm-shaded town which is famous for its fine private school for boys. Two-thirds of its population is rural and there has never been any juvenile crime problem. But recently the New Haven Railroad agent reported 180 tickets stolen from the Kent station. Investigation disclosed a series of petty thieveries around town—a watch stolen from a store counter, a jackknife and some cigarets picked up in another, empty pop bottles spirited away and cashed for 2¢ apiece. Half a dozen boys were involved, some of them under 16. It was the first offense for all of them and the town officials were inclined to let the matter drop. But rumors spread that the situation was worse than it was; that boys from Kent had boarded trains, using their stolen tickets, and pillaged homes and stores in other towns, that something was being hushed up. So last month a hearing was held for the three older boys, aged 16, 17 and 19 (the latter is 4-F in the draft, and self-conscious about it). The facts were stated before 50 townspeople and Justice of the Peace Samuel Woodard, who fined two boys $50 apiece and the third $25. All three were placed on probation for a year, in charge of Thomas Dingman, a teacher in South Kent School. The parents paid the fines and the court ordered that the boys make good out of money they earned. (They all have jobs.)

But that is not all there is to the story. The parents, teachers and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

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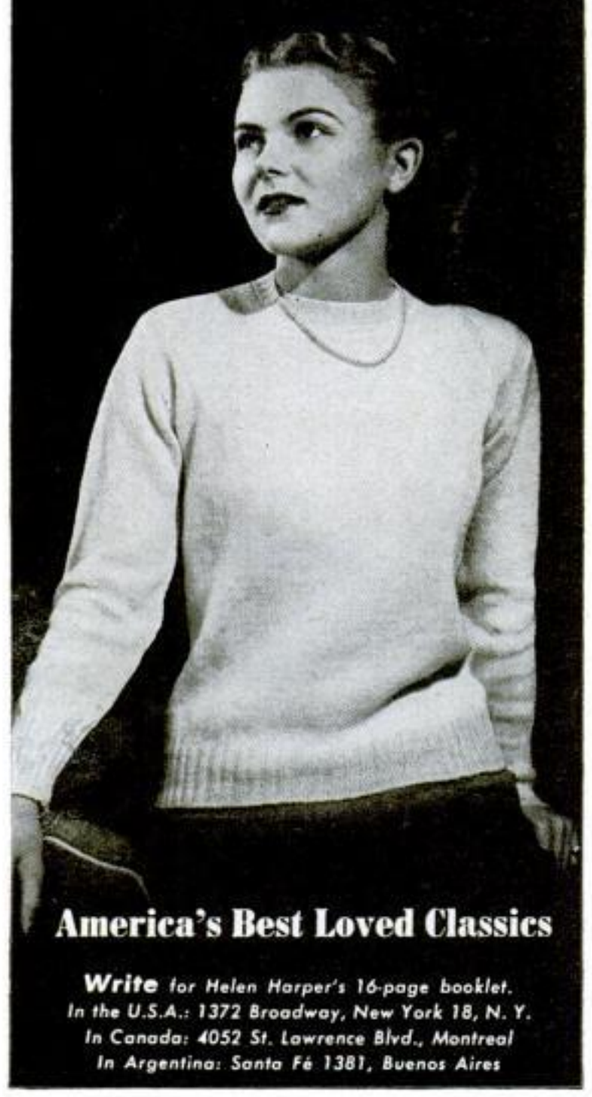
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THESE CANDID PHOTOS of young girls and servicemen on the streets were first published by the Philadelphia *Record*, led to opening of new recreation centers.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

citizens of Kent held a town meeting and discovered some disturbing things. Because of the war the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and 4-H Club had virtually died out—there were no trained supervisors to run them. The community house, where basketball games and roller skating had been held before the war, was closed for lack of fuel. The nearest movie theater was 15 miles away, and most young people could not get gas to drive from their farm homes. There was just no place for the kids to go for wholesome recreation. After 7 p.m. in Kent the only light on the street came from a restaurant with a beer license.

The people of Kent took action at once. The local men's club agreed to find a scoutmaster and get the Boy Scouts started again. The women's club did the same for the Girl Scouts. The Kent Grange promised to take care of the 4-H Club. The Parent Teachers' Association started plans for dances and a movie at least once a month. The fire chief agreed to flood the skating rink on the school grounds when the weather was right. In spite of the war there will be things for the kids of Kent to do this winter, things that should keep their minds and hands out of mischief—and crime.

The Girls

Runaways, truancy, petty thievery and similar instances of "delinquency" among young girls have increased to a slightly larger extent than among boys. Some cities have had epidemics of shoplifting of cheap jewelry and trinkets; some stores no longer exhibit such articles on their counters. But there has been a much greater increase in what the FBI calls "crimes against common decency"—vagrancy, drunkenness, disorderly conduct, prostitution and other sex offenses. The number of girls 20 years old and younger who were arrested on such charges during the first nine months of 1943 was 69.6% greater than during the same period of 1942.

This kind of arrest, in fact, accounts for most of the percentage increase in all juvenile delinquency figures. The teen-age girl, with a pretty but empty head, and an uncontrolled impulse to share somehow in the excitement of the war, has become a national problem child.

Behind this trend, say LIFE's correspondents in many cities, is a foolish and distorted kind of "patriotism." Girls who would normally be developing a healthy interest in boys of their own ages, seem to mature overnight and become unabashed uniform-chasers. Many of these precocious children give themselves so cheaply to uniformed men that the soldiers and sailors call them "khaki

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

HEALTH AUTHORITIES URGE GREATER HOME SANITATION!



WHY TAKE CHANCES! "When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's hygienically clean!"

REALIZING the importance of keeping manpower on the job for Victory, health authorities are urging housewives to step-up sanitary precautions in the home for Greater Health Protection. One of the simplest yet most effective precautions is to make household "danger zones" Clorox-Clean . . . for Clorox disinfects, deodorizes, also removes stains in routine cleansing of tile, enamel, porcelain, linoleum, wood surfaces. Clorox used regularly in kitchen, bathroom, laundry makes your home a safer place to live in. Simply follow directions on the label.

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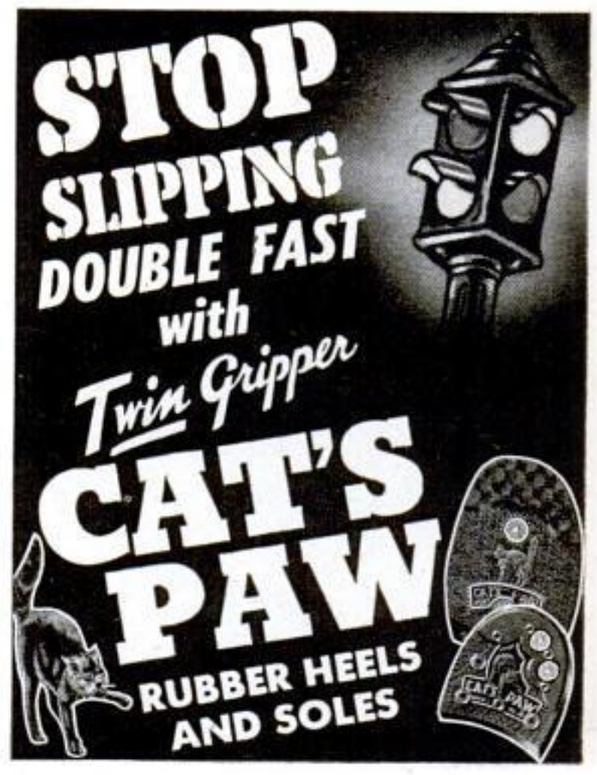
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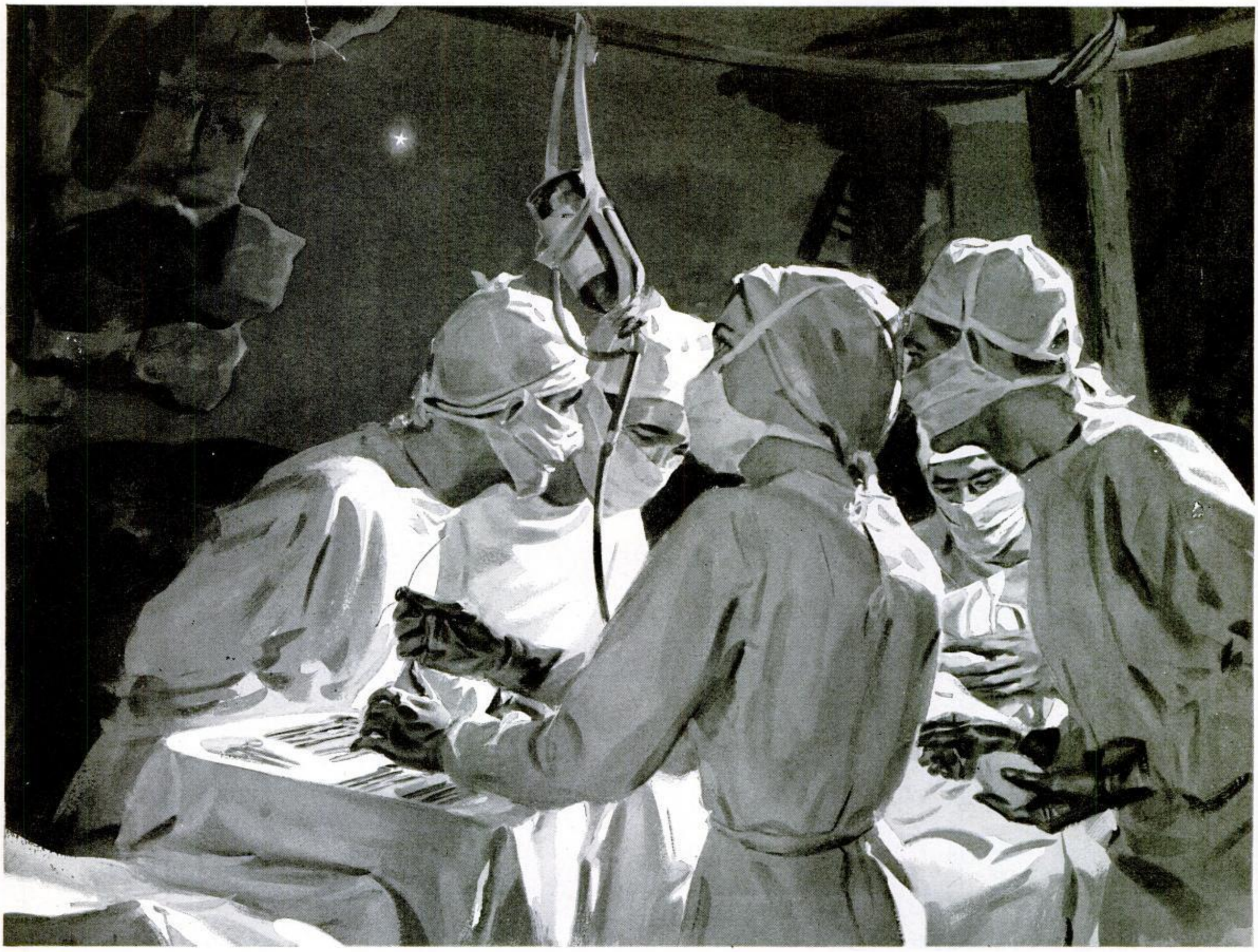
COMFOTEX BABY PANTS
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STOP SLIPPING DOUBLE FAST with *Twin Gripper* CAT'S PAW RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES



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The Gift of the Magi

It is quiet now — only the breathing of the wounded boy, the sputtering of the lamp, the fitful click of instruments as they work . . . He is badly hurt.

But for a handful of people and equipment flown in ahead of the advance, he would not live. On a slender thread of plasma, and the skill in their hands, his life depends.

This is his gift, tonight . . . the true gift of the Magi, in this Christmas season, 1943.

There can be no finer story than this — that one more boy shall live who might have died.

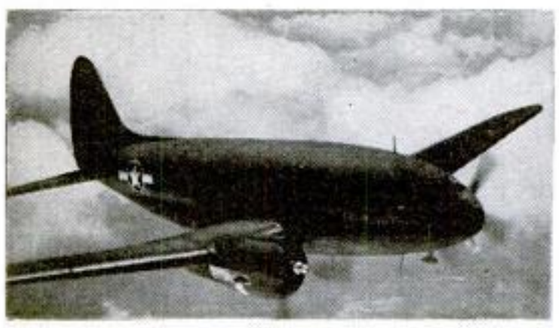
For this is the story of one of the greatest victories of the war: the victory that is being won by the men and women of the Medical Corps. In their front-line battle against death, they have reduced fatalities from wounds to the miraculous low of 3 out of every 100 cases.

Today, air transport is helping them to win that battle in many wonderful ways. The blood that saves a wounded man's life may have come to him through the sky. Hospital equipment, medicines and personnel accompany him into battle with the help of transport planes. And a flying ambulance or hospital transport may mean life itself to him, if he's badly hurt. For the greatest danger from wounds is *delay*.

In the Pacific area, for instance, sea and land transport of wounded from Buna to the field hospital at Port Moresby would have taken 18 days — by plane it took less than an hour, with a saving of hundreds of lives. And on the European front one evacuation hospital, constantly on the move and often under fire, established a record of only 19 deaths out of 9,000 cases — with the help of air transport.

Today, giant Curtiss Commando cargo planes are performing increasingly vital tasks in this life-saving part of the war . . . and demonstrating their importance in the whole field of logistics with speed and flexibility in the handling of military cargoes.

Out of the work of these, and all other planes of the airlines, Troop Carrier Command and the Air Transport Command, a new age of transportation is being born. The men and women who build America's planes are helping to shorten the war. And they will bring to the future their skills and training — the finest in the world — as a priceless gift to the great peacetime era that lies ahead . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!



Commando freight may consist of men and supplies, or both. Recently an entire hospital, complete with staff, was flown to an Alaskan outpost. The lives of many sick and wounded are daily being saved with the help of hospital transports.



"You load it, we'll fly it," said a pilot of a C-46 Commando — and a giant oil tank truck, sliced into three sections, became casual cargo headed for a wilderness base. Hours later the truck, welded together, was in active service.



To meet the demands of all our fighting fronts Commando operations extend throughout the world. These giant two-engine "Flying Freighters" are blazing new sky trails that are significant both to the war and to future trade and travel.

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
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NESCAFÉ

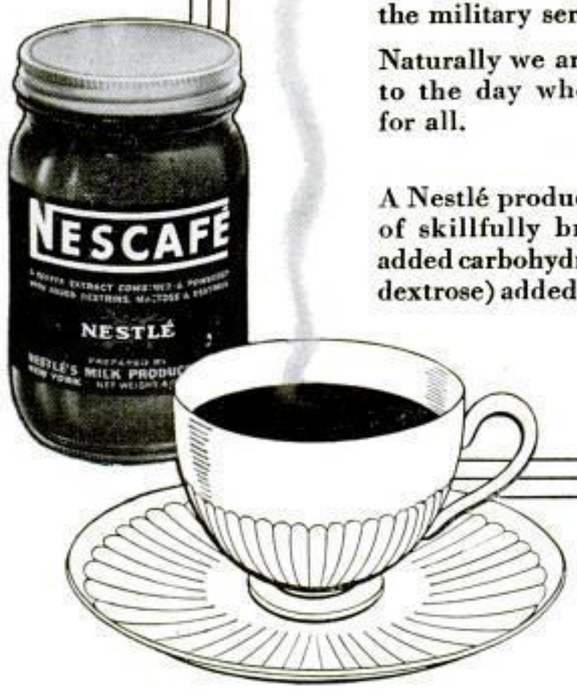
The Armed Forces continue to receive almost all of the Nescafé that we manufacture. Therefore, the quantity that is available each month to our civilian customers is very small, and Nescafé appears only occasionally in grocery stores.

We are glad that Nescafé is able to play an important part in satisfying and stimulating our fighting forces—yet we regret that it is necessary to disappoint our civilian consumers. We know our customers will take satisfaction in the thought that the package of Nescafé that is not available today is serving some friend or relative in the military service.

Naturally we are eagerly looking forward to the day when there will be Nescafé for all.

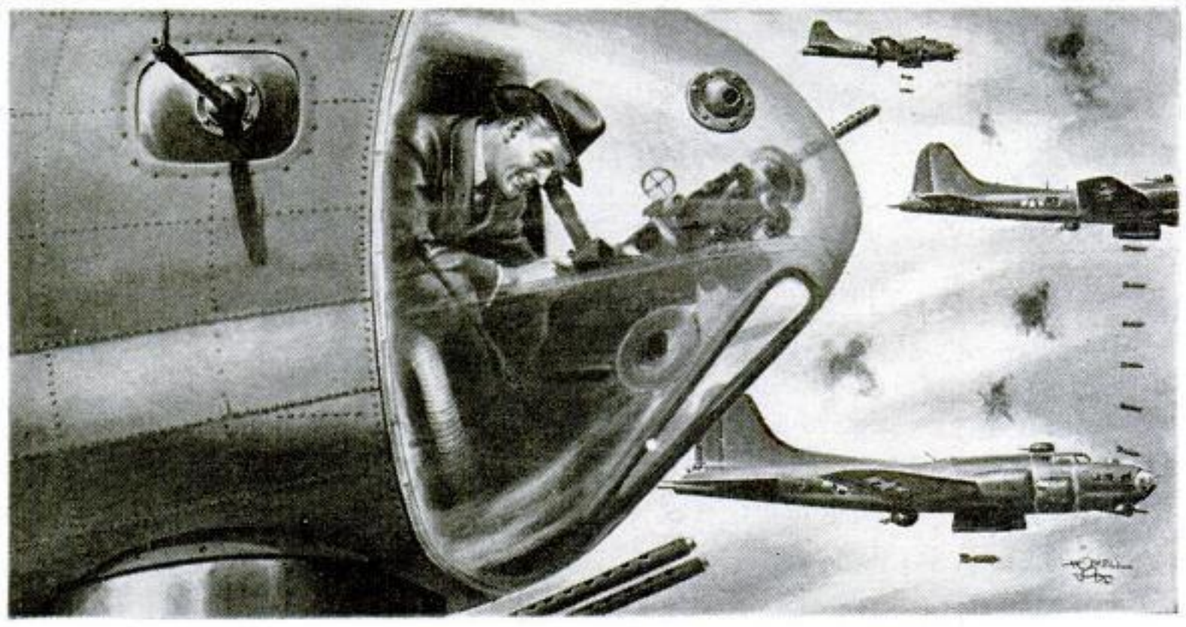
* * *

A Nestlé product, composed of equal parts of skillfully brewed soluble coffee and added carbohydrates (dextrins, maltose and dextrose) added solely to protect the flavor.



ARMY E NAVY
ARMY-NAVY "E" AWARDED SUNBURY, OHIO PLANT

• NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC. • NEW YORK, U. S. A. •



THIS IS YOU IN A BOMBER!

YES . . . there you are in the nose of a Fortress dropping "eggs" on a Jap ammunition dump!

Of course, you can't *really* be there in person. But the bonds you bought helped build this Fortress . . . pay for the bombs . . . train the crew.

And still your job isn't finished. We *all* must go on buying *more* bonds, saving scrap, giving blood, until final Victory is won.

Not till then can we enjoy the startling improvements and innovations made possible by wartime research and experience.

For example, the experience gained in furnishing the Army, Navy, Marines and United Nations with precision optical equipment will enable Universal to bring you finer-than-ever cameras easily within your means.

But in the meantime there's only one way to make that Victory possible. That's by everyone of us making doubly sure of his place in that bomber!



ARMY E NAVY

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORPORATION

There's only one flag we're prouder of!

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Makers of Precision Photographic and Optical Instruments • Peacetime Manufacturers of Cinémaster, Mercury, Corsair Cameras

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

wackies," "cuddle-bunnies," "round-heels." "patriotutes," "chippies," "good-time Janes," and, most commonly, "Victory Girls." "Victory Girl" is acceptable even to some of the girls themselves, who overlook the implied ridicule and prefer to believe that the nickname gives them a claim to 100% patriotic motives.

The Victory Girl can be found wherever there are men in uniform —which is just about everywhere in the U.S. In Indianapolis girls of 15 and 16 frequent the bus depot and pick up servicemen as soon as they reach town on liberty. In Portland, Ore. the Union Depot is clogged with little girls, 12 years old and up, whenever there is a movement of troops. How they find out so quickly about troop trains is a minor mystery to military police. On Milwaukee's Wisconsin Avenue casual love-making between teen-age girls and their soldier and sailor pickups is a common sight. In Detroit the Navy had to build a fence around one armory to keep out the girls. Sailors say it is impossible to get from Chicago's Navy Pier to Michigan Avenue without being virtually kidnaped by giggling Victory Girls. Along New York's Broadway and around the Central Park boathouse in warm weather, girls of 14, 15 and 16 promenade in pairs, so heavily "made up" that servicemen are rarely aware of their extreme youth.

San Francisco, a great port of embarkation, has lots of Victory Girls who sometimes go searching for soldiers and sailors even in the notorious district around Turk, Ellis and Eddy Streets, long the city's red-light section. One young girl, not from a poor family, was found to be entertaining several uniformed men at a time in her mother's apartment while the mother was doing war work. Another girl took her pickups home at night to her room, after tiptoeing into her parents' bedroom to make sure they were asleep. As a rule the Victory Girl stays away from red-light areas and drinking dens. The drugstore, the movie, the park, all familiar and accepted landmarks on the American home-town scene, form the usual setting for her activities.

Down at the Drugstore

What those activities often are is described by LIFE's correspondent in San Antonio: "Dressed in their unmistakable hair ribbons, Sloppy Joe sweaters and anklets, the little girls do everything but a strip-tease act when a uniform goes by on Houston Street, or in the downtown Walgreen's and Sommer's drugstores. It is an old but standard joke among soldiers and fliers around here when they say, 'I'm going down to meet a girl at Walgreen's this evening.' The correct follow-up is a question, 'Who is she?' And the answer is always, 'How do *I* know?'

"After the pickup there is a picture show with popcorn or peanuts, then a walk along the river, then a beer or two. Now comes the girl's chance to reciprocate for the evening's entertainment. If she does, and properly, she's looked on as 'a good sport' by the boy in uniform. If she doesn't, she's 'a hell of a poor sport' and the soldier doesn't mind saying so. No pay is involved in these casual affairs. It's a 'date,' not a business transaction."

A Victory Girl, of course, is not just any young girl who is in love with a soldier or sailor. She is different from most girls in that she is promiscuous, careless, sometimes diseased—a sexual delinquent in the literal sense of the words. She starts, of course, with one boy, and very often she follows him to the port or camp where he is stationed. Perhaps he has written her a homesick letter, asking her to come. Perhaps, when she does get there, he purposely ducks her, or else he has already been shipped out. Sometimes the girl is too rattlebrained to try very hard to find him. Military centers like Norfolk have a constant stream of such cases. Says LIFE's correspondent there:

"They usually arrive with empty pocketbooks, empty stomachs and empty heads, looking for their sailor boy friends. Few of them are fitted for war jobs and few come with the intention of working. Police try to ship the girls back home before they get into trouble, but when the Victory Girl does not at once find her particular beau she picks up other servicemen. The men give her a room for the night, perhaps a meal or two, sometimes gifts, but nothing more in exchange for her favors."

Through many of LIFE's reports runs this persistent theme: no boom-town city is equipped to cope with such an influx of irresponsible young girls.

But the worst situation of all is the home without parents, or the home where both parents are so busy with their jobs that they pay little attention to their children. Portland, where many mothers work in shipyards, calls its neglected children "shipyard orphans"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105

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View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800*



86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

PHILADELPHIA
Birthplace of Hospitality



"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. Saturday, December 22, 1755."

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elite of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the mellow gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from huge crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisite panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the quaint minuet. . . . Such is the heritage of Philadelphia, birthplace of hospitality. A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can afford to enjoy—regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

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JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

and "door key kids"—some of the mothers tie keys around the necks of their children and let them come and go as they please. Others lock them up at home all day or all night, and trust to luck. From Buffalo come reports that so many working mothers spend their evenings in taverns that the old song has been changed to "Mamma, Dear Mamma, Come Home With Me Now." And in Memphis, Judge Camille Kelley cited the case of a frightened 14-year-old girl who called up at 3 a.m. to report a prowler in her home. She told the police she had come home at one o'clock and left the front door open so her mother would not be locked out.

What To Do?

In a world where there was no war, no poverty or slums, no vicious or ignorant parents, there might conceivably be no juvenile delinquency. These are the biggest causes of today's problem. But even though all of these things exist, there are definite and specific methods by which delinquency can be cut in any U. S. community.

The first thing, say the experts, is not to give up hope. The overwhelming majority of U. S. boys and girls are not delinquents and never will be. According to Charles P. Taft, former director of Community War Services, the promiscuous teen-age Victory Girl who gets in trouble with the police is just one girl out of 1,700. And, he points out, a very small fraction of men in uniform can be classed as "wolves"—one Army survey shows that out of 10 soldiers who go off duty at night, only one has a date with a girl, innocent or otherwise. Says Mr. Taft: "A steady 10-year decline in juvenile delinquency rates had lulled us into a false complacency. That complacency has, in the main, given way to concern and in many cases, sparked by sensational headlines, is developing into alarm. In a situation of this kind the value of public alarm depends, of course, upon whether it can be translated into action. Alarm may bring on the jitters and a jittery approach will get us exactly nowhere."

Here are some of the things that can be done:

Recreation. No one claims that recreation is a cure-all for delinquency, but experience shows that delinquency goes up when recreational facilities go down. The case of Kent, Conn., which never had any delinquency problem until the war ended its recreation program, has already been described. In most large cities during the past two years recreation programs have naturally given priority to soldiers, and teen-agers often found themselves outside looking in at places they once called their own. This situation is being corrected in some cities. San Francisco and Atlanta have increased their recreation budgets this year. In Philadelphia the city, the USO and the labor unions got together and raised funds for a dancing center in the basement of Town Hall where soldiers and their girls may go and have a good time. Radford, Va., a powder-manufacturing center, has raised its modest $200 recreation budget of 1940 to $7,500 this year—and its delinquency is going down. These are only a few examples.

An entirely new kind of teen-age club has sprung up during the war in many communities, supported by both public and private funds. It usually has a juke box with plenty of records, and a soft-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"BOY COMMANDOS" of Portland, Ore. were organized by two war veterans, a priest and a lawyer. The boys receive warlike training on obstacle course and skis.

The juke-box that sees smoke and yells "fire!"

An electric eye is cocked against fire on America's big cargo ships. The instant a wisp of smoke appears, the "eye" spots it and sounds an alarm. This juke-box-like Rich-Audio cabinet even tells where the fire's coming from! This is a Kidde job.



Bottling the breath of life! Oxygen tanks for flyers must be re-charged. Kidde compressors deliver surgically clean oxygen anywhere on the globe!

Gas attack on "gas" fires! On airfield crash trucks, asbestos-clad men carry Kidde extinguishers that smother gasoline fires with carbon dioxide gas.

Fast in fighting subs—or fires! Chasing subs leaves no time for fire-fighting. So PT's simply blast it out with Kidde carbon dioxide gas.

Walter Kidde & Company are marketers of ingenious devices for putting the discoveries of modern science to work. Harnessing gases-under-pressure is one example. War products now confidential promise peacetime applications. Other completely new products are on our drawing boards.

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How good is your memory?



can you remember when to return your partner's lead?



can you remember not to call long distance from 7 to 10 P.M.?



can you remember which rum to use for a Daiquiri?

WHY burden your memory with a lot of "do's and don't's" about which rum to use! Start with the simple name "Government House Rum" and the rest is easy. The special label on the front of the bottle instantly tells you—in plain English—for which drinks that type of Government House Rum is especially recommended.

And mixing drinks with Government House is simple as A-B-C. Recipes are on the bottle, too. Best of all, you're sure of rum drinks of delightful smoothness and superb flavor.

Your dealer will show you all three types of Government House Rum. Just pick the type for the rum drinks you like best. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City. Sole Importers for U. S. A.

for any rum drink—all you need remember is "Government House"



JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

drink bar. (Most youngsters prefer soft drinks when they can get them but go to beer joints because there is no other place to dance.) This wartime innovation is known by a number of names: in Granite City, Ill., a crowded steel-working suburb of St. Louis, it is "Teen-Town"; in Spokane, Wash. it's "Hi-Nite Club"; in Syracuse it's "Hep-House"; in Seattle, the Flamingo Club; in Des Moines, Bombardier Youth Recreation Center. Miami has one in the basement of a Y. W. C. A.; Detroit has converted an abandoned firehouse into one run by the high-school crowd, with a membership of 900. Raleigh, N. C. has drawn 500 youngsters into a "Teen-Age Club." Moline, Ill. picked up the idea and the "Moline Plan" spread to Chicago and Baltimore.

"Recreation," however, is not all jitterbugging. Nor are the boy and girl of 1943 content to just dance the war away. Last summer Chicago's park authorities enrolled 15,000 kids in gardening groups which planted 14,000 gardens. Milwaukee's outstanding recreation department sponsors craft classes in schools to make such things as games and canes for wounded soldiers. "Youth Forums" to discuss war and community problems have appeared in many cities, sometimes organized by local newspapers.

One difficulty in recreation programs, of course, is the wartime dearth of younger men and women to help direct them. To meet this problem one witness at the Pepper Committee hearings suggested that returned heroes from Guadalcanal or Tunisia, who have been discharged for wounds or other reasons, be enrolled as heads of boys' clubs.

Law Enforcement. Modern police departments are more interested in prevention and correction than they are in the old-fashioned idea of "scaring hell out of the kids." Some cities, including New York, Miami and Cleveland, have juvenile bureaus where many young offenders and their parents are intelligently dealt with so that they never need go to court. Boston last summer set up a special "Crime Prevention Bureau" in the police department, with 17 policemen assigned to handle problems involving boys, and 14 policewomen to deal with girls.

Almost all cities of any size now have juvenile courts. In addition, some have taken a great step forward by opening psychiatric clinics in connection with the courts.

A Policewoman's Story

A figure of increasing importance on the American scene is the trained policewoman, who can often do the preventive job with young people better than a policeman. Detroit's force of trained policewomen has grown to 50 during the war. San Francisco has a legendary policewoman in Kate Sullivan, a handsome, gray-haired woman who has helped many a young girl out of a wartime difficulty. Recently she went to a cheap hotel where the manager reported a girl was remaining in her room, crying and living on bottles of milk. Posing as a lodger from the next room, the policewoman learned that the girl had come to the city to marry her soldier sweetheart, who had gone off to the Pacific before she arrived. Now she was expecting a baby. While they were talking the girl dashed into the bathroom and tried to swallow some acid. Kate knocked it out of her hand and took her home where the two of them cried it out together. She bought the girl a layette, arranged for her confinement and found her a job. Now the girl is supporting herself, sending money home to her parents, and has the prospect of a useful future.

A necessary part of enforcement, of course, is police checking of hotels, bars, dance halls, and "joints" where delinquency breeds on illegal sales of liquor to minors and in dark booths and corners. Certain cities, including Los Angeles and Newport, R. I. have done an especially good job in this line.

Curfew. This is a debatable method of combatting delinquency. Many experts argue that it not only does not work, but that it is a last resort which shows a lack of imagination and community initiative. Some cities, however, have found that an up-to-date version of the old curfew is useful. Denver has a law by which parents of children who violate the law are punished, too. In San Diego parents who let children under 17 stay on the streets after 10 p. m. can be fined up to $50 and jailed for 10 days. But one town council which met recently to impose a curfew on its young people ended up, after a spirited debate, by starting a good community recreation program instead.

The Young People. In the past the juvenile delinquency problem has largely been handled by the joint community efforts of public offi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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New Roads to Tokio . .



. . to Berlin!

Fascinating story of one U. S. company building 1600 different war and war industry products—from tractors for the Alcan Highway to dozens of items of equipment for United Nations ships.

TRACTORS which helped the Army push a highway 1630 miles through the wilderness to Alaska . . .

Hull sections, turbines, condensers, pumps for ships carrying food and munitions overseas . . .

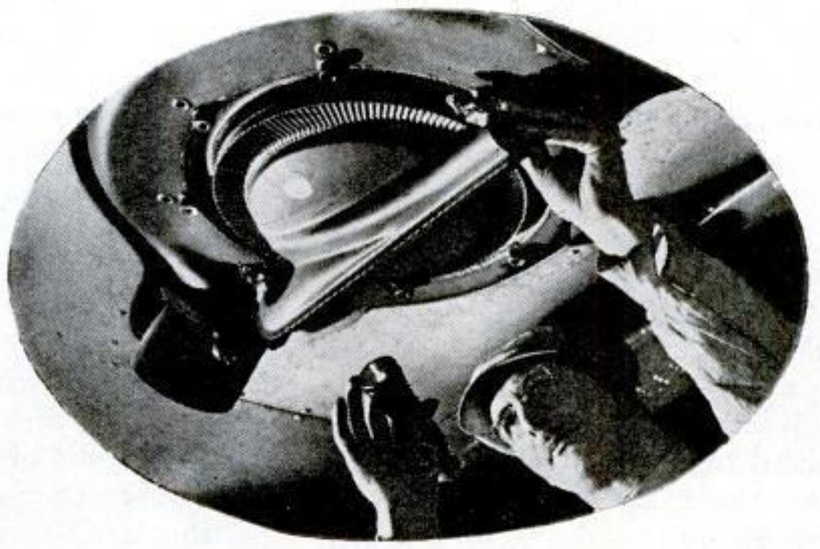
Complete propulsion and control equipment for destroyers protecting vital convoys . . .

Special equipment vital to the production of aluminum, magnesium and steel for cargo planes . . .

—these are just a few of the Allis-Chalmers products helping to win the Battle of Transportation, just a few of the ways Allis-Chalmers men and women are helping to mass our weapons for the final battles of this war!

And in war plants our engineers—with the background of our experience in producing over 1600 different products—are helping manufacturers produce more *with the machines now on hand!*

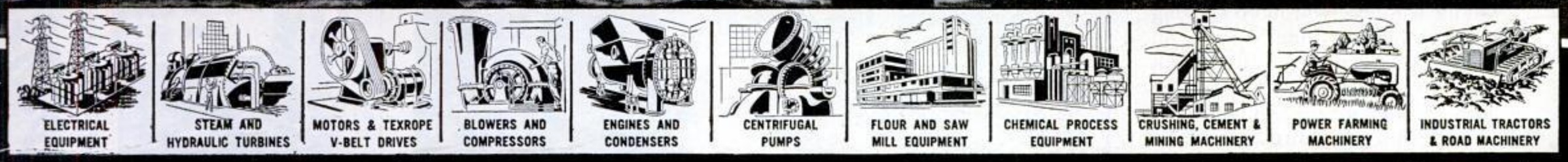
ALLIS-CHALMERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.



Vital Weapon! The aircraft super-charger (shown in its position in motor nacelle of a Boeing Flying Fortress) makes possible American high-altitude bombing. Super-chargers like this are mass-produced by Allis-Chalmers!

FOR VICTORY—BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS





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WE WORK FOR VICTORY — WE PLAN FOR PEACE

SUPPLYING THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINE OF MAJOR INDUSTRIAL EQUIPMENT

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A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-19, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY (continued)

cials, the schools, the churches and social agencies. But a special phenomenon of this war has been the way the kids themselves are now taking a hand. In Texas, for instance, a small-town high-school class recently made a study of the local situation and offered specific recommendations to the town council. They were adopted. In Moline, Ill. youthful reformers used their high-school paper to launch a liquor and gambling cleanup. In towns like Peru, Ind. and Bainbridge, N. Y. the youngsters were invited to community meetings and literally stole the show, demanding and getting good recreation programs for themselves. Radford, Va. has a long-range program that was started in 1939 after a ninth-grade class appeared before the city council and presented a petition.

The Adults. In Washington, D. C., less than a year ago, gangs of young boys roamed through a large slum section, stealing, smashing windows and extorting money from shopkeepers under threats from their so-called "protective leagues." These gangs were organized under names like "Fifth Street Tigers," "Gasoline Oil Burners" and "Bone Crushers." Many vicious assaults and sex crimes were also attributed to them. Oliver Cowan, a young policeman, undertook to organize these delinquent boys into a "Junior Police Corps." More than 700 boys, along with 100 girl "auxiliaries," are now enlisted in Cowan's group; child crime and truancy have fallen off sharply in the district.

In Norfolk, Va., after one young Negro shoeshine boy was stabbed to death in a fight with another over which was to have a choice corner, the local probation officer organized a "Shoeshiners' Cooperative" which meets in the basement of the court building. There the boys elect their own officers, assign members to certain corners, punish those who misbehave and reward those in good standing. The club has sharply reduced delinquency among this class of boys who were once the most troublesome in Norfolk.

These two instances show what single individuals can accomplish, and are accomplishing, in many cities. One person who is sincerely interested can often do more than a long list of committees and agencies. This is recognized by such organizations as the Big Brother Movement which finds a civilian "big brother" to watch over and advise juvenile criminals who are on probation after their first offense.

Nobody, of course, can do as good a job as the parents themselves —when they are interested. Recently a Philadelphia mother wrote this letter to a newspaper: "I've got a 16-year-old girl . . . a Navy girl because her Daddy is Navy and her Buddy is a sailor. Some folks may not believe she loves him at 16 but it's that way with Nancy, like it was with me. When she goes to town and sees a lonely sailor, she picks him up and brings him home for a pleasant evening and one of my dinners. Remembering my own girlhood in the other war, I just cook the best dinner I can . . . and I make that boy feel at home. . . . I do believe most of them would rather have a good strong cup of tea in the kitchen to make them feel they are something to look up to, not look down on.

"So I know where my girl is. . . ."

Perhaps a few million more mothers with that kind of understanding would solve a large part of our delinquency problem.



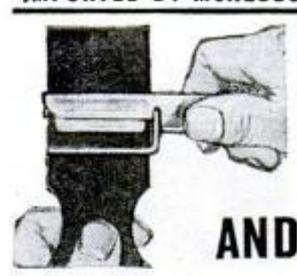
SEATTLE'S FLAMINGO CLUB, with soft-drink bar and an orchestra is typical of many teen-age "night clubs" now providing wholesome spots for dancing and fun.



THE GIFT FOR CRITICAL FRIENDS...
You can give Martin's V.V.O. with perfect confidence. Every drop is choice liqueur Scotch, giving V.V.O. an added distinctive flavour.

Give, and serve, V.V.O. It costs no more than most other brands.

MARTIN'S V.V.O. BRAND 88 proof
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STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

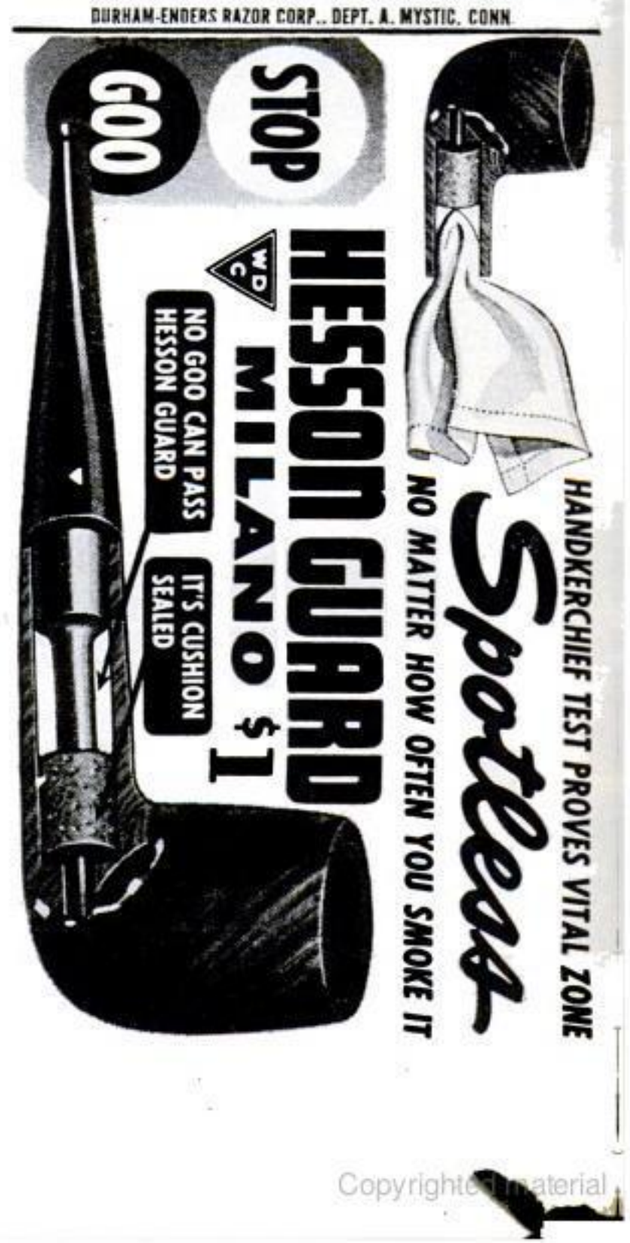


With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

WORLD'S EASIEST SHAVE

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

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So enjoy your drink as slowly as you wish. The sparkling chorus and tangy goodness of these lively mixers will keep you company to the very last sip.

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Second of a series portraying The History of Fire
Painted by Glenn Grohe for the Universal Collection

3,327 B. M.*

✱BEFORE MATCHES. *Friction matches were not invented until 1827. Thousands of years ago the Egyptians had to labor over their bow drills to make fire by the friction of wood. In the busy kitchen you see here, a firemaker rapidly rotates the fire stick in one of the holes on the wood block. Grooves along the sides provide space for the sparks to ignite tinder made from charred* ***linen or dried vegetation.***

It is the morning of a great feast day and no one is more important to the household of Pharaoh than Amon, the firemaker, busy at the hearth. The royal kitchen bustles with activity and soon the tempting aroma of roasting beef, lamb and succulent goose will fill the air. In the evening the great banquet hall will be the center of attention, but until then the success of the feast lies in the kitchen under the watchful eye of Bes, the household god, squat and serene in his niche.

One of the things we have in common with the ancient Egyptians is the love of good food. But when it comes to making fire to **cook that food, or to light a favorite smoke,** the kinship ends. Today we have the *convenience* and simplicity of the modern match.

FIRE is truly one of mankind's greatest blessings . . . and the development of the match one of man's greatest achievements in the conquest of fire. Just how skillfully the modern match can be made is quickly evident to anyone using Universal Matches. The men and women in our armed services know from experience that the Universal Match is just as dependable out where the going is tough, as it is in the security of your home.

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"CARMEN JONES"

An all-Negro cast makes Oscar Hammerstein II's modernization of Bizet's opera memorable theater

Last fortnight New York saw a fine new kind of opera. It was *Carmen Jones*. *Carmen Jones* represents Oscar Hammerstein II's enormously successful attempt to take the music of Georges Bizet's *Carmen* and give it a modern American setting. While retaining the Bizet score, pure and undefiled, he has so changed the Meilhac-Halévy libretto that it is invested with freshness and pertinence. He has accomplished this by transposing the story of the cigaret girl Carmen, who loved the soldier Don José only to betray him for Escamillo the toreador, to a small town in the U. S. South. For the Spaniards of Prosper Mérimée's story he has substituted Negroes. The plot and motivation of the familiar opera are not tampered with: only the people, the time and the *mise en scène* differ. So *Carmen Jones* remains essentially an opera, though a modern one in everything but music.

Striking parallels exist between *Carmen* and *Carmen Jones*. As modernized by Mr. Hammerstein, Carmen becomes Carmen Jones, a worker in a parachute factory. Don José is Joe, an MP whom Carmen Jones loves, betrays and discards. Escamillo, who sings the *Toreador Song* of Bizet, is a prizefighter, Husky Miller, whose fine figure catches Miss Jones's eye. Micaela becomes Cindy Lou, the sweetheart whom Joe leaves in order to pursue Carmen. It is as simple as that.

Hammerstein's lyrics possess a fluency and earthiness that seem to elude all other popular lyrists. To Bizet's *Habanera*, for example, he has woven the imagery of *Dat's Love:*

When your love-bird decides to fly Dere ain' no door dat you c'n close.
She jus' pecks you a quick good-bye An' flicks de salt from her tail, an' goes!
If you listen den you'll get taught, An' here's your lesson for today:
*If I chase you den you'll get caught, But once I got you I go my way!**

Almost ignored by Manhattan critics in their reviews of *Carmen Jones* was Charles Friedman, whose direction of a virtually all-amateur cast evidences sheer genius. Responsible for the show's beauty in only four major colors is Hassard Short. Robert Shaw has made the chorus into a resonant and effective organ, while Robert Russell Bennett has orchestrated Bizet with no sacrilege, but with enormous resourcefulness.

The star of *Carmen Jones* is a 20-year-old New Yorker named Muriel Smith, who plays the title role as a swivel-hipped, passionate wench with a gorgeous voice. In fairness to all who purchase tickets, however, it should be made clear at what performances she will sing, since an alternate named Muriel Rahn substitutes for her several times a week. While very good, the alternate is no Muriel Smith.

*© 1941, WILLIAMSON, INC.



OUTSIDE PARACHUTE FACTORY CARMEN JONES SINGS "DAT'S LOVE" ("THE HABANERA")



In Billy Pastor's Cafe June Hawkins (*on platform at left*) sings *Beat Out Dat Rhythm On A Drum*. In *Carmen*, scene was Lillas Pastia's tavern. At extreme left is Drummer Cosy Cole. Carmen Jones comes to Pastor's to meet Joe. Husky Miller arrives, is taken by her beauty, orders his manager to get her to Chicago. She induces Joe to desert and follow her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Carmen Jones (Muriel Smith) sings *Dat Ol' Boy* as she draws the nine of spades, card signifying death. This scene takes place at Negro-membership country club. Analogous scene in *Carmen* is laid around campfire as gypsies tell fortunes. Four years ago Muriel's mother was the housekeeper for, in her own words, "a couple of Yale gentlemen." Day after Muriel, then 16, won second prize in amateur contest, her mother asked "Yale gentlemen" for advice about her daughter's future. They held a cocktail party at which Muriel sang. Among the guests was Elizabeth Westmoreland of Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music. Deeply impressed by Muriel's voice, she arranged a scholarship for her at Curtis. Muriel, only colored girl ever to study at Curtis, earned living expenses by cleaning film for $15 a week. Last June John Hammond picked her to audition for Carmen Jones.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

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What do you want to know about the coal industry?



ROY SPALTHOFF, NEW YORK RIVETER, ASKS:

Why are there more strikes in coal mining than in other industries?

There are many people who think as you do, because anything affecting the coal industry is so important that it gets widespread publicity. But the fact is, our contract with the union comes up for discussion every two years, and there are rarely strikes at any other time. Naturally, we wish the record were better. We hope that all future strikes can be avoided. Up to this time, however, strikes in our industry have been spectacular rather than frequent.

ART ROLLINS, CARRIZOZO, N. M. DRUGGIST, ASKS:

Why don't you give miners better working conditions?

We are working on this problem all the time. Straight through the lean years of the "thirties" we have been shifting the hard work to modern machines. Men formerly had to lie on the mine floor and gnaw at the coal with picks and shovels in doing what is called "undercutting." Today, 90% of the undercutting is done by mechanical gophers, driven by electricity. About 40% of all coal is now loaded into mine cars by mechanical loaders—more will be handled this way as machines become available. These machines also, by saving costs, have helped us to pay steadily better wages. As an official report of the National War Labor Board shows, the wages of coal miners today are twice what they were in 1933.

ELAINE KOTHE, DETROIT SECRETARY, ASKS:

Why do miners have to buy in company stores?

Many people have this impression, but the truth is, miners are free to buy where they please.

Company stores were originally started for the convenience of miners, before the days of the automobile, and before chain stores had grown to their present size.

There are some mining towns today which are served only by company stores. This is likely to be true in towns where mines will soon be worked out, and outsiders do not wish to start in business.

But in most mining towns there are many stores, and chains and independents are welcome. In many cases miners will tell you that company stores are the best in town.

It must be remembered that the bituminous mining industry is made up of many separate companies operating in many towns under many conditions. In all honesty, some company stores are better than others just as some independent stores are better than others.

But, coming back to the original question, there are no rules requiring miners to buy at company stores, and there haven't been any such rules for many years.



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But we'd like to save you that trouble. So we have invited thousands of people to send us their questions—and in a series of advertisements such as this we'll try to answer the ones which seem to have the widest interest.

But we believe the more you know about it, the more you will realize that we try to live up to our duties to our country, our customers, and the people who work for us.

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Joe is told by Cindy Lou, his sweetheart (Carlotta Franzell), that his dying mother wants to see him. Luther Saxon, who plays Joe, was a checker at the Philadelphia Navy Yard when Hammond discovered him. Miss Franzell had concert experience.





PHOTO BY RAY ATKESON

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And sledding on Flexible Flyers is still the grandest sport for boys and girls. Only Flexible Flyer has Super-Steering. They, too, will be back!

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Flexible Flyer
SLEDS and SKIS



Boxing ballet is danced by Sheldon Hoskins and Randolph Sawyer. Eugene Loring, who did the choreography for this show, found Negro ballet dancers rare. This probably accounts for the fact that ballet in *Carmen Jones* is the weakest part of the show.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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HOW TO MAKE THE BACARDI EGG-NOGG (For 20 Servings) ★ Beat, separately, yolks and whites of 6 eggs, add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating, ¼ cup sugar to stiff-beaten whites. Mix with 1 pint cream, 1 pint milk, ¾ bottle BACARDI (Gold or Amber label). Stir thoroughly, serve very cold with grated nutmeg. SUPERB! . . . RUM—89 PROOF— ★ **REMEMBER—NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS**

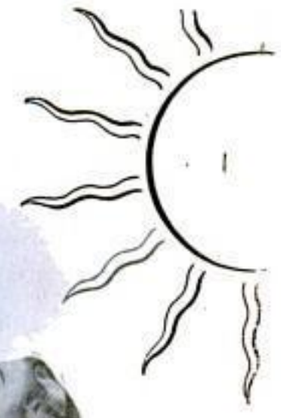
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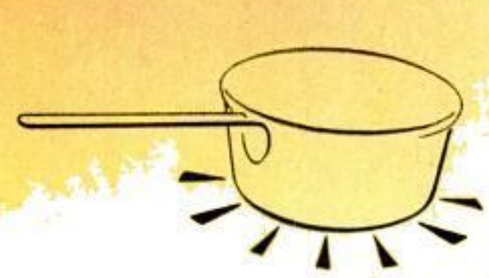
Today, this flame is bringing silent, trouble-free refrigeration to more than 2,000,000 American homes —and to our armed forces all over the world.

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Outside prize-fight arena Muriel Rahn, an experienced concert singer who alternates with Muriel Smith in the title role, talks to Husky Miller (Glenn Bryant). Bryant is now on leave of absence from plain-clothes job on New York police force.



Joe draws knife to stab Carmen on learning that she no longer cares for him. As she lies dying, scrim in background lights up to reveal Husky Miller as he knocks out his opponent. In Bizet's *Carmen* Escamillo emerges triumphant from bull ring.

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Life Goes to a Party



TOASTMASTER MAKES REMARKS TO INTERESTED PROFESSORS AND A NONCOMMITTAL SKELETON

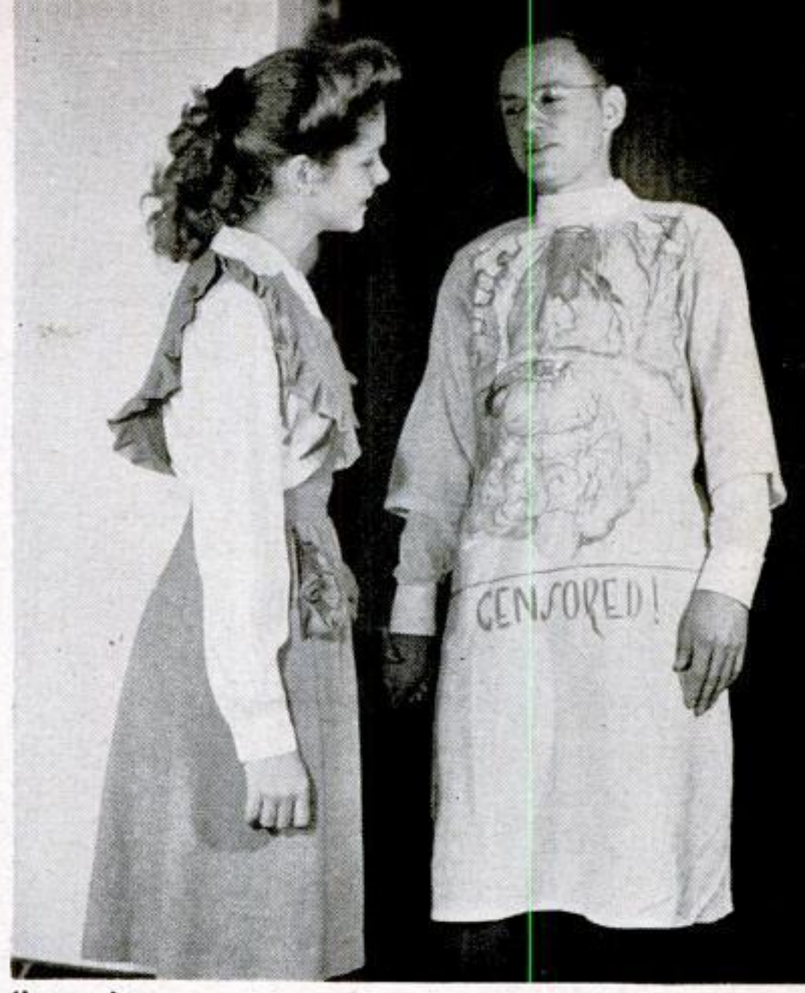
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A toothy skull adorns Jack Dane's dissecting gown, which Tookie Byrne buttons up back. Freshman medics will autograph it later.



Jim Lees's tunic, the best dissecting-gown art at the party, shows whisky pouring into ulcerated innards and out through perforations.



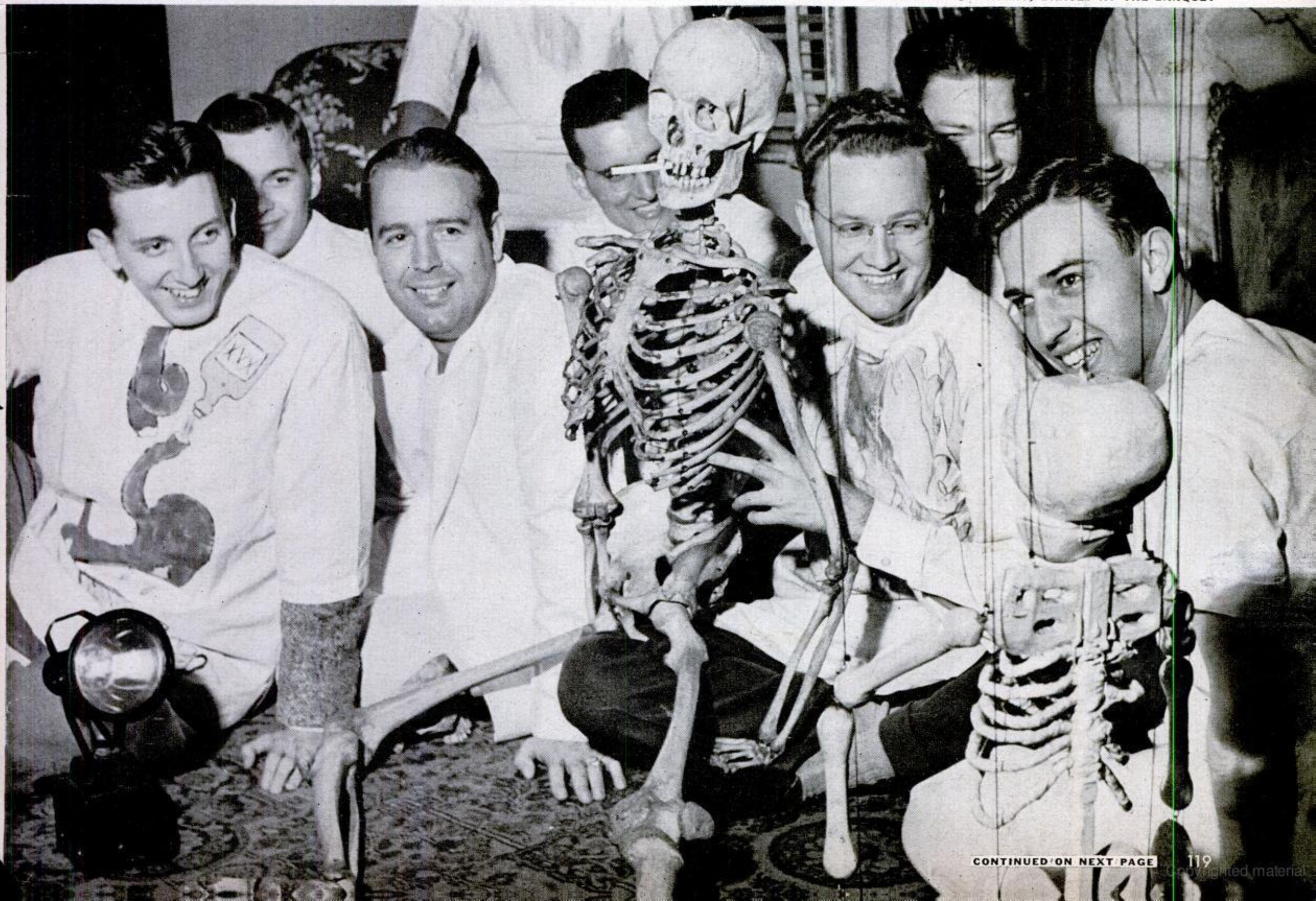
Upper viscera are delineated on J. K. Schellack's gown. Lower parts are missing, labeled "censored."

Life Goes to Skeleton Party with Med Students

Freshman medics at Tulane University clown to celebrate end of grisly labors in dissecting laboratory

Termination of the required course in anatomy for medical college freshmen is the signal for a terrific celebration. For months they have spent every afternoon in a dissecting laboratory working over the same stiff, establishing an intimate knowledge of its muscular, circulatory and nervous systems. During this time their social life has been at a standstill and the end of the grind is like release from purgatory. For the last 10 years, first-year students at Tulane University's medical school in New Orleans have done their celebrating at a party aptly named the Cadaver Ball, originated and sponsored by Theta Kappa Psi medical fraternity. A large part of the medical student body and most of the medical faculty attends to watch the freshmen cavort in dissecting gowns decorated with lurid and anatomical drawings and classmates' autographs. For fraternity members, a stag banquet (*opposite page*) precedes the party. Guest of honor, along with anatomy professors, is always their jointly owned skeleton "Johnnie," also known as "Nicotine Al," with whose help freshmen for 20 years have boned up on their osteology. High point of this gathering is a round of toasts and stories, intersprinkled with samples of the kind of unprintable wit for which members of the profession are noted. Serious speeches are taboo.

THETA KAPPA PSI BOYS GATHER FONDLY AROUND "JOHNNIE," SHOWN BELOW IN A JAUNTY POSE. A PROFESSIONAL PUPPETEER'S SKELETON (AT RIGHT) DANCED AT THE BANQUET



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Mm-m-m Marvelous! . . . The Vermouth in 'em is really *dry*.



Mm-m-m Magnificent! . . . No messing. No guessing. *What a blessing!*

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Life Goes to a Skeleton Party (continued)



Orchestra members wear dissecting gowns provided by fraternity. Johnnie perches on piano as Newcomb College student, Betty Blaine Lyle, croons into microphone.



Party winds up at famous Morning Call Coffee Stand in French quarter. In mirror, Medics Lees (*left*) and Schellack, with Frances Hopkins between. Normally grueling,

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Crowded dancers made such a din that freshman president couldn't be heard over loudspeaker. Though noisy in best medical-party tradition, it was well under control.



anatomy course is more so in wartime, with period accelerated from six months to four and a half. Many of Tulane's 140 first-year medical students are in uniform.

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

ZOO PHILOSOPHER

Sirs:

Photographer Helen Brush of the Los Angeles *Daily News* visited St. Louis recently, was lucky enough to get this shot of the zoo's panda picking its teeth with a twig after a good meal.

The picture reminds me of a suggestion made by a philosopher of my acquaintance. He said that if everybody would go and lie down on the davenport for two or three days there would be a lot less trouble in the world. The panda exemplifies perfectly the state of mind he advocated.

WILLIAM GRAY
Los Angeles, Calif.

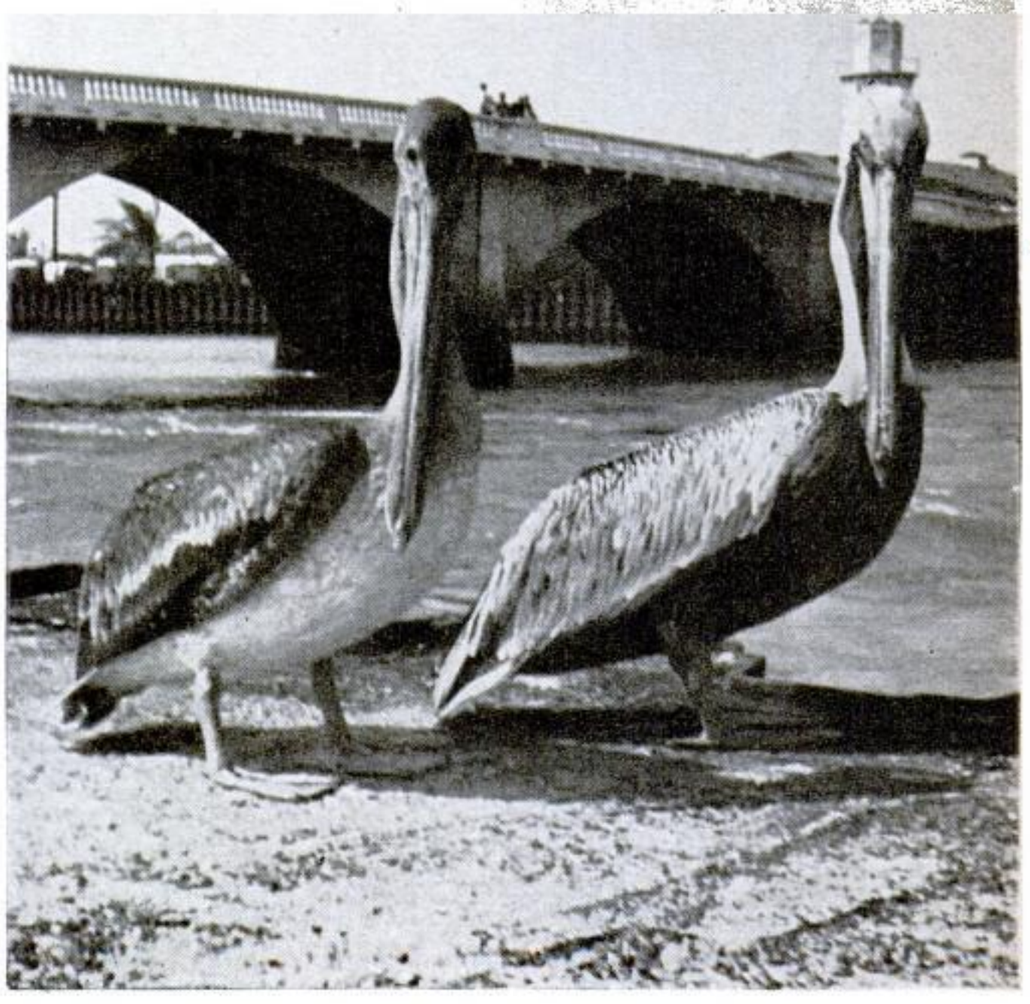


BEACH COMEDIANS

Sirs:

When I developed this picture of a pair of pelicans strolling on the beach I found one of them wearing a hat which might have been borrowed from Ed Wynn. Actually, the "hat" is a tower on the bridge directly behind my friend. But they sure lived up to it. They acted like low class vaudeville comics, keeping up a running fire of talk with much eloquent gesturing and an occasional guffaw.

MARTHA JOANNE ADAMSON
Dayton, Ohio

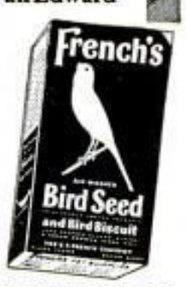


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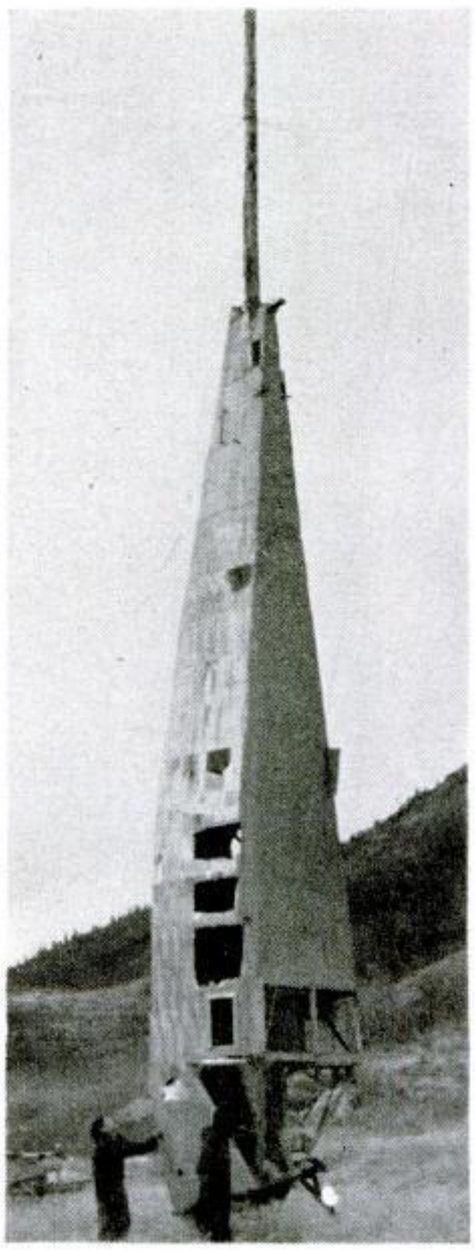
PICTURES TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

WELCOME SCARCITY

Sirs:

In Chitina, Alaska, this fuselage from a wrecked plane has been put to unique use. It is now part of a radio mast. Long poles are at a premium up here so the fuselage with sapling attached is made to serve as a substitute. This town was notorious for the hazards to pilots landing on the tiny lake, but now good roads and airfields are doing away with the dangers and fuselages like this are growing scarce.

GEORGE A. DALE
Juneau, Alaska

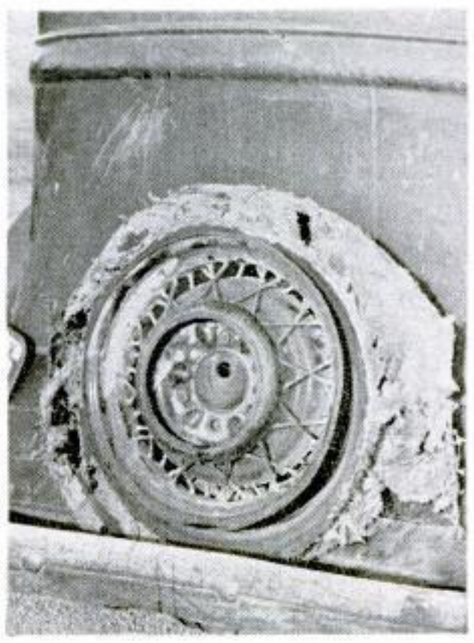


TIME TO RETIRE

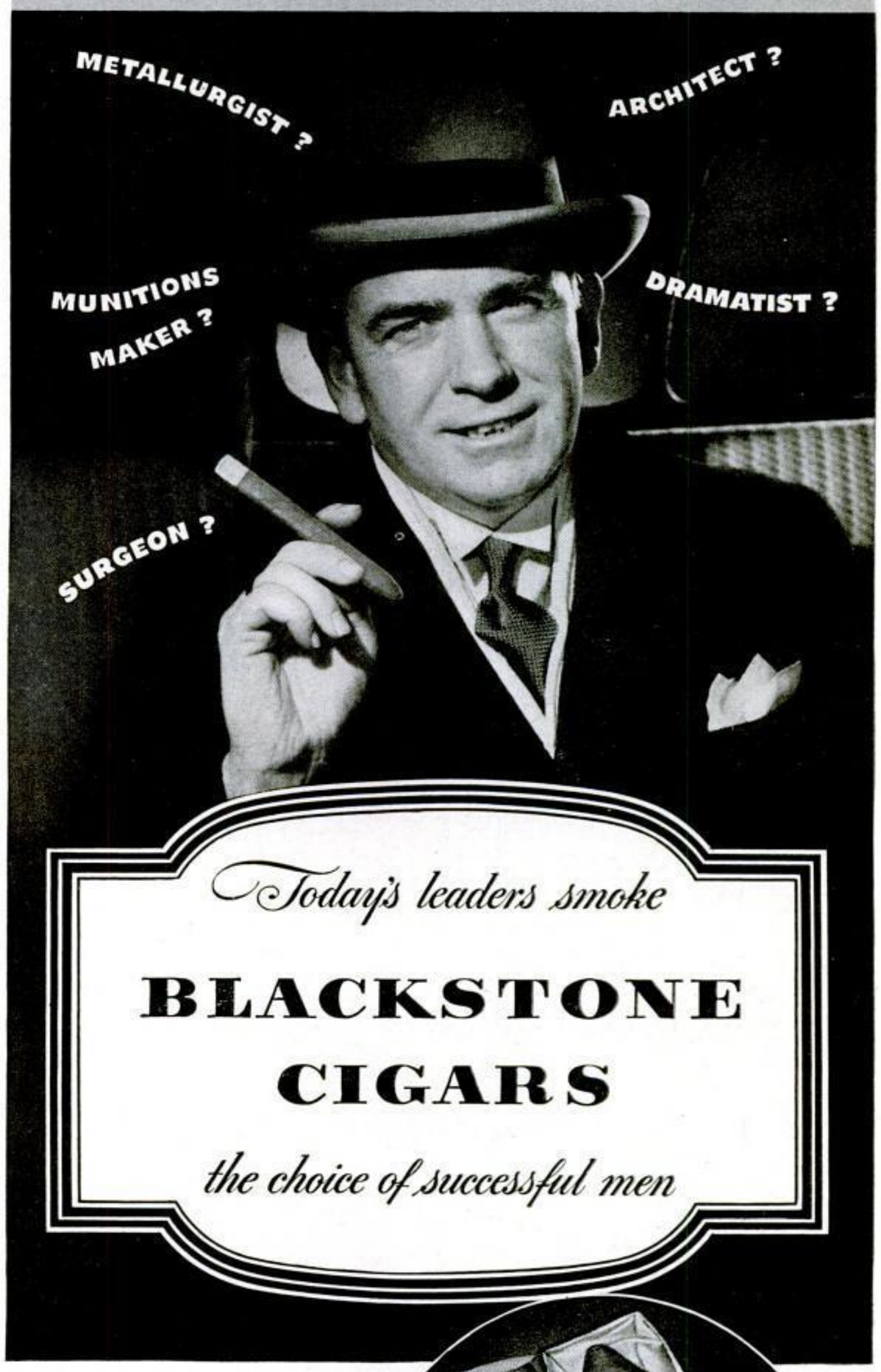
Sirs:

The owner of this spare agreed with me that it had long since passed the retirement age. He is keeping it in service not for a gag, but for a very practical reason. His other four tires are so very road-weary that this one has to be used when his daily flat occurs. This makes his car look as as if it were limping along with one wheel done up in bandages. I salute the "tire" as a gallant veteran of the rubber shortage.

FRANK GRIFFITH
Hayward, Calif.



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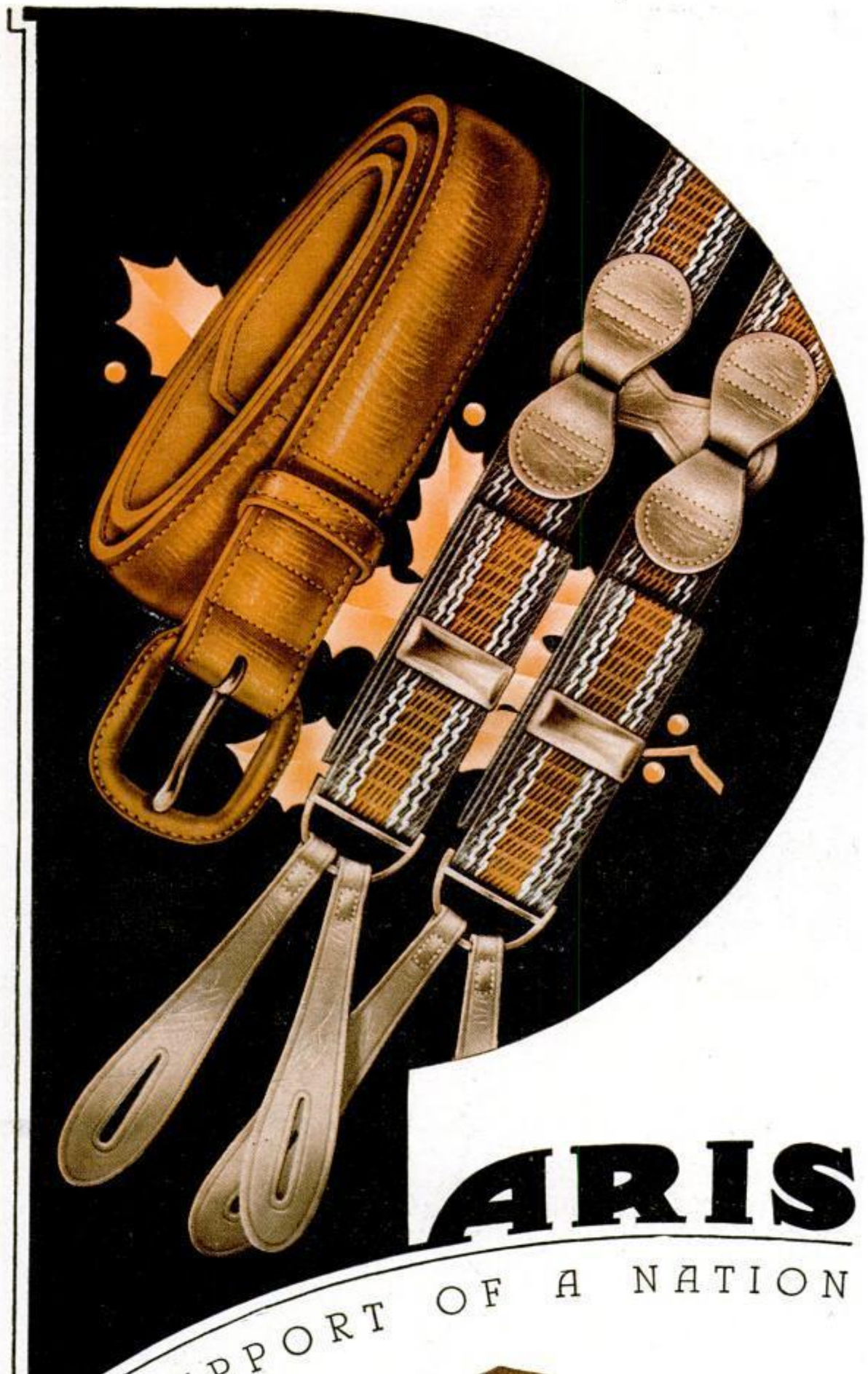


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PARIS SUSPENDERS·BELTS

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

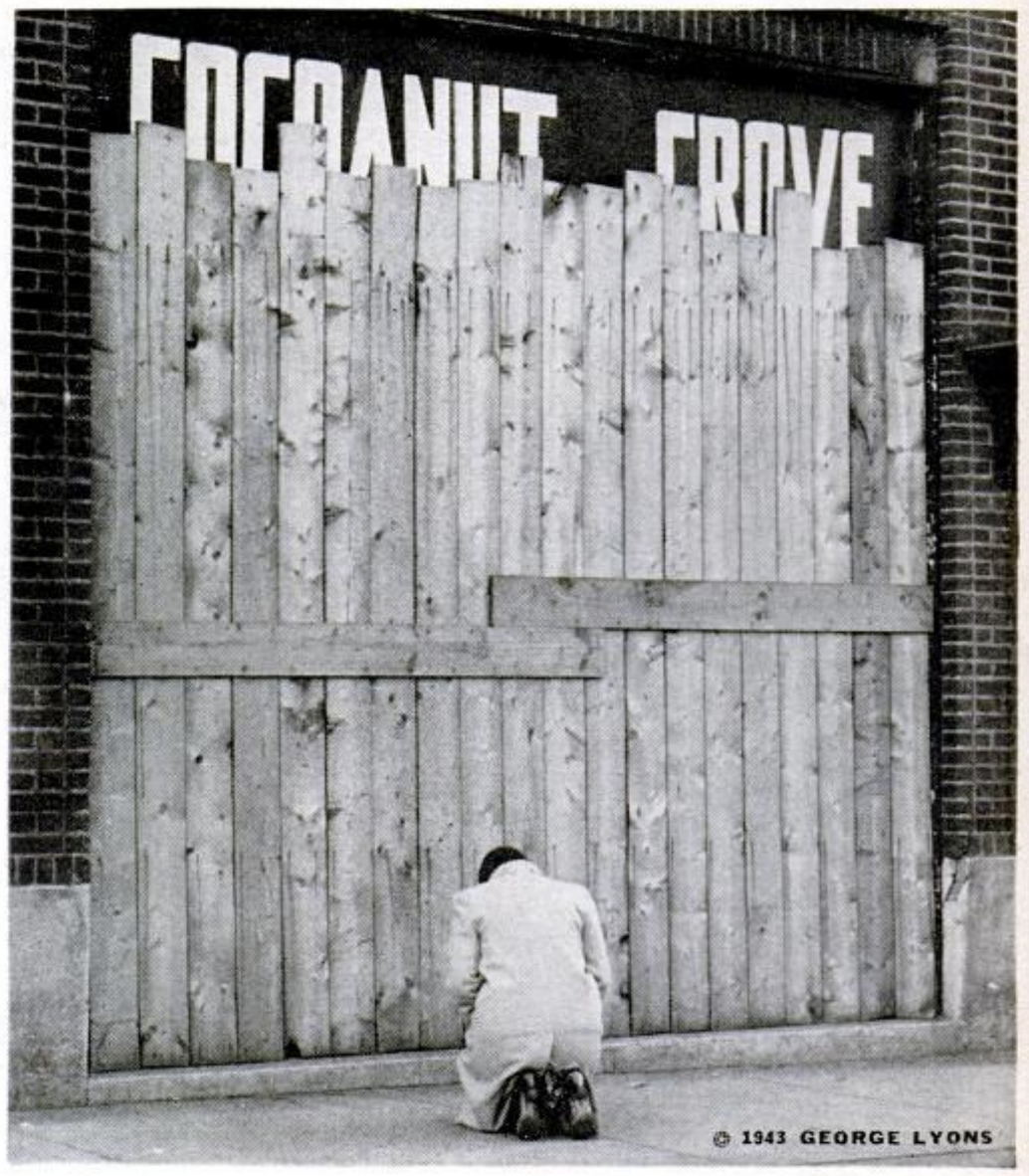
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ANNIVERSARY

Sirs:

As news, disasters die quickly. To most of us Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire seems as remote as the sinking of the *Titanic*. Those directly concerned however, do not forget as quickly. On the anniversary of the tragedy I went to the scene. This woman, whose name I do not know, came and knelt for about a minute, walked quickly away with her handkerchief covering her face.

GEORGE W. LYONS
Boston, Mass.



SWEAT AND TEARS

Sirs:

I've often heard of a situation to make strong men cry and here it is. The boys who couldn't keep back the tears are Radnor High's football team which came within 30 seconds of tying Lower Merion. In the last few minutes Radnor's star (*under blanket, foreground*) was taken out. Almost immediately Lower Merion scored a touchdown and defeat was certain.

HARRY SALTZMAN
Philadelphia *Record*
Philadelphia, Pa.



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Something we would like you to know this Christmas . . .

Among thoughtful people, Christmas-giving has always been guided by the sincere sentiment that the gift for each cherished friend must be as individual as the friendship.

• And each year, more Americans have found such a gift in Canadian Club. For the character of this renowned whisky is matched by no other.

• But this year, Canadian Club is one of our wartime scarcities. Its makers are producing war alcohol instead of whisky.

• This means a "dividing up" of what we have—one bottle may be all a purchaser can buy.

• Some may be able to find none at all.

• So this Christmas you may receive something else from a friend whose thoughtfulness in the past has been expressed in gifts of Canadian Club.

• And if you do receive Canadian Club, be assured that you stand at the top in the giver's esteem.



"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

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IT WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT . . .



"Dipping-in" a big Whitman's Sampler . . . like evergreens and bright red holly . . . is a part of Christmas. This year, when fondly remembered things mean more than ever, you'll want to give (and enjoy) the familiar, cross-stitch Sampler . . . with its many different taste thrills inside Whitman's luscious chocolate. All hands agree, there's no better way to say "Merry Christmas".

FIGHTING MEN COME FIRST. If you cannot always get your favorite Sampler, please understand, it's because so many are going to our fighting men here and abroad.

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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